

MAY EVELYN.

BY FRANCES OSGOOD..

BEAUTIFUL, bewitching May! How shall I describe her? As the fanciful village-poet, her devoted adorer, declared;—"The pencil that would paint her charms should be made of sunbeams and dipped in the dewy heart of a fresh moss-rose." Whether this same bundle of beams and fragrant rose-dew would have done full justice to her eloquent loveliness, I cannot pretend to say—having never attempted the use of any brush less earthly than are made of hog's bristles, nor any color more refined than a preparation from cochineal. Her eyes were "blue as Heaven," the heaven of midsummer—when its warm, intense and glorious hue seems deepening as you gaze, and laughing in the joyous light of day. Her hair, I could never guess its true color; it was always floating in such exquisite disorder over her happy face and round white shoulders—now glistening, glowing in the sunshine, like wreaths of glossy gold, and now, in shadow, bathing her graceful neck with soft brown waves, that looked like silken floss, changing forever and lovely in each change. Blushes and dimples played hide and seek on her face. Her lip—her rich sweet lip was slightly curved—just enough to show that there was pride as well as love in her heart. She was, indeed, a spirited creature. Her form was of fairy moulding, but perfect though "petite!" and her motions graceful as those of the Alpine chamois.

Reader, if I have failed in my attempt to convey to you an image of youthful grace, beauty and sweetness, I pray you repair my deficiency from the stores of your own lively imagination, and fancy our dear May Evelyn the loveliest girl in the universe.

And now for her history. Her father, of an ancient and noble family, had married, in early life, a beautiful but extravagant woman, who died a few years after their union, leaving him with two lovely children and an all but exhausted fortune. On her death he retired from the gay world, and settled with his infant treasures in Wales, and there, husbanding his scanty means, he contrived to live in comfort if not in luxury. There, too, brooding over the changes of human life—the fallacy of human foresight, and the fickleness of human friendship, he became "a sadder and a wiser man." His two beautiful children, Lionel and May, were the idols of his heart, and well did they repay his love.

May's first serious trouble arose from hearing her father express one day his desire to purchase for Lionel a commission in the army. The boy was high-spirited and intelligent, and had cherished from

childhood an ardent desire for military life; but there was no possibility of raising sufficient money for the purpose, without sacrificing many of their daily comforts.

At this time May was just sixteen; but there was in her face a childlike purity and innocence, which, combined with her playful simplicity of manner, made her appear even younger than she was. She hated study, except in the volume of nature; there indeed she was an apt and willing pupil. Birds and streams and flowers were her favorite books; but though little versed in the lore of her father's well-stored library—she had undoubted genius, and whenever she did apply herself, could learn with wonderful rapidity.

The only science, however, in which she was a proficient, was music:—for this she had an excellent ear and, when a mere child, ere her father's removal to Wales, had been under the tuition of a celebrated master. Her voice was rich, sweet and powerful, and her execution on the guitar, piano and harp, was at once brilliant and expressive. She had, also, a pretty talent for versifying, and often composed music for words, which, if not remarkable for power or polish, were certainly bewitching when sung by their youthful authoress.

During most of the day, on the morning of which Mr. Evelyn first mentioned his wishes with regard to Lionel, the sunny face of our heroine was clouded with sorrowful thought; but towards evening, as her father sat alone in his library, the door suddenly opened, and May, bounding in, her eyes beaming with enthusiasm, exclaimed—"Papa! papa! I have just thought—I know what I'll do!—I'll be a governess." Her father gazed at her in astonishment.

"A governess, May! What can have put such an idea into your head? Why should you be a governess?"

"Oh! for Lionel, you know. I can soon earn enough to buy his commission."

"And it is this then, my child," said Mr. Evelyn, tenderly, "that has so repressed your usual spirits!" But while he spoke seriously, he could scarcely repress a smile at the thought of the wild, childlike being before him, transformed into a staid, dignified teacher.

During the six weeks following, the devoted girl deprived herself of all her usual outdoor amusements, and, with wonderful energy applied, under her father's guidance, to study. At the end of that

time, she laughingly declared that she knew a little of everything; but still her passion for birds and flowers was far greater than for books.

Ere the six weeks had well expired, she heard from some young friends, who were on a visit to Wales, from London, that the earl of —— was in want of a governess for his four children. She begged them, on their return, to mention her. This they did, and with youthful exaggeration extolled her talents to the skies.

The Earl understanding that she was the accomplished and amiable daughter of an aged naval officer, saw, in his mind's eye, a learned lady of a certain age, who would, perhaps, prove a mother in kindness and usefulness to his orphan children, and gladly acceded to the desire of his young friends, that he should make trial of her.

The poor things were not aware what a little ignoramus they were recommending; for the youthful Lionel, who, sometimes took a peep into the library, and stared in surprise at the various apparatus for study, had boasted all over the village in which they resided, that his sister knew everything under the sun, and had mentioned, in corroboration of this sweeping declaration, that she was always poring over French, Spanish, Greek or Latin books. This, her enthusiastic young friends, who, by the way, had only known her a fortnight, took care to make the most of—and the result was, that May was considered, by the Earl, as a most fitting instructress for his children, and dreaded by them as a prim and severe restraint upon their hitherto unchecked amusements.

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning of the day on which the dreaded governess was expected, Julia, Elizabeth, Georgiana and William—the first 15, the second 10, the third 8, and the fourth 7 years of age, were at play in the garden of the Earl's country seat. They had heard awful things of governesses from some of their young companions, and the younger children had been whispering to each other their dread of the expected tyrant. They had, however, resumed their gambols, and forgotten the matter, with that charming versatility which makes them so interesting, when their nurse appeared with the news that the governess had arrived, and was waiting to be introduced to her young charge in the school-room. A sudden change was observable on the countenances of all. It was amusing to watch the expression on each of those young faces. Julia—the pensive and graceful Julia sighed, and bent her soft eyes sadly on the ground, as she instantly turned her steps towards the house. The little wilful and spirited Willie began to strut manfully backward and forward, declaring that the others might do as they liked, but that *he* would not go near the ugly old woman. Georgy pouted—and Lizzie burst into tears. At the sound of weeping, Julia turned back—soothed and cheered them all by turns—kissed away the tears of one sister—smoothed

the other's frowning brow with her soft and loving hand, and laughed at Willie till he was fain to join in the laugh in spite of himself. She then desired them to follow her to the school-room—which they did—clinging to her dress, however, as if they expected to see a monster in the shape of a governess; but as they reached the flight of steps which led from the lawn to the house, their courage failed, and, leaving Julia to ascend alone, they suddenly and simultaneously turned to escape, and hurrying away, concealed themselves in the garden, where they soon resumed their sports.

In the meantime Julia had ascended the steps and stood gazing in silent astonishment through the glass door opening into the school-room. The object of her dread was there—but not as she had pictured her—a prim, severe old-maid. A girl apparently younger than herself, with a sweet glowing face, shaded by a profusion of lovely hair,—her straw bonnet flung on the floor, and her simple white dress looking anything but old-maidish—was stooping to caress their favorite dog, Carlo, while the pet-parrot sat perched on her shoulder, mingling his gorgeous plumage with her light brown curls, and crying with all his might, "old-maid governess! old-maid governess!" As our heroine raised her head, wondering at the strange salutation, (which, by the way, master Willie had been maliciously teaching him for some time previous,) her eyes encountered those of the smiling Julia, who, equally surprised and delighted at the scene, already saw, in Miss Evelyn, a friend after her own heart, such an one as she had long ardently desired.

At this critical moment, the good old nurse entered from the lawn, and seeing the mutual embarrassment of the parties, said simply to May—"This is your oldest pupil, madam." At the words "madam" and "pupil," both May and Julia tried hard to repress the smiles which would peep through their eyes and lips—in vain. The dimples on the cheek of the youthful governess grew deeper and deeper—Julia's dark eyes flashed through their drooping fringes more and more brightly, and, at length, the smothered merriment burst irresistibly forth. No sooner had the latter's eye caught the arch glance and her ear the musical laugh of May, than she sprang forward to clasp her readily extended hand, exclaiming, "I am sure you will be my friend!"

"That I will," said May, "if you won't call me 'old-maid governess' again."

"Old-maid governess, old-maid governess," screamed the parrot from his cage.

May began to look grave, and Julia, blushing with vexation, led her gently to the cage, outside of the door, and pointed to the bird in silence. "How stupid I was!" exclaimed May; "I quite forgot the parrot when I saw that beautiful dog. I do so love dogs—don't you?"

"Yes! but I love you better," said Julia, affectionately, throwing her arm around her new friend's neck, and sealing her avowal with a kiss.

At this moment, Willie was seen peeping and stealing slyly round the shrubbery—his roguish face

subdued to as demure a look as it could possibly assume. For a moment he stared at the pair in amazement, and then clapping his hands, he shouted,

"Georgy! Lizzie! Georgy! come and see Julia kissing the governess!"

"Oh! you lovely boy!" exclaimed May—bounding down the steps, "I must have a kiss!" and away she flew after the little rosy rogue—he laughing so heartily as to impede his progress, till at last helpless, from very glee, he fell into her arms, and allowed her to kiss him half a dozen times before he remembered that she was the teacher so dreaded by them all. When he did recollect, he looked up half incredulously in her face.

"You are not old!" said he,—"no, nor yet prim, nor cross. I don't think you are so very ugly either, and maybe you don't know much after all. I say, governess, if you please, ma'am, can you spin a top?"

"No!" said May.

"Hurrah! I thought so—hurrah, Georgy! she don't know so much as I do now—hurrah! hurrah! I'll stand by her for one!" and, tossing his hat in the air, he sprang into the lap of May, who had sank into a low rustic seat, quite exhausted from her exercise—her cheeks glowing—her hair in disorder, and her lips parted with smiling delight.

By this time the two little girls, who had been peeping a long while, ventured, followed by Julia, to approach;—Georgiana leading, or rather dragging the shy but lovely little Lizzie in one hand, and holding in the other a freshly gathered rose-bud, which she timidly presented to our heroine, as if to bribe her not to be harsh with them. May stooped to kiss the intelligent face whose dark and eloquent eyes looked so pleadingly into hers; while Julia, who stood behind her, stole the rose from her hand. "Let me wreath it in your hair," she said. At that moment, while she was yet engaged in her graceful task, the Earl suddenly appeared before them. It must be remembered that he had seen, from his library window, the before-mentioned chase, and rather curious to know who the beautiful visitor could be, (not having been apprised of Miss Evelyn's arrival,) he had followed them to the spot on which they were now assembled—May on the seat, parting the dark curls from Lizzie's bashful and downcast brow; Willie on her knee; Georgy gazing up in her face, and Julia placing the rose-bud in her hair. All started at the sudden appearance of the Earl. Willie sprang to his arms, and little Lizzie, afraid of every new comer, laid her curly head on the knee of her newly-found friend, and turned up her bright eyes inquiringly to her father's face.

"Do not let me disturb your play, my children," said the Earl. "I only come to remind you, that your governess will soon be here, and that you must welcome her with respect and attention. But, Julia, you must introduce me to this merry young friend of yours, who runs as if her heart were in her feet;" and so saying, he playfully patted the drooping head of the blushing and embarrassed girl, who, all this while, had been striving to hide her fears and

her confusion by pretending to be deeply occupied in twisting Lizzie's silken ringlets round her little taper finger. The moment she had heard Willie exclaim, "papa!" all her former dread of that awful personage returned, and, with it, for the first time, a full sense of her own inefficiency to perform the task she had undertaken. His voice so deep and yet so sweet and playful, banished half her dread, but only increased her confusion.

Julia, however, came instantly to her relief, with a tact and delicacy uncommon in one so young—saying simply and seriously, "This is our governess, papa. Miss Evelyn, this is our dear papa."

The Earl started back,—tried to repress his smiles, bowed low to conceal them, and then taking her hand respectfully in his, bade her welcome to the castle.

The word "governess" had acted like a spell upon May's faculties; it restored her to a sense of the dignity of her situation, and rising instantly and drawing her beautiful form to its full height, she received and returned the compliments of the Earl with a graceful dignity and self-possession, that astonished him, as much as it awed the poor children. And when, in his courteous reply, he begged her pardon for his mistake, in a tone at once gentle and deferential, she found courage, for the first time, to raise her eyes. It was no stern, old, pompous nobleman, such as her fears had portrayed, who stood before her, but an elegant man, in the prime of life, with a noble figure and singularly handsome face, full of genius and feeling.

His dark eyes were bent upon her with a gaze of mingled curiosity and admiration; but, as they met hers, he recollected himself, and wishing her and his children good morning, and resigning Willie, as if it were a thing of course, to her arms, (a circumstance, by the way, which he could not help smiling at half an hour afterwards,) he passed on and left them.

And now came innumerable questions from all but the silent Georgy, who contented herself with nestling close to the side of our heroine as they wandered through the grounds—and gazing with her large soft eyes into her face, now dimpled with the light of mirth, now softening into tenderness, and now shadowed by a passing thought of "papa, and Lionel, and home."

"And oh!" said Lizzie, "you won't take away my doll and make me study all the time, will you?"

"No, indeed, darling! I would much rather help you dress your doll."

"And I may spin my top all day if I like—may I not?" asked Willie.

"Yes, if papa is willing."

"Oh! but papa told us to obey all your commands."

"Commands," thought May, "oh, dear, I shall never do for a governess!"

The day passed on in sport. Our heroine's duties were to commence on the next; but she would not allow her fears for the morrow to interfere with her present delight. In the meantime, the Earl, amid his important duties, was haunted all day by one bewitch-

ing image;—a fair sweet face glanced brightly up from every book he opened, from every paper to which he referred; and, in his dreams that night, he led to the altar a second bride, more lovely, more beloved than the first.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning, as May sat teaching Willie to read, with a demure face, through which the rebel dimples would peep in spite of her assumed dignity; while Julia, with a look equally demure, was bending over an Italian book; Georgy drawing, and Lizzie hemming a wee bit 'kerchief for her doll—the Earl entered the school-room from the lawn.

Unseen, he paused at the open door to contemplate the lovely tableau within;—the governess in her pretty girlish morning dress, with her long ringlets shadowing half her face and neck, as she bent over the boy, pointing out to him the word;—Willie by her side—one hand holding the book, the other his top, kicking the chair impatiently—first with one foot, then with the other, and looking round every minute to see what his sisters were doing;—Georgy smiling as she drew; Lizzie sitting upright in her little chair, with a doll almost as large as herself on her lap, ever and anon trying the 'kerchief round its neck to see the effect; and the simple, modest Julia, looking even older than May, with her dark hair smoothly parted—raising at times her eyes with looks of loving sympathy to those of the youthful teacher.

It was indeed a sunny scene; but the silence was broken by the voice of Georgy requesting assistance in her drawing. The young governess rose, and taking her offered pencil, retouched the sketch in a few places, at the same time giving the child directions how to finish it. Suddenly the pencil trembled in her hand,—the sweet low voice stopped—went on—faltered—ceased again, and May burst into tears! The Earl had stolen behind them to watch the progress of the drawing. May had felt, rather than heard, his approach,—and confused by his presence, half suspecting her own deficiency in the art, yet afraid to discontinue her directions at once, her face suffused with blushes, she tried in vain to proceed. Little Lizzie saw her tears, and springing from her seat, climbed a chair to caress her, exclaiming, "Don't cry! papa won't hurt you! Papa loves you dearly—don't you, papa?"

Here was a situation! It was now the Earl's turn to color; but the artless and innocent May, who had as yet known only a father's and a brother's love, did not dream of any other in the present case; on the contrary, she was soothed by the affectionate assurances of the child, and, smiling through her tears, looked up confidently in the Earl's face. Charmed with the childlike sweetness of her expression he could not resist taking her hand, with almost paternal tenderness, in his, while May, reassured by the gentleness of his manner, ventured to acknowledge her own ignorance, and to request his assistance

in the sketch before them. This, to the delight of all, he willingly consented to give, and when, at two o'clock, the nurse came to take the children to dinner, she found May seated alone at the table, intent on a newly commenced drawing—the Earl leaning over her chair and instructing her in its progress—Julia singing "Love's Young Dream," and the three children gone no one knew where.

The next day, and the next, the Earl was still to be found in the school-room, sometimes spinning Willie's top, sometimes reading an Italian author aloud to his daughter and her governess—often sharing the book with the latter, and oftener still, blending his rich and manly voice with hers as she sang to the harp or piano. One day a visiter asked Willie how he liked his new governess? "Oh!" said the boy, "*papa* is governess now. May is only our sister, and we are all so happy!"

Thus passed a year—Julia and May daily improving under their indulgent and unwearied teacher—and imparting in their turn instruction to the younger branches of the family. May had confided to Julia all her little history. She had written often to her father, and had received many letters in return. From one of them she learned, to her great joy and surprise, that Lionel had received his commission from some unknown friend. At the same time, her father advised her, as she had engaged for a year, to be contented until the expiration of it. "Contented!"

The last day of the year had arrived—May had lately been so happy that she had forgotten to think of being separated from the family she loved so much.

On the morning of the day, the Earl was in his library, Julia making tea, and May on a low ottoman at his feet, reading aloud the morning paper. Suddenly she paused, dropped the paper, and covered her face with her hands. The Earl, alarmed, bent tenderly over her, and Julia was by her side in a moment.

"What is it, dear May?" she said.

"Oh, the paper—look at the paper, Julia!"

The Earl caught it up—"Where—tell me where to look, May?"

"At the date—the date!"

"The date—it is the first of June—and what then?"

"Oh! did I not *come* the first of June and must I not go to-morrow? I am sure I shall never do for a governess!" and she hid her face on Julia's shoulder, and wept afresh.

The Earl raised her gently—"Perhaps not; but you will do for something else, sweet May!"

"For what?" she asked earnestly—half wondering whether he could mean *housekeeper*!

"Come into the garden with me, dear, dear May, and I will tell you," he whispered in her ear.

At once the whole truth flashed upon her heart. "She loved—she was beloved!" She was no longer a child—that moment transformed her; and shrinking instantly from his embrace and blushing till her very temples glowed again—she said in a low and timid voice, "I think I had better go home

to-morrow—perhaps to-day: my father will expect me.”

“Julia,” said the Earl, “run into the garden, love, and see to Willie—he is in mischief, I dare say.” His daughter was out of sight in a moment. May stood shrinking and trembling, but unable to move. The Earl gazed, with a feeling bordering upon reverence, at the young girl, as she stood alone in her innocence. He drew slowly towards her—hesitated—again approached, and taking her hand with respectful tenderness, he said—“You know that I love you, May—how fondly—how fervently—time must show for language cannot:—will you—*say* you will be mine—with your father’s consent, dear May—or say that I may hope!”

Her whole soul was in her eyes as she raised them slowly to his and dropped them instantly again beneath his ardent gaze “But—papa!” she murmured.

“We will all go together, and ask ‘papa,’ dearest; and now for a turn in the garden. You will not refuse now, love?” And May Evelyn, blushing and smiling, took his offered arm, wondering what “dear papa and Lionel” would say to all this.

It was a lovely evening in the early part of June, that, while Mr. Evelyn sat dozing in his arm chair

and dreaming of his absent children, a light form stole over the threshold, and when he awoke, his gray hair was mingled with the glistening locks of his own beautiful and beloved May—his head resting on her shoulder, and her kiss warm upon his cheek!

“My Lord,” said May, demurely, as she entered, with her father, the drawing-room in which the Earl awaited them—“papa is very glad that I have *given satisfaction*;—he thinks your visit a proof of it—although he could hardly have expected so much from his little ignoramus, as he will persist in calling me.”

“My dear sir,” said the Earl, cordially pressing the offered hand of his host, “she has given *so much satisfaction*, that I wish, with your consent, to retain her as *governess* for life, not for my children, but myself.”

The reader has already foreseen the conclusion. Mr. Evelyn’s consent was obtained;—Lionel was sent for to be present at the wedding;—the ceremony was quietly performed in the little church of the village;—and for many succeeding seasons in London, the graceful and elegant wife of the Earl of ——— was “the observed of all observers,” “the cynosure of neighboring eyes.”

Original.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SCENE.

It was evening; one of those bright, beautiful evenings in midsummer, when the deep, blue sky seems to bend lovingly over the green earth, and the stars shine out with a serene and happy light, as at that hour when they sung together over a new-born and beautiful world. But there was noise and bustle, unholy mirth, and guilty strife in the principal street of our usually quiet village. The cause of this unwonted commotion was soon visible—a bloated, staggering wretch was forcibly ejected from one of those very few haunts of intemperance that disfigure the otherwise beautiful scenery of our little oasis in the desert.

It was an ill-timed mirth, that burst forth in wild discordant laughter, as that wretched man throwing his arms aloft, vainly attempted to imitate the tone and gesture of insulted dignity; it was an ill-timed mirth that could thus laugh at moral deformity, and at the utter wreck of an intellect, noble and sublime as was ever committed to mortal trust—but so it was, and the laugh rang loud and merrily, as the drunkard wended his way reeling and staggering towards his miserable, neglected home.

Miserable, did I say? Yes, so far as he, the husband and father, was concerned—and neglected; but there was one, who walked through that lonely dwelling like an angel of light, smiling as if in mockery

of her own broken heart, and shedding a halo of light and blessedness around that home, which would otherwise be dark and drear as the midnight shades. But she was there—she, who was once the cherished, the beautiful bride, but now, the forlorn, forsaken wife—the anxious, but deeply affectionate mother. She was there, a star in the midst of a frowning and tempestuous sky, leaning, by the simple but powerful energy of faith, on that arm which, though invisible, she knew was extended for her protection and support; and nightly did the voice of prayer go up from that humble hearth, and find its way even to the throne of Him, who sitteth in the circle of the heavens.——Autumn came, and on a clear, frosty morning in October, that wife and mother might have been seen walking with a hurried step towards the largest store in the village.—There was a deep flush on that cheek that I had often seen so deadly pale; and a wildness in the eye that might be attributed either to extreme sorrow or excessive joy. I am sure that it was no idle curiosity that prompted me to follow that heart-stricken one; and I entered the store, just as she was approaching the occupant. She held in her hand a small bit of paper which she hesitated to present, but at last muttered, 'my husband says that he has been to work for Mr. ——,' here she paused, and an incredulous smile flitted over her face. The merchant stepped towards her, with an air of kindness, and taking the paper from her hand, replied: 'Mr. —— has given your husband an order on me—I will answer it.' A moment, and that face was pale as the sculptured marble; and then a ray of joy passed over it like the first beam of light darting over the quiet but darkened deep. I stood by that happy but almost bewildered mother as she selected the warm, winter clothing for her beautiful babes, and I caught the glance of joy that she threw on me as she gathered up her treasures, and with a bounding step left the store.

'Marshall has joined the Washington Temperance Society,' said the storekeeper,

as I turned on him a look of anxious inquiry. 'But will he persevere?' I replied, 'surely she must die if he disappoints her now.' 'I really think that he will,' was the encouraging reply; he has great decision, and has taken the step seriously, and deliberately. He has but this one failing, and will be a noble man if he conquer. And so it is, he did conquer—and the victory was complete. Surely 'the parched ground has become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.'

MARY.

A New Military Romance.

OUR MESS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XIX. . . THE CANAL BOAT.

In obedience to O'Grady's directions, of which, fortunately for me, he left a memorandum in writing, I started from Portobello in the canal boat on the afternoon of the day after his departure. The day was dark and lowering, with occasional showers of cold and sleety rain; however, the casual glance I took of the gloomy cell, denominated cabin, deterred me from seeking shelter there, and buttoned up in my great coat, and with my travelling cap drawn firmly over my eyes, I walked the deck for several hours, my own thoughts affording me sufficient occupation, and even had the opportunity presented itself, I should not have desired any other; on this score, however, there was no temptation, and as I looked at my fellow-passengers, there was nothing, either in their voice, air, or appearance, to induce me to care for any closer intimacy. The majority of them were stout, plain-looking, country folk, with coats of brown or gray frieze, leather gaiters, and thick shoes, returning, as I could guess from some chance expressions they dropped, from the Dublin market, whither they had proceeded with certain droves of bullocks, wethers, and hoggets, the qualities of which formed the staple of conversation; there were also some lady passengers, one a rather good looking woman, with a certain air of half gentility about her, which enabled her at times to display to her companion her profound contempt for the rest of the company; this companion was a poor subdued looking girl of about eighteen or twenty years, who scarcely ventured to raise her haggard eyes, and spoke with an accent painful from agitation; her depressed look and her humble manner, did not conceal, however, a certain air of composed and quiet dignity, which spoke of happier days. A host of ill-bred, noisy, and unmannerly children, accompanied them, and I soon discovered that the mother was the wife of the great shopkeeper in Loughrea, and her pale companion, a governess, she had just procured in Dublin, to initiate the promising offspring, in the accomplished acquirements of French, and Italian, music, and painting; their only acquaintance on board seemed to be a jolly-looking man, who, although intimate with every one, seemed, somehow, not to suffer in the grand lady's esteem from the familiarities he dispensed on all sides. He was a short, florid-looking, little fellow, with a round bullet head, the features of which seemed at first sight so incongruous, that it was difficult to decide on their prevailing expression; his large gray eyes which rolled and twinkled with *fun*, caught a character of severity from his heavy overhanging eyebrows, and there was a stern determination in his compressed lips that every moment gave way to some burst of jocular good humor, as he accosted one or other of his friends; his voice, however, was the most remarkable thing about him, for while at one moment he would declaim in the full round tone of a person accustomed to speak in public, in the next he would drop down into an easy and familiar accent to which the mellowness of his brogue imparted a raciness quite peculiar.

His dress was a suit of rusty black, with leather breeches of the same color, and high boots: this costume, which pronounced him a priest, might also, had I known more of the country, have explained the secret of that universal understanding he maintained with all on board; he knew every one's business, whither they were going, where they had been, what success had attended them in the market, how much the black heifer brought, what the pigs were sold for; he asked why Tim didn't come to his duties, and if Molly's child was well of the measles; he had a word too for the shopkeeper's wife, but that was said in a whisper; and then producing a copper snuff-box, about the size of a saucer, he presented it to me with a graceful bow, saying,

"This is not the first time I have had the honor of being your fellow traveller, captain. We came over from Liverpool together."

I now remembered that this was the same priest whose controversial powers had been so widely known for nearly half the night, and whose convivial ones filled up the remainder. I was delighted, however, to renew my acquaintance, and we soon cemented an intimacy which ended in his proposing that we should sit together at dinner, to which I at once assented.

"Decent people, decent people, captain; but *bustes* after all, in the ways of the world; none of the *usage de société*, as we used to say at St. Omer's. No, no; *fera natura*, devil a more; but here comes the dinner: the owd strow, leg of mutton and turnips—boiled chickens and ham—a cod and potatoes! by the mass, they would boil one's father if they had him on board," while he added in a whisper—"by reason they can't roast; so now, will you move down, if you please!"

"After your reverence, if you'll permit. *Arma cedant toga*."

"Thru for you, my son, *sacerdotes priores*; and though I am only a priest—"

"More's the pity," said I, interrupting him.

"You're right," said he, with a slight pinch of my arm, "whether you're joking or not."

The dinner was not a very appetizing one—nor indeed the company over seductive, so that I disappeared with the cloth, glad to find myself once more in the open air, with the deck to myself; for my fellow-travellers had, one and all, begun a very vigorous attack upon sundry jugs of hot water, and crucibles full of whisky, the fumes of which, added to the heat, the smoke, and other disagreeables, made me right happy to escape.

As the evening wore late, the noise and uproar grew louder and more vociferous, and had not frequent bursts of laughter proclaimed the spirit of conviviality, I should have been tempted to believe the party were engaged in deadly strife. Sometimes a single narrator would seem to hold the company in

attentive silence—then a general chorus of the whole would break in, with shouts of merriment, knocking of knuckles on the table, stamping of feet, and other signs of approbation and applause.

As this had now continued for some time, and it was already verging toward midnight, I began to grow impatient, for as sleep stole over my eyelids, I was desirous of some little quiet, to indulge myself in a nap. Blessings on my innocent delusion—the gentlemen below stairs had as much notion of swimming as sleeping. Of this, a rapid glance through a little window, at the extremity of the cabin, soon satisfied me. As well as the steamed and heated glass would permit my seeing, the scene was a strange one. About forty persons were seated around a narrow table, so closely packed that any attitude, but the bolt upright, was impracticable; there they were, of every age and sex; some asleep, with Welsh wigs and red pocket-handkerchiefs, screening their heads from cold, and their ears as well as might be from uproar; some were endeavoring to read by the light of mutton candles, with wicks like a light infantry feather, with a nob at the head; others, with their heads bent down together, were confidentially exchanging the secrets of the last market; while here and there, were scattered about, little convivial knots of merry souls, whose noisy fun and loud laughter indicated but slight respect for their drowsy neighbors.

The group, however, which attracted most of my attention, was one near the fire, at the end; this consisted of his reverence, Father Tom, a stout, burly-looking old farmer opposite him, the austere lady from Longhrea, and a little, dried-up, potted-herring of a man, who, with a light brown coat and standing collar, sat up perpendicularly on his seat, and looked about him with an eye as lively, and an accent as sharp, as though it were only noonday. This little personage, who came from that Irish Pennsylvania called Moate, was endeavoring to maintain a controversy with the worthy priest, who, in addition to his polemics, was deep in a game of spoiled five with the farmer, and carrying on besides another species of warfare with his fair neighbor. The diversity of all these occupations might possibly have been over-much for him, were it not for the aid of a suspicious-looking little kettle, that sat hissing and rocking on the hob, with a look of pert satisfaction, that convinced me its contents were something stronger than water.

Perceiving a small space yet unoccupied in the party, I made my way thither by the stair near it, and soon had the satisfaction to find myself safely installed, without attracting any other notice from the party, than a proud stare from the lady, as she removed a little farther from beside the priest.

As to his reverence, far too deeply interested in his immediate pursuits to pay any attention to me, he had quite enough on his hands with his three antagonists, none of whom did he ever for a moment permit to edge in even a word. Conducting his varied warfare with the skill of a general, who made the artillery, the infantry, and the cavalry of mutual aid and assistance to each other, he continued to keep the church, the courtship, and the cards all moving together, in a manner perfectly miraculous. The vehemence with which he thumped down a trump upon the table, serving as a point in his argument, while the energy of the action permitted a squeeze of the lady's hand with the other.

"There ye go, six of spades. Play a spade, av ye hove one, Mr. Larkins—For a set of shrivelled up craytures, with nothing but thee, and thou, for a creed, to deny the real ould ancient faith, that Saint Peter and—the ace of diamonds; that tickled you under the short ribs—not you, Mrs. Carney—for a sore time you have of it; and an angel of a woman ye are; and the husband that could be crazel to you, and take—The odd trick out of you, Mr. Larkins. No, no, I deny it—*negō in omnibus, Domine*. What does Origen say? The rock, says he, is Peter; and if you translate the passage without—Another kettle—full, if you please. I go for the ten, Mister Larkins. Trumps! another—another—hurroo! By the tower of Clonmacnoise, it's beggar the bank to-night. *Malheureux au jeux, heureux en amour*, as we used to say formerly. God forgive us!"

Whether it was the French, or the look that accompanied it, I cannot aver, but, certainly, the lady blushed and looked down. In vain did the poor Quaker essay a word of explanation. In vain did Mrs. Carney herself try to escape from the awkward inferences, some of his allusions seemed to lead to. Even the old farmer saw his tricks confiscated, and his games estreated, without a chance of recovery; for, like *Cœur de Lion* with his iron mace, the good priest laid about him, smashing, slaying, and upsetting all before him, and never giving his adversaries a moment to recover from one blow, ere he dealt another, at their heads.

"To be sure, Mrs. Carney, and why not? it's as mild as mother's milk. Come, ould square-toes, take a thimble-full of it, and may be it'll lead you to a better understanding. I play the five fingers, Mr. Larkins. There goes Jack, my jewel. Play to that—the trick is mine. Don't be laughing, I've a bit of fat in the heel of my fist for you yet. There now, what are you looking at? Don't you see the cards? Troth, you're as bad as the Quaker, you won't believe your own eyes; and ye see, ma'am—here he whispered something in the lady's ear for a few seconds, adding, as he concluded—"and thim, Mrs. Carney, thim's the rights of the church. Friends, indeed! ye call yourselves friends! faix, ye're the least social friends I ever forgathered with, even if the bare look of you wasn't an antidote to all kinds of amusements—Cut, Mr. Larkins—And it's purgatory ye don't like. Ye know what Father O'Leary said—some of ye may go farther and fare worse—not to speak of what a place heaven would be, with the likes of you in it. Av it was Mrs. Carney, indeed. Yes, Mary, your own beautiful self, that's fit to be an angel any day, and discourse with angels—Howld, av you please, I've a club for that—Don't you see what nonsense you're talking, the little kettle is laughing at you—What's that you're mumbling about my time of life? Show me the man that'll carry twelve tumbler's with me—show me the man that'll cross a country—show me the man that'll—Never mind, Mrs. Carney—Time of life, indeed! Faix, I'll give you a song."

With these words, the priest pushed the cards aside, replenished the glasses, and began the following melody to an air-murmur resembling Sir Roger de Coverley.

"To-morrow I'll just be threescore:
May never worse fortune betide me,
Than to have a hot turn before, before,
And a beautiful crayture beside me.
If this world's a stage, as they say,
And that men are the actors, I'm certain,
In the after-piece I'd like to play,
And be there at the fall of the curtain.
Whack! fol lol.

"No, no, Mrs. Carney, I'll take the vestment on it, nothing of the kind—the allusion is most discreet—but there is more.

"For the pleasures of youth are a flim;
To try them again, pray excuse me:
I'd rather be priest than I am,
With the rites of the church to amuse me.
Sure there's naught like a jolly old age.
And the patriarchs knew this, it said is;
For, though they look'd sober and sage,
Faith, they had their own fun with the ladies!
Whack! fol lol.

"Come, now, captain, you are a man that knows his humanities; I'll be judged by you."
"I protest," said I, laughingly, "I'd rather pronounce on your punch than on your polemics."
"No, would you, though?" said the priest, with a joyous twinkle in his eye, that showed which controversy had more attraction for him. "Faix, then, you shall have a fair trial. Reach me that glass, Mr. Larkins; and if it isn't sweet enough, maybe Mrs. Carney would stir it for you with her finger. There, now, we'll be comfortable, and social, and have no more bother about creeds nor councils; for although it's only a child's play for me to demolish a hundred like you, I'd rather be merciful, and leave you, like Alexander the coppersmith, to get the reward of your works."

Whether it was the polite attention bestowed upon me by his reverence, or that the magical word "Captain," so generic for all things military in Ireland, had its effect, or that any purely personal reasons were the cause, I cannot aver; but, certainly, Mrs. Carney's manner became wonderfully softened. She smiled at me slyly, when the priest wasn't looking, and vouchsafed an inquiry, as to whether I had ever served in the Roscommon yeomanry.

The kettle once more sent forth its fragrant steam, the glasses were filled, the vanquished Quaker had extinguished both himself and his argument beneath his broad beaver; and Father Tom, with a glance of pleasure at the party, pronounced our arrangements perfect, and suggested a round game, by way of passing the time.

"We are now," said he, "on a long level for eighteen miles; there's neither a lock nor a town to disturb us. Give Mrs. Carney the cards."

The proposition was met with hearty approval: and thus did I, Lieutenant Hinton of the Grenadier Guards, extra aid-de-camp to the viceroy, discover myself at four in the morning engaged at a game of loo, whose pecuniary limits were fourpence, but whose boundaries as to joke and broad humor were wide as the great Atlantic. Day broke, and I found myself richer by some tumblers of the very strongest whisky punch, a contoured headache, and two-and-eightpence in bad copper jingling in my pocket.

CHAPTER XX. . SHANNON HARBOR.

LITTLE does he know, who voyages in a canal-boat, dragged along some three miles and a half per hour, ignominiously at the tails of two ambling hackneys, what pride, pomp, and circumstance await him at the first town he enters. Seated on the deck, watching with a Dutchman's apathy the sedgy banks, whose tall flaggers bow their heads beneath the ripple that eddies from the bow: now lifting his eyes from earth to sky, with nothing to interest, nothing to attract him; turning from the gaze of the long, dreary tract of bog and moorland, to look upon his fellow-travelers, whose features are perhaps neither more striking nor more pleasing; the monotonous jog of the postilion before, the impassive placidity of the helmsman behind; the lazy smoke, that seems to lack energy to issue from the little chimney; the brown and leaden look of all around—have something dreamy and sleep-compelling, almost impossible to resist. And, already, as the voyager droops his head, and lets fall his eyelids, a confused and misty sense of some everlasting journey, toilsome, tedious, and slow, creeps over his besotted faculties; when suddenly the loud bray of the horn breaks upon his ears; the sound is echoed from a distance; the far-off tinkle of a bell is borne along the water, and he sees before him, as if conjured up by some magician's wand, the roofs and chimneys of a little village. Meanwhile, the excitement about him increases: the deck is lumbowed with hampers, and boxes, and parcels; the note of departure to many a cloaked and frieze-coated passenger has rung; for, strange as it may seem, in that little assemblage of mud hovels, with their dunghills and their duck-pools around them, with its one slated house and its square chapel—yet there are people who live there; and, stranger still, some of those who have left it, and seen other places, are going back there again, to drag on life as before. But the plot is thickening: the large brass bell at the stern of the boat is thundering away with its clanging sound; the banks are crowded with people; and, as if to favor the melo-dramatic magic of the scene, the track-ropes are cast off, the weary postmen trot away toward their stable, and the stately barge floats on, to its destined haven, without the aid of any visible influence. He who watches the look of proud, important bearing that beams upon "the captain's" face at a moment like this, may philosophize upon the charms of that power which man wields above his fellow-men: such, at least, were some of my reflections; and I could not help muttering to myself, "If a man like this feels pride of station, what a glorious service must be the navy!"

Watching, with interest, the nautical skill with which, having fastened a rope to the stern, the boat was swung round, with her head in the direction whence she came, intimated thereby the monotonous character of her avocations! I did not perceive that one by one the passengers were taking their departure.

"Good-by, captain," cried Father Tom, as he ex-

tended his ample hand to me; "we'll meet again in Loughrea. I'm going on Mrs. Carney's car, or I'd be delighted to join you in a conveyance, but you'll easily get one at the hotel."

I had barely time to thank the good father for his kind advice, when I perceived him adjusting various duodecimo Carneys in the well of the car, and then having carefully included himself in the frieze coat that wrapt Mrs. Carney, he gave the word to drive on.

As the day following was the time appointed for naming the horses and the riders, I had no reason for haste. Loughrea, from what I had heard, was a commonplace country town, in which, as in all similar places, every new corner was canvassed with a prying and searching curiosity. I resolved, therefore, to stop where I was; not indeed that the scenery possessed any attractions: a prospect more bleak, more desolate, and more barren, it would be impossible to conceive—a wide river with low and reedy banks, moving sluggishly on its yellow current between broad tracts of bog or fallow meadow-lands; no trace of cultivation, not even a tree was to be seen.

Such is Shannon Harbor. No matter, thought I, the hotel at least looks well. This consolatory reflection of mine was elicited by the prospect of a large stone building of some stories high, whose granite portico and wide steps stood in strange contrast to the miserable mud hovels that flanked it on either side. It was a strange thought to have placed such a building in such a situation. I dismissed the ungrateful notion, as I remembered my own position, and how happy I felt to accept its hospitality.

A solitary jaunting-car stood on the canal side—the poorest specimen of its class I had ever seen; the car—a few boards cobbled up by some country carpenter—seemed to threaten disunion even with the coughing of the wretched beast that wheezed between its shafts, while the driver, an emaciated creature of any age from sixteen to sixty, sat shivering upon the seat, striking from time to time with his whip at the flies that played about the animal's ears, as though anticipating their prey.

"Banagher, yer honor? Loughrea, sir? Rowley over in an hour and a half. Is it Portumna, sir?"

"No, my good friend," replied I, "I stop at the hotel."

Had I proposed to take a sail down the Shannon on my portmanteau, I don't think the astonishment could have been greater. The bystanders, and they were numerous enough by this time, looked from one to the other with expressions of mingled surprise and dread; and indeed, had I, like some sturdy knight-errand of old, announced my determination to pass the night in a haunted chamber, more unequivocal evidences of their admiration and fear could not have been evoked.

"In the hotel?" said one.

"He is going to stop at the hotel," cried another.

"Blessed hour," said a third, "wonders will never cease."

Short as had been my residence in Ireland, it had at least taught me one lesson—never to be surprised at anything I met with. So many views of life peculiar to the land met me at every turn—so many strange prejudices—so many singular notions, that were I to apply my previous knowledge of the world, such as it was, to my guidance here, I should be like a man endeavoring to sound the depths of the sea with an instrument intended to ascertain the distance of a star. Leaving, therefore, to time the explanation of the mysterious astonishment around me, I gathered together my baggage, and left the boat.

The first impressions of a traveller are not uncommonly his best. The finer and more distinctive features of a land require deep study and long acquaintance, but the broader traits of nationality are caught in an instant, or not caught at all. Familiarity with, destroys them, and it is only at first blush that we learn to appreciate them with force. Who that has landed at Calais, at Rotterdam, or at Leghorn, has not felt this. The Flemish peasant, with her long-eared cap and heavy sabots—the dark Italian, basking his swarthy features in the sun, are striking objects when we first look on them. But days and weeks roll on, the wider characteristics of human nature swallow up the smaller and more narrow features of nationality, and in a short time we forget that the things which have surprised us at first are not what we have been used to from our infancy.

Gifted with but slender powers of observation, such as they were, this was to me always a moment of their exercise. How often in the rural districts of my own country had the air of cheery comfort and healthy contentment spoken to my heart; how frequently, in the manufacturing ones, had the din of hammers, the black smoke, or the lurid flame of furnaces, turned my thoughts to those great sources of our national wealth, and made me look on every dark and swarthy face that passed, as on one who ministered to my country's weal. But now I was to view a new and very different scene. Scarcely had I put foot on shore when the whole population of the village thronged around me. What are these, thought I? What art do they practise? What trade do they profess? Alas! their wan looks, their tattered garments, their outstretched hands and imploring voices, gave the answer—they were all beggars! It was not as if the old, the decrepit, the sickly, or the feeble, had fallen on the charity of their fellow-men in their hour of need; but here were all—all—the old man and the infant, the husband and the wife, the aged grandfather and the tottering grandchild, the white locks of youth, the whiter hairs of age—pale, pallid, and sickly—trembling between starvation and suspense, watching with the hectic eye of fever, every gesture of him on whom their momentary hope was fixed; canvassing in muttered tones every step of his proceedings, and hazarding a doubt upon its bearing on their own fate.

"Oh! the heavens be your bed, noble gentleman, look at me. The Lord reward you for the little sixpence that you have in your fingers there. I'm the mother of ten of them."

"Billy Cronin, yer honor. I'm dark since I was nine years old."

"I'm the oldest man in the town-land," said an old fellow with a white beard, and a blanket strapped round him.

While bursting through the crowd, came a strange odd-looking figure, in a hunsman's coat and cap, but

both so patched and tattered, it was difficult to detect their color.

"Here's Joe, your honor," cried he, putting his hand to his mouth at the same moment. "Tally ho! ye ho! ye ho!" he shouted with a mellow cadence I never heard surpassed. "Yow! yow! yow!" he cried, imitating the barking of dogs, and then uttering a long low wail, like the bay of a hound, he shouted out, "Hark away! hark away!" and at the same moment pranced into the thickest of the crowd, upsetting men, women, and children, as he went: the curses of some, the cries of others, and the laughter of nearly all, ringing through the motley mass, making their misery look still more frightful.

Throwing what silver I had about me among them, I made my way toward the hotel, not alone, however, but heading a procession of my ragged friends, who with loud praises of my liberality, testified their gratitude by bearing me company. Arrived at the porch, I took my luggage from the porter, and entered the house. Unlike any other hotel I had ever seen, there was neither stir nor bustle, no burly landlord, no buxom landlady, no dapper waiter with napkin on his arm, no pert-looking chambermaid with a bed-room candlestick. A large hall, dirty and unfurnished, led into a kind of bar, upon whose unpainted shelves a few straggling bottles were ranged together, with some pewter measures and tobacco pipes; while the walls were covered with playcards, setting forth the regulations of the "Grand Canal Hotel," with a list, copious and abundant, of all the good things to be found therein, with the prices annexed; and a pressing entreaty to the traveller, should he not feel satisfied with the reception, to mention it in a "book kept for that purpose by the landlord." I cast my eye along the bill of fare, so ostentatiously put forth—I read of rump-steaks and roast fowls, of red rounds and surloins, and I turned from the spot resolved to explore further. The room opposite was large and spacious, and probably destined for the coffee-room, but it also was empty; it had neither chair nor table, and save a pictorial representation of a canal-boat, drawn by some native artist with a burnt stick upon the wall, it had no decoration. Having amused myself with the "Lady Caher," such was the vessel called, I again set forth on my voyage of discovery, and bent my steps toward the kitchen. Alas, my success was no better there—the goodly grate before which should have stood some of that luscious fare of which I had been reading, was cold and deserted; in one corner, it is true, three sods of earth, scarce lighted, supported an antiquated kettle, whose twisted spout was turned up, with a misanthropic curl at the misery of its existence; I ascended the stairs, my footsteps echoed along the silent corridor, but still no trace of human habitation could I see, and I began to believe that even the landlord had departed with the larder.

At this moment the low murmur of voices caught my ear, I listened, and could distinctly catch the sound of persons talking together, at the end of the corridor. Following along this, I came to a door, at which having knocked twice with my knuckles, I waited for the invitation to enter. Either indisposed to admit me, or not having heard my summons, they did not reply; so turning the handle gently, I opened the door and entered the room unobserved. For some minutes I profited but little by this step; the apartment, a small one, was literally full of smoke, and it was only when I had wiped the tears from my eyes three times, that I at length began to recognise the objects before me.

Seated upon two low stools, beside a miserable fire of green wood, that smoked, not blazed upon the hearth, were a man and woman, between them a small rickety table supported a tea equipage of the humblest description, and a plate of fish whose odor pronounced them red herrings. Of the man I could see but little, as his back was turned toward me, but had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have withdrawn my looks from the figure of his companion. Never had my eyes fallen on an object so strange, and so unearthly. She was an old woman, so old indeed as to have numbered nearly a hundred years; her head uncovered by cap, or quiff displayed a mass of white hair that hung down on her back, and shoulders, and even partly across her face, not sufficiently however to conceal two dark orbits, within which her dimmed eyes faintly glimmered; her nose was thin and pointed, and projected to the very mouth, which, drawn backwards at the angles by the tense muscles, wore an expression of hideous laughter. Over her coarse dress of some country stuff, she wore for warmth, the cast-off coat of a soldier, giving to her uncouth figure the semblance of an aged baboon at a village show. Her voice, broken with coughing, was a low feeble treble, that seemed to issue from passages where lingering life had left scarce a trace of vitality; and yet she talked on, without ceasing, and moved her skinny fingers among the tea-cups, and knives upon the table, with a fidgety restlessness, as though in search of something.

"There, acushla, don't smoke; don't now: sure it's at the ruin of your complexion. I never see boys take to tobacco this way, when I was young."

"Whisht, mother, and don't be bothering me," was the cranky reply, given in a voice which, strange to say, was not quite unknown to me.

"Ay, ay," said the old crone; "always the same, never mindin' a word I say; and maybe in a few years I won't be to the fore to look after you, and watch you."

Here the painful thought of leaving a world, so full of its seductions and sweets, seemed too much for her feelings, and she began to cry. Her companion, however, appeared but little affected, but puffed away his pipe, at his ease, waiting with patience till the paroxysm was past.

"There, now," said the old lady, brightening up, "take away the tay-things, and you may go and take a run on the common; but mind you don't be pelling Jack Moore's goose, and take care of Bryan's sow; she is as wicked as the devil, now that she has booneers after her. D'ye hear me, darlin', or is it sick you are? Och! wirra! wirra! What's the matter with you, Corny mabouchal?"

"Corny," exclaimed I, forgetful of my incognito.

"Ay, Corny, nayther more nor less than Corny himself," said that redoubtable personage, as, rising to his legs, he deposited his pipe upon the table, thrust

his hands into his pockets, and seemed prepared to give battle.

"Oh, Corny," said I, "I am delighted to find you here. Perhaps you can assist me. I thought this was an hotel."

"And why wouldn't you think it an hotel? hasn't it a bar and a coffee-room? Isn't the regulations of the house printed, and stuck up on all the walls? Ay, that's what the directors did—put the price on everything, as if one was going to cheat the people. And signs on it, look at the place now—ugh! the Hay-thens! the Turks!"

"Yes, indeed, Corny, look at the place, now;" glad to have an opportunity to chime in with my friend's opinions.

"Well, and look at it," replied he, bristling up, "and what have you to say agin it? isn't it the Grand Canal Hotel?"

"Yes; but," said I conciliatingly, "an hotel ought at least to have a landlord, or a landlady."

"And what do you call my mother, there?" said he, with indignant energy.

"Don't bate Corny, sir! don't strike the child!" screamed the old woman; in an accent of heart-rending terror. "Sure he doesn't know what he is saying."

"He is telling me, it isn't the Grand Canal Hotel, mother," shouted Corny, in the old lady's ears, while at the same moment he burst into a fit of most discordant laughter. By some strange sympathy the old woman joined in, and I myself, unable to resist the ludicrous effect of a scene which still had touched my feelings, gave way also, and thus we all three laughed on, for several minutes.

Suddenly recovering himself in the midst of his cacklings, Corny turned briskly round, fixed his fiery eyes upon me, and said—

"And did you come all the way from town to laugh at my mother and me?"

I hastened to exonerate myself from such a charge, and in a few words informed him of the object of my journey, whither I was going, and under what painful delusion I labored, in supposing the internal arrangement of the Grand Canal Hotel bore any relation to its imposing exterior.

"I thought I could have dined here?"

"No, you can't," was the reply, "av ye're not fond of herrins."

"And had a bed, too?"

"Nor that either, av ye don't like straw."

"And has your mother nothing better than that?" said I, pointing to the miserable plate of fish on the table.

"Whisht, I tell you, and don't be putting the like in her head: sometimes she hears as well as you or me"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"herrins is so cheap that we always make her believe it's Lent—this is nine years now she's fasting;" here a fit of laughing at the success of this innocent "ruse" again broke from Corny, in which, as before, his mother joined.

"Then what am I to do," asked I, "if I can get nothing to eat here? Is there no other house in the village?"

"No, devil a one will you find."

"How far is it to Loughrea?"

"Fourteen miles, and a bit."

"I can get a car, I suppose?"

"Ay, if Mary Doolan's boy is not gone back."

The old woman, whose eyes were impatiently fixed upon me during this colloquy, but who heard not a word of what was going forward, now broke in.

"Why doesn't he pay the bill and go away? Devil a farthing I'll take off it. Sure av ye were a raal gentlemen, ye'd be giving a fipenny-bit to the gossoon there, that saved you. Never mind, Corny, dear, I'll buy a bag of marbles for you at Banagher."

Fearful of once more giving way to unseasonable mirth, I rushed from the room, and hurried down stairs; the crowd that had so lately accompanied me was now scattered, each to his several home. The only one who lingered near the door was the poor idiot (for such he was) that wore the huntsman's dress.

"Is the Loughrea car gone, Joe?" said I, for I remembered his name.

"She is, yer honor; she's away."

"Is there any means of getting over to-night?"

"Barrin' walking, there's none."

"Ay; but," said I, "were I even disposed for that, I have got my luggage."

"Is it heavy?" said Joe.

"This portmanteau, and the carpet-bag you see there."

"I'll carry them," was the brief reply.

"You'll not be able, my poor fellow," said I.

"Ay, and you on the top of them."

"You don't know how heavy I am," said I, laughingly.

"Be gerra, I wish you was heavier."

"And why so, Joe?"

"Because one that was so good to the poor is worth his weight in gold any day."

I do not pretend to say whether it was the flattery, or the promise these words gave me of an agreeable companion, *en route*; but, certain it is, I at once closed with his proposal, and, with a ceremonious bow to the Grand Canal Hotel, took my departure, and set out for Loughrea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

his keeping that with any other messenger would have excited feelings of anxiety.

His was an April day temperament—ever varying, ever changing. One moment would he tell, with quivering lip and broken voice, some story of wild and thrilling interest; the next, breaking suddenly off, he would burst out into some joyous rant, generally ending in a loud "tallyho," in which all his enthusiasm would shine forth, and in his glistening eye and flushed cheek, one could mark the pleasure that stirred his heart. He knew every one, not only in this, but in the surrounding counties; and they stood severally classed in his estimation, by their benevolence to the poor and their prowess in the hunting field. These, with him, were the two great qualities of mankind. The kind man and the bold rider made his "beau ideal" of all that was excellent, and it was strange to watch with what ingenuity he could support his theory.

"There's Burton Pearse—that's the darling of a man; it's he that's good to the poor, and take's his wall flying—it is n't a lock of bacon or a bag of meal he cares for—begorra, it's not that, nor a double ditch would ever stop him. Hurroo! I think I'm looking at him throwing up his whip-hand this way, going over a gate and calling out to the servant, 'Make Joe go in for his dinner, and give him half-a-crown'—devil a less; and then there's Mr. Power of Kilfane—maybe your honor knows him? Down in Kilkeny, there; he's another of them—one of the right sort. I wish ye seen him facing a leap—a little up in his stirrups, just to look over and see the ground, and then—hooray! he's across and away. A beautiful place he has of it, and an elegant pack of dogs, fourteen hunters in the stable, and as pleasant a kitchen as ever I broke my fast in. The cook's a mighty nice woman, a trifle fat, or so; but a good sowl and a raa-warrant for an Irish stew."

"And Mr. Ulick Burke, Joe, do you know him?"
"Is it blazing Burke?—faix, I do know him! I was as near him as I am to you, when he shot Matt Callanan at the mills. 'There now,' says he, when he put a ball in his hip, and lamed him for life, 'you were always fond of your trade, and I'll make you a hopper.' And sure enough, this is the way he goes ever since."

"He is a good horseman, they tell me, Joe?"
"The best in Ireland: for following the dogs, flat race, or steeple chase, show me his equal. Och! it's himself has the seat in a saddle. Mighty short he rides with his knees up, this way, and his toes out. Not so purty to look at, till you are used to it; but watch him fingering his baste—feeling his mouth with the snaffle—never tormenting, but just letting him know who is on his back. It's raa-pleasure to look at him; and then to see him taking a little canter before he sets off, with his hand low, and just tickling the flanks with his spurs, to larn the temper of the horse. May I never! if it isn't a heavenly sight!"

"You like Mr. Burke then, I see, Joe?"
"Like him—who wouldn't like him a-horseback? Isn't he the moral of a rider, that knows his baste better than I know my Hail Mary; but see him a foot, he's the greatest devil from here to Croaghpatrick—nothing civiler in his mouth than a curse and a 'bloody end' to ye! Och! it's himself hates the poor, and they hate him: the beggars run away from him, as if he was the police; and the blind man that sits on Banagher bridge takes up his bags, and runs for the bare life, the minute he hears the trot of his horse. Isn't it a wonder how he rides so bowld with all the curses over him? Faix, myself wouldn't cross that little stream there, if I was like him. Well, well, he'll have a hard reckoning at last: he's killed five men already, and wounded a great many more; but they say he won't be able to go on much farther, for when he kills another, the devil's to come for him—the Lord be about us! by reason he never lets any one kill more nor six."

Thus chatting away, the road passed over, and as the sun was setting we came in sight of the town, now not above a mile distant.

"That's Loughrea you see there—it's a mighty fine place," said Joe. "There's slate houses, and a market, and a barrack; but you'll stop a few days in the town."

"Oh, certainly; I wish to see this race."
"That will be the fine race. It is a great country entirely—every kind of fence-gates, ditches, and stone walls, as thick as they can lie. I'll show you all the course, for I know it well, and tell you the names of all the gentlemen, and the names of their horses, and their servants; and I'll bring you where you will see the whole race, from beginning to end, without stirring an inch. Are you going to bet any money?"

"I believe not, Joe: but I am greatly interested for a friend."

"And who is he?"
"Captain O'Grady."

"Master Phil! Tear-an'-ages, are you a friend of Master Phil's? Arrah, why didn't you tell me that before? Why didn't you mention his name to me? Och! isn't myself proud this evening to be with a friend of the captain's. See now, what's your name?"

"Hinton," said I.

"Ay, but your Christian name?"

"They who know me best call me Jack Hinton."

"Musha! but I'd like to call you Jack Hinton just for this once. Now, will you do one thing for me?"

"To be sure Joe; what is it?"

"Make them give me a half pint to drink your health, and the captain's; for faix, you must be the right sort, or he wouldn't keep company with you. It's just like yesterday to me the day I met him, down at Bishop's Loch; the hounds came to a check, and a hail-storm came on, and all the gentlemen went into a little shebeen house for shelter. I was standing outside, as it may be here, when Master Phil saw me; 'Come in, Joe,' says he; 'you're the best company, and the pleasantest fellow over a mug of egg-flip; and may I never! if he didn't make me sit down for him, at a little table, and drink two quarts of as beautiful flip as ever I tasted. And Master Phil has a horse here, ye tell me—what's his name?'"

"That, Joe, I am afraid I can't pronounce for you; it's rather beyond my English tongue; but I know that his color's gray, and that he has one cropped ear."

"That's Modirideroo!" shouted Joe; as, throwing my portmanteau on the ground, he seated himself leisurely upon it, and seemed lost in meditation.

"Begorra," said he at length, "he chose a good-tempered one, when he was about it; there never was such a horse foaled in them parts. Ye heard what he did to Mr. Shea, the man that bred him? he threw him over a wall, and then jumped after him, and if it wasn't that his guardian-angel made his leather breeches so strong, he'd have ate him up entirely. Sure, there's no one can ride him barrin' the man I was talking of."

"Well, Joe, I believe Mr. Burke is to ride him."

"Musha! but I am sorry for it."

"And why so? you seem to think highly of his horsemanship."

"There's no misliking that, av it was fair; but then, you see, he has as many tricks in him as the devil. Sometimes he'll break his stirrup leather, or he'll come in a pound too heavy, or he'll slip the snaffle out of his mouth; for he doesn't care for his neck. Once I see him stake his baste, and bring him in, dead lame."

Here ended our conversation, for by this time we entered the town, and proceeded to Mrs. Doolan's. The house was full, or the apartments bespoke; and I was turning away in disappointment, when I accidentally overheard the landlady mention the two rooms ordered by Captain O'Grady. A little explanation ensued, and I discovered to my delight, that these were destined for me by my friend, who had written sometime before to secure them. A few minutes more saw me comfortably installed in the little inn, whose unpretending exterior, and cheerful comfort within doors, were the direct antithesis to the solemn humberg I had left at Shannon Harbor.

Under Joe's auspices—for he had established himself as my own man—tea and rashers made their appearance. My clothes were unpacked and put by; and as he placed my dressing-gown and slippers in readiness before the fire, I could not help observing the servant-like alacrity of his manner, perfect in everything, save in his habit of singing to himself as he went, which I can't say, however, that I disliked, and certainly never dreamed of checking.

Having written a few lines to Mr. Burke, expressing my desire for a few minutes' interview the following morning, I dispatched the note and prepared for bed.

I had often listened with apathy to the wise saws of people who, never having felt either hunger or fatigue, are so fond of pronouncing a glowing eulogium on such luxuries, when the period of their gratification has arrived; but, I confess, as I lay down that night in bed, and drew the clothes around me, I began to believe that they had underrated the pleasures they spoke of. The house-clock ticked pleasantly in the room without; the cheerful turf-fire threw its mild red light across the room; the sounds from the street were those of happy voices and merry laughter; and when I ceased to hear them, I had fallen into a sound and peaceful sleep.

It was after about a dozen efforts, in which I had gone through all the usual formula on such occasions, rubbing my eyes, stretching, and even pinching myself, before I could awake on the following morning. I felt somewhat stiffened from the unaccustomed exertions of the day before, but, somehow, my spirits were unusually high, and my heart in its very lightest mood. I looked about me through the little room, where all was order, neatness, and propriety. My clothes, carefully brushed and folded, my boots, resplendent in their blacking, stood basking before the fire; even my hat, placed gently on one side, with my gloves carefully flattened, were laid out in true valet fashion. The door into my little sitting-room lay open, and I could mark the neat and comfortable preparations for my breakfast, while, at a little distance from the table, and in an attitude of patient attention, stood poor Joe himself, who, with a napkin across his arm, was quietly waiting the moment of my awaking.

I know not if my reader will have any sympathy with the confession; but, I own, I have always felt a higher degree of satisfaction from the unbought and homely courtesy chance has thrown in my way, than from the more practised, and dearly paid for attentions of the most disciplined household. There is something flattering in the personal devotion which seems to spring from pure good-will, that insensibly raises one in their own esteem. In some such reflection as this was I lost, when the door of my outer room was opened, and a voice inquired if Mr. Hinton stopped there.

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, "he is in bed, and asleep."

"Ah! is it you, Joe?" replied the other; "so you are turned footman, I see. If the master be like the man, it ought to be a shrewd establishment."

"No," replied Joe, carelessly; "he's not very like any thing down in these parts; for he appears to be a gentleman."

"Tell him I am here, and be d—d to you!" was the indignant reply, as the speaker threw himself into his chair, and stirred the fire with his foot.

Suspecting at once who my visitor was, I motioned to Joe to leave the room, and proceeded to dress myself with all dispatch. During the operation, however, my friend without manifested several symptoms of impatience; now walking the room with rapid strides, as he whistled a quick step; now beating the bars of the grate with a poker; and occasionally performing that popular war-dance, "the Devil's Tattoo," with his knuckles upon the table. At length his endurance seemed pushed to its length, and he knocked sharply at the door, calling out at the same moment—

"I say, sir, time's up, if you please."

The next moment I was before him.

Mr. Ulick Burke—for I need not say it was he—was a well-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age. Although his height was below the middle size, he was powerfully and strongly made; his features would have been handsome, were it not for a certain expression of vulgar suspicion that played about the eyes, giving him a sidelong look when he spoke; this, and the loss of two front-teeth, from a fall, disfigured a face originally pleasing. His whiskers were large, bushy, and meeting beneath his

chin. As to his dress, it was in character with his calling, a green coat cut round in jockey fashion, over which he wore a white "bang-up," as it was called, in one pocket of which was carelessly thrust a lash-whip; a belcher handkerchief, knotted loosely about his neck, buckskin breeches, reaching far down upon the leg, and top-boots, completed his costume. I had almost forgotten a hat, perhaps the most characteristic thing of all: this, which once had been white, was now, by stress of time and weather, of a dirty drab color; its crown dinged in several places, and the eaf jagged and broken, bespoke the hard usage to which it was subjected. While speaking, he held it firmly clutched in his ungloved hand, and from time to time struck it against his thigh, with an energy of manner that seemed habitual. His manner was a mixture of timid embarrassment and vulgar assurance; feeling his way, as it were, with one while he forgot himself with the other. With certain remnants of the class he originally belonged to, he had associated the low habitudes and slang phraseology of his daily associates, making it difficult for one, at first sight, to discover to which order he belonged. In the language of his companions, Ulick Burke "could be a gentleman when he pleased it." How often have we heard this phrase! and with what a fatal mistake it is generally applied! He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be any thing else. Circumstances may, and do, every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds, and refined habits, into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have few, if any, sympathies in common; yet never, by any accident, do they derogate from that high standard which makes them gentlemen. So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practised intonation, and bowing with well-studied grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in his thought or feeling, than is the tin-selled actor, who struts the board, the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the "gentleman when he likes," is but the mere performance of the character. It has all the smell of the orange-peel and the foot-lights about it, and never can be mistaken by any one who knows the world.—But to come back to Mr. Burke.

Having eyed me for a second or two with a look of mingled distrust and impertinence, he unfolded my note, which he held beneath his fingers, and said—

"I received this from you last night, Mr. —"

"Hinton," said I, assisting him.

"Mr. Hinton," repeated he, slowly.

"Won't you be seated?" said I, pointing to a chair, and taking one myself.

He nodded familiarly, and placing himself on the window-sill, with one foot upon a chair, resumed—

"It's about O'Grady's business, I suppose, you've come down here; the captain has treated me very ill."

"You are quite right," said I coolly, "in guessing the object of my visit; but I must also let you know, that in any observations you make concerning Captain O'Grady, they are made to a friend, who will no more permit his name to be slightly treated than his own."

"Of course," pronounced with a smile of the most insulting coolness, was the only reply. "That, however, is not the matter in hand: *your friend*, the captain, never condescended to answer my letter."

"He only received it a few days ago."

"Why isn't he here himself? Is a gentleman rider to be treated like a common jockey that paid for his race?"

I confess the distinction was too subtle for me, but I said nothing in reply.

"I don't even know where the horse is, nor if he is here at all—will you call that handsome treatment, Mr. Hinton?"

"One thing I am quite sure of, Mr. Burke—Captain O'Grady is incapable of any thing unworthy or unbecoming a gentleman; the haste of his departure for foreign service may have prevented him observing certain matters of etiquette toward you, but he has commissioned me to accept your terms. The horse is or will be here to-night, and I trust nothing will interrupt the good understanding that has hitherto subsisted between you."

"And will he take up the writ?"

"He will," said I, firmly.

"He must have a heavy book on the race."

"Nearly a thousand pounds."

"I'm sorry for it for his sake," was the cool reply, "for he'll lose his money."

"Indeed!" said I; "I understand that you thought well of his horse; and that with your riding—"

"Ay; but I won't ride for him."

"You won't ride!—not on your own terms?"

"No; not even on my own terms. Don't be putting yourself into a passion, Mr. Hinton—you've come down to a country where that never does any good; we settle all our little matters here in a social, pleasant way of our own—but I repeat it, I won't ride for your friend; so you may withdraw his horse as soon as you like; except," added he, with a most contemptuous sneer; "you have a fancy for riding him yourself."

Resolving that whatever course I should follow, I should at least keep my temper for the present—I assumed as much calmness as I could command, and said—

"And what is there against O'Grady's horse?"

"A chesnut Mare of Tom Molloy's that can beat him over any country—the rest are withdrawn; so that I'll have a 'ride over' for my pains."

"Then you ride for Mr. Molloy?" said I.

"You've guessed it," replied he, with a wink, as, throwing his hat carelessly on one side of his head, he gave me an insolent nod, and lounged out of the room.

I need not say that my breakfast appetite was not improved by Mr. Burke's visit; in fact, never was a man more embarrassed than I was. Independent of the loss of his money, I knew how poor Phil would suffer from the duplicity of the transaction; and in my sorrow for his sake, I could not help accusing myself of ill-management in the matter; had I been more conciliating or more blunt, had I bullied or bid

A New Military Romance.

OUR MESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XXI. . . LOUGHREA.

With the innate courtesy of his country, my humble companion endeavored to lighten the road by song and story. There was not a blackened gable, not a ruined tower, not even a well we passed, without its legend. The very mountains themselves, that reared their mighty peaks toward the clouds, had their tale of superstitious horror; and, though these stories were simple in themselves, there was something in the association of the scene, something in the warm fervor of his enthusiasm, that touched and thrilled my heart.

Like a lamp, whose fitful glare flickers through the gloomy vault of some rocky cavern, too feeble to illumine it, but yet calling up wild and goblin shapes on every side, and peopling space with flickering spectres; so did the small modicum of intellect this poor fellow possessed, enable him to look at life, with strange distorted views. Accustomed to pass his days in the open air—the fields, the flowers, the streams, his companions—he had a sympathy in the eddying current that flowed on beneath—in the white cloud that rolled above him; happy, for he had no care, he journeyed about from one country to another. In the hunting season he would be seen lounging about a kennel, making or renewing his intimacy with the dogs, who knew and loved him; then he was always ready to carry a drag, to stop an earth, or do a hundred other of those minor services that are ever wanted. Many who lived far from a post-town knew the comfort of falling in with poor "Tipperary Joe," for such was he called. Not more fleet of foot than honest in heart, oftentimes was a letter intrusted to

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higher, perhaps a different result might have followed. Alas! in all my calculations I knew little or nothing of him with whom I had to deal. Puzzled and perplexed, uncertain how to act—now resolving on one course, now deciding on the opposite, I paced my little room for above an hour. The only conviction I could come to, being the unhappy choice that poor O'Grady had made when he selected me for his negotiator.

The town clock struck twelve—I remembered suddenly that was the hour when the arrangements of the race were to be ratified, and without a thought of what course I should pursue, what plan I should adopt, I took my hat and sallied forth.

The main street of the little town was crowded with people, most of them of that class which, in Irish phrase, goes by the appellation of squinteen, a species of human lurcher, without any of good properties of either class from which it derives its origin, but abounding in the bad traits of both. They lounged along, followed by pointers and wire-haired grayhounds, their hands stuck in their coat-pockets, and their hats set well back on their heads. Following in the train of this respectable *cortège*, I reach the market-house, upon the steps of which several "sporting gentlemen" of a higher order were assembled. Elbowing my way, with some difficulty, through these, I mounted a dirty and sandy stair to a large room, usually employed by the magistrates for their weekly sessions; here, at a long table, sat the race committee; an imposing display of books, pens, and papers before them. A short little man, with a powdered head, and a certain wheezing chuckle when he spoke, that involuntarily suggested the thought of apoplexy, seemed the president of the meeting.

The room was so crowded with persons of every class, that I could with difficulty catch what was going forward. I looked anxiously round to see if I could not recognise some friend or acquaintance, but every face was strange to me. The only one I had ever seen before was Mr. Burke himself, who, with his back to the fire, was edifying a select circle of his friends by what I discovered, from the laughter of his auditory, was a narrative of his visit to myself. The recital must have owed something to his ingenuity in telling, for indeed the gentlemen seemed convulsed with mirth; and when Mr. Burke concluded, it was plain that he stood several feet higher in the estimation of his acquaintances.

"Silence!" wheezed the little man with the white head, "it is a quarter past twelve o'clock, and I'll not wait any longer."

"Read the list, Maurice," cried some one. "As it is only a walk over, you needn't lose any time." "Here, then, No. 1: Captain Fortescue's Tramp." "Withdrawn," said a voice in the crowd.

"No. 2: Harry Studdart's Devil-may-care!" "Paid forfeit," cried another.

"No. 3: Sir George O'Brien's Billy-the-Bowl!" "Gone home again," was the answer.

"No. 4: Tom Molloy's Cathleen!" "All right!" shouted Mr. Burke, from the fireplace.

"Who rides?" asked the president.

"Ulick!" repeated half-a-dozen voices together.

"Eleven stone eight," said the little man.

"And a pound for the martingale," chimed in Mr. Burke.

"Well, I believe that's all—No: there's another horse—Captain O'Grady's Modirideroo."

"Scratch him out with the rest," said Mr. Burke.

"No!" said I, from the back of the room.

The word seemed electric: every eye was turned toward the quarter where I stood; and as I moved forward toward the table, the crowd receded to permit my passage.

"Are you on the part of Mr. O'Grady, sir?" said the little man, with a polite smile.

I bowed an affirmative.

"He does not withdraw his horse, then?" said he.

"No!" said I again.

"But you are aware, sir, that Mr. Burke is going to ride for my friend, Mr. Molloy, here. Are you prepared with another gentleman?"

I nodded shortly.

"His name, may I ask?" continued he.

"Mr. Hinton."

By this time Mr. Burke, attracted by the colloquy, had approached the table, and, stooping down, whispered some words in the president's ear.

"You will forgive me, I am sure," said the latter, addressing me, "if I ask, as the name is unknown to me, if this be a gentleman rider?"

The blood rushed to my face and temples. I knew at once from whom this insult proceeded. It was no time, however, to notice it, so I simply replied—

"Mr. Hinton is an officer of the Guards, an aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant, and I beg leave respectfully to present him to you."

The obsequious civility exhibited by the party, as I pronounced these words, were an ample *amende* for what I had suffered a few minutes before. Meanwhile, Mr. Burke had resumed his place at the fire, once more surrounded by his admiring satellites.

Being accommodated with a chair at the table, I proceeded to read over and sign the usual papers, by which I bound myself to abide by the regulations of the course, and conform in all things to the decision of the stewards. Scarcely had I concluded, when Mr. Burke called out—

"Who'll take eight to one, on the race?"

Not a word was spoken in reply.

"Who'll take fifty to five?" cried he again.

"I will," said a voice from the door.

"Who's that take's my bet? What's his name?"

"Tom Lotus, P. P. of Murranakilty."

"A better fellow nor an honestor couldn't do it," said the president.

"Book your bet, sir," said Mr. Burke, "or, if it is equally convenient for you, you can pay it at present."

"I never make a memorandum of such trifles," said the priest; "but I'll stake the money in some decent man's hands."

A roar of laughter followed the priest's proposition, than which nothing could be less to Mr. Burke's taste. This time, however, he was in funds; and while the good father disengaged his five-pound note from the folds of a black leather pocket-book, as large as a portfolio, his antagonist threw a fifty on the table,

with an air of swaggering importance. I turned now to shake hands with my friend, but to my surprise and astonishment, he gave me a look of cold and impressive import, that showed me at once that he did not wish to be recognised, and the next moment left the room. My business there was also concluded, and having promised to be forthcoming the following day, at two o'clock, I bowed to the chairman and withdrew.

CHAPTER XXII. A MOONLIGHT CANTER.

I WAS not quite satisfied with the good priest for his having cut me, no matter what his reasons—I was not over much so with the tone of the whole meeting itself, and certainly I was very little satisfied with the part I had myself taken therein; for as cooler judgment succeeded to hot excitement, I perceived in what a mess of difficulty I had involved myself, and how a momentary flush of passionate indignation had carried me away beyond the bounds of reason and sense, to undertake what but half an hour previously, I should have shrunk from, with shame, and the very thought of which now filled me with apprehension and dread, not indeed as to the consequences to myself, physically considered, for most willingly would I have compounded for a fractured limb, or even two, to escape the ridicule I was almost certain of incurring; that it was which I could not bear, and my heart, *amov' propre*, recoiled from the thought of being a laughing-stock to the under-bred and ill-borne horde that would assemble to witness me.

When I arrived at the inn, poor Joe was there awaiting me; he had been down to see the horse, which for precaution's sake was kept at a mill a little distance from the town, and of whose heart and condition he spoke in glowing terms.

"Och! he is a real beauty—a little thick in fat about the crest, but they say he always turns fleshy, and his legs are as clean as a whistle. Sorra bit, but it'll give Mr. Ulick as much as he can do to ride him to-morrow. I know by the way he turns his eyes round to you in the stable, he's in the devil's temper." "But it is not Mr. Burke, Joe—I am going to ride him."

"You are going to do it! You! Oh! by the powers, Mr. Ulick wasn't far out, when he said the master was as mad as the man. 'Tell me your company,' says the old proverb; and you see there it is—what comes of it? If you lie down with dogs, you'll get up with fleas, and that's the fruits of travelling with a fool."

I was in no temper for badinage at the moment, and replied to the poor fellow in a somewhat harsher tone than I should have used; and as he left the room without speaking, I felt ashamed and angry with myself, for thus banishing the only one that seemed to feel an interest in my fortunes.

I sat down to my dinner discontented and unhappy. But a few hours previous, and I awoke high in heart and hope; and now without any adverse stroke of fortune, without any of those casualties of fate which come on us, unlooked for, and unthought of, but simply by the unguided exercise of a passionate temperament, I found myself surrounded by embarrassments, and environed by difficulties, without one friend to counsel, or advise me.

Yes: I could not conceal it from myself—my determination to ride the steeple-chase was the mere outbreak of passion. The taunting insolence of Burke had stung me to adopt a course which I had neither previously considered, nor, if suggested by another, could ever have consented to. True, I was what would be called a good horseman. In the two seasons I had spent in Leicestershire, on a visit to a relative, I had acquitted myself with credit and character; but a light weight splendidly mounted on a trained hunter, over his accustomed country, has no parallel with the same individual upon a horse he has never crossed, over a country he has never seen. These, and a hundred similar considerations came rushing on me now when it was too late; however, the thing was done, and there being no possible way of undoing it, there was but one road, the straight forward, to follow in the case. Alas! half of our philosophy in difficulties consists in shutting our eyes firmly against consequences, and *tele baissée*, rushing headlong at the future. Though few may be found willing to admit that the bull in the china-shop is the model of their prudence—I freely own it was mine, and that I made up my mind to ride the horse with the unspeakable name, as long as he would permit me to ride him, at every thing, over every thing, or through every thing before me. This conclusion at length came to, I began to feel more easy in my mind. Like the felon, that feels there is no chance of a reprieve, I could look my fate more steadily in the face.

I had no great appetite for my dinner, but I sat over an excellent bottle of port; sipping, and sipping, each glass I swallowed lending a rose tint to the future. The second bottle had just been placed on the table before me, when O'Grady's groom came in to receive his instructions. He had heard nothing of my resolution to ride, and certainly looked aghast when I announced it to him. By this time, however, I had combatted my own fears, and I was not going to permit his to terrify me. Affecting the easy nonchalance of that excellent type, Mr. Ulick Burke, I thrust my hands into my coat-pockets, and, standing with my back to the fire, began questioning him about the horse. Confound it! there's no man so hard to humbug as an Irishman, but if he be a groom, I pronounce the thing impossible. The fellow saw through me in a moment; and as he sipped the glass of wine I had filled out for him, he approached me confidently, while he said in a low tone—

"Did you say you'd ride him?"

"Yes, to be sure I did."

"You did; well! well! there's no helping it, since you said it. There's one thing to be done," he looked cautiously about the room, lest any one should overhear him. "There's but one thing I know of—let him throw you at the first leap. Mind me now, just leave it to himself; he'll give you no trouble in life; and all you have to do, is to choose the soft side. It's not your fault after that, you know, for I needn't tell you he won't be caught before night."

I could not help laughing at this new receipt for riding a steeple-chase, although I confess it did not raise my courage regarding the task before me.

"What does he do?" said I; "this infernal beast, what trick has he?"

"It isn't one, but a hundred that he has. First of all, it isn't so easy to get on his back, for he is as handy with his hind-foot as a fiddler; and if you are not mighty quick in mounting, he'll strike you down with it: then, when you are up, maybe, he won't move at all, but stand with his fore-legs out, his head down, and his eyes turned back just like a picture, hitting his flanks between times with his long tail. You may coax him, pet him, and pat him—faith, you might as well be tickling a milestone; for it's laughing at you he'll be all the time. Maybe at last you'll get tired, and touch him with the spur. Hurroo! begorra you'll get it then."

"Why—what happens then?"

"What happens, is it? Maybe it's your neck is broke, or your thigh, or your collar-bone, at least: he'll give a straight plunge up in the air, about ten feet high, throw his head forward, till he either pulls the reins out of your hands, or lifts you out of the saddle, and at the same moment, he'll give you a blow with his hind quarters in the small of the back. Och, murther," said he, placing both hands upon his loins, and writhing as he spoke, "it'll be six weeks to-morrow since he made one of them buck-leaps with me, and I never walked straight since. But that is not all."

"Come, come," said I, impatiently, "this is all nonsense; he only wants a man with a little pluck, to bully him out of all this."

As I said these valorous words, I own, that to my own heart, I didn't exactly correspond to the person I described; but as the bottle of port was now finished, I set forth with my companion to pay my first visit to this redoubted animal.

The mill where the stable lay was about a mile from the town; but the night was a fine moonlight one, with not an air of wind stirring, and the walk delightful. When we reached the little stream that turned the mill, over which a plank was thrown as a bridge, we perceived that a country-lad was walking a pair of saddle-horses backward and forward near the spot. The suspicion of some trickery, some tampering with the horse, at once crossed me; and I hinted as much to the groom.

"No, no," said he, laughing, "make your mind easy about that. Mr. Ulick Burke knows the horse well, and he'll leave it all to himself."

The allusion was a pleasant one; but I said nothing, and walked on.

Having procured a lantern at the mill, the groom preceded me to the little out-house, which acted as stable. He opened the door cautiously, and peeped in.

"He's lying down," said he to me in a whisper, and at the same moment taking the candle from the lantern, he held it up to permit my obtaining a better view; "don't be afraid," continued he, "he'll not stir now, the thief of the arth; when once he's down that way, he lies as peaceable as a lamb."

As well as I could observe him, he was a magnificent horse. A little too heavy perhaps about the crest and forehead, but then so strong behind, such powerful muscle about the haunches his balance was well preserved. As I stood contemplating him in silence, I felt the breath of some one behind me. I turned suddenly around: it was Father Tom Loftus himself. There was the worthy priest, mopping his forehead with a huge pocket-handkerchief, and blowing like a rhinoceros.

"Ugh!" said he at length, "I have been running up and down the roads this half hour after you, and there's not a puff left in me."

"Ah! father, I hoped to have seen you at the inn."

"Whist! I darn't. I thought I'd do it better my own way; but, see now, we've no time to lose. I knew as well as yourself you never intended to ride this race. No matter; don't say a word; but listen to me: I know the horse better than any one in these parts; and it isn't impossible, if you can keep the saddle over the first two or three fences, that you may win. I say, if you can—for faith it's not in a 'swing-swong' you'll be. But, come now, the course was marked out this evening—Burke was over it before dinner; and, with a blessing, we will before supper. I've got a couple of hacks here, that'll take us over every bit of it, and perhaps it is not too much to say, you might have a worse guide."

"Faith, your reverence," chimed in the groom, "he'd find it hard to have a better."

Thanking the kind priest for his good-natured solicitude, I followed him out upon the road, where the two horses were waiting us.

"There now," said he, "get up; the stirrups are about your length. He looks a little low in flesh; but you'll not complain of him when he's under you."

The next moment we were both in the saddle. Taking a narrow path that led off from the high road, we entered a large tilled field; keeping along the headlands of which, we came to a low stone wall, through a gap of which we passed, and came out upon an extensive piece of grass-land, that gently sloped away from where we were standing, to a little stream at its base, an arm of that which supplied the mill.

"Here now," said the priest, "a little to the left yonder, is the start: you come down this hill; you take the water there, and you keep along by Freney's house, where you see the trees there. There's only a small stone wall, and a clay ditch, between this and that; afterward you turn off to the right. But come now, are you ready? We'll explore a bit."

As he spoke, the good priest, putting spurs to his hackney, dashed on before me, and motioning me to follow, cantered down the slope. Taking the little mill-stream at a fly, he turned in his saddle to watch my performance.

"Neat, mighty neat!" cried he, encouraging me.

"Keep your hand a little low. The next is a wall—"

Scarcely had he spoke when we both came together at a stone fence, about three feet high. This time I was a little in advance, as my horse was fresher, and took it first.

"Oh, the devil a better!" said Father Tom—

"Burke himself couldn't beat that! Here now; keep this way out of the deep ground, and rush him at the double ditch there."

Resolved on securing his good opinion, I gripped my saddle firmly with my knees, and rode at the

fence. Over we went in capital style, but lighting on the top of a rotten ditch, the ground gave way, and my horse's hind legs slipped backwards into the gripe. Being at full stretch, the poor animal had no power to recover himself, so that disengaging his fore legs, I pulled him down into the hollow, and then, with a vigorous dash of the spur, and a bold lift carried him clean over it into the field.

"Look, now!" said the priest; "that pleases me better than all you did before. Presence of mind—that's the real gift for a horseman, when he's in a scrape; but mind me, it was your own fault; for here's the way to take the fence." So saying, he made a slight semicircle in the field, and then, as he headed his horse towards the leap, rushed him at it furiously, and came over like the bound of a stag!

"Now," said Father Tom, pointing with his whip as he spoke, "We have a beautiful bit of galloping-ground before us; and if you ever reach this far, and I don't see why you shouldn't, here's where you ought to make play. Listen to me now," said he, dropping his voice: "Tom Molloy's mare isn't thoroughbred, though they think she is. She has got a bad drop in her. Now the horse is all right, clean bred, sire and dam, by reason he'll be able to go through the dirt, when the mare can't, so that all you've to do, if, as I said before, you get this far, is, to keep straight down to the two thorn bushes—there, you see them yonder—Burke won't be able to take that line, but must keep upon the head-lands, and go all round yonder; look now, you see the difference—so that before he can get over that wide ditch, you'll be across it, and making for the stone wall. After that, by the powers, if you don't win, I can't help you!"

"Where does the course turn after, father?" said I.

"Oh! a beautiful line of flat country, interspersed with walls, ditches, and maybe a hedge or two; but all fair, and only one rasping fence, the last of all. After that, you have a clean gallop of about a quarter of a mile, over as nice a sod as ever you cantered."

"And that last fence, what is it like?"

"Faith, it's a rasper; it's a wide gully where there was a *boreen* once, and they say it is every inch of sixteen feet, that'll make it close upon twenty when you clear the clay on both sides. The gray horse, I'm told, has a way of jumping in and jumping out of these narrow roads; but take my advice and go it in a fly; and now, captain, what between the running, and the riding, and the talking together, I am as dry as a limekiln; so what do you say if we turn back to town, and have a bit of supper together? There's a kind of a cousin of mine, one Bob Mahon, a Major in the Roscommon, and he has got a grouse-pie and something hot to dilute it with, waiting for us."

"Nothing will give me more pleasure, father; and there's only one thing more—indeed I had nearly forgotten it altogether—"

"What's that?" said the priest with surprise.

"Not having any intention to ride, I left town without any racing equipment; breeches and boots I have, but as to a cap and jacket—"

"I've provided for both," said Father Tom. You saw the little man with a white head that sat at the head of the table, Tom Dillon of Mount Brown, you know him?"

"I am not acquainted with him."

"Well, he knows you, that's all the same: his son, that's just gone to Gibraltar with his regiment, was about your size, and he had a new cap and jacket made for this very race, and of course they are lying there, and doing nothing. So I sent over a little *gossamer* with a note, and I don't doubt but they are all at the inn this moment."

"By Jove, father!" said I, "you are a real friend, and a most thoughtful one too."

"Maybe I'll do more than that for you," said he, with a sly wink of his eye, that somehow suggested to my mind, that he knew more of, and took a deeper interest in me, than I had reason to believe.

CHAPTER XXIII. MAJOR MAHON AND HIS QUARTERS.

THE major's quarters were fixed in one of the best houses in the town, in the comfortable back parlor of which was now displayed a little table laid for three persons: a devilled lobster, the grouse pie already mentioned, some fried ham, and crisped potatoes were the viands; but each was admirable in its kind, and with the assistance of an excellent bowl of hot punch and the friendly welcome of the host, left nothing to be wished for, or desired.

Major Bob Mahon was a short, thick-set, little man, with round blue eyes, a turned up nose, and a full under lip, which he had a habit of protruding with an air of no mean pretension; a short crop of curly black hair, covered a head as round as a billiard-ball; these traits with a certain peculiar smack of his mouth, by which he occasionally testified the approval of his own eloquence, were the most remarkable things about him. His great ambition was, to be thought a military man; but somehow his pretensions in this respect smacked much more of the militia than the line. Indeed, he possessed a kind of adroit way of asserting the superiority of the former to the latter, averring that they who fought *pro aris et focis*—the major was fond of Latin—stood on far higher ground than the travelled mercenaries who only warred for pay: this peculiarity, and an absurd attachment to practical jokes, the result of which had frequently, through life, involved him in law-suits, damages, compensations, and even duels, formed the great staple of his character, of all which the good priest informed me most fully on our way to the house.

"Captain Hinton, I believe," said the major, as he held out his hand in welcome.

"Mr. Hinton," said I, bowing.

"Ay, yes; Father Tom, there, does n't know much about these matters. What regiment, pray?"

"The Grenadier Guards."

"Oh! a very good corps—mighty respectable corps; not that, between ourselves, I think over much of the regulars—between you and me, I never knew foreign travel do good to man or beast. What do they bring back with them? I'd like to know—French cookery and Italian licentiousness. No, no; give me the native troops! You were a boy at the time, but may be you have heard how they behaved

in the west, when Hoche landed. Egad! if it wasn't for the militia, the country was sacked. I commanded a company of the Roscommon at the time; I remember well, we laid siege to a windmill, held by a desperate fellow, the miller—a resolute character, Mr. Hinton—he had two guns in the place with him.”

“I wish to the Lord he had shot you with one of them, and we'd have been spared to this long story!”

“I opened a parallel——”

“May be, you'd open the pie?” said the priest, as he drew his chair, and sat down to the table. “Perhaps you forget, Bob, we have had a sharp ride of it this evening?”

“Upon my conscience, so I did,” replied the major, good-humoredly. “So let us have a bit of supper now, Mr. Hinton, and I'll finish my story by-and-by.”

“The heavens forbid!” piously ejaculated the priest, as he helped himself to a very considerable portion of the lobster.

“Is this a fast,” said I, slyly, “Father Loftus?”

“No, my son, but we'll make it one. That reminds me of what happened to me, going up in the boat. It was a Friday, and the dinner, as you may suppose, was not over good; but there was a beautiful cut of fried salmon just before me, about a pound and a half, may be two pounds; this I slipped quietly on my plate, observing to the company, in this way—Ladies and gentlemen, this is a fast day with me—when a big fellow, with red whiskers, stooped across the table, cut my bit of fish in two halves, calling out as he carried off one, ‘Bad scan to ye, d'ye think no body has a sowl to be saved but yourself?’”

“Ah! they're a pious people, are the Irish!” said the major, solemnly, “and you'll remark that, when you see more of them. And now, captain, how do you like us here?”

“Exceedingly,” said I, with warmth. “I have had every reason to be greatly pleased with Ireland.”

“That's right! and I'm glad of it! though, to be sure, you have not seen us in our holiday garb. Ah, if you were here before the union; if you saw Dublin as I remember it—and Tom there remembers it—that was a pleasant place.” It was not trasting to balls and parties, to dinners and routs, but to all kinds of fun and devilment besides. All the members of Parliament used to be skylarking about the city, playing tricks on one another, and humbugging the castle people—and, to be sure, the castle was not the grave, stupid place it is now—they were convivial, jovial fellows——”

“Come, come, major,” interrupted I; “you are really unjust—the present court is not the heavy——”

“Sure I know what it is well enough. Hasn't the duke all the privy council, and the bishops as often to dianer as the garrison, and the bar? Isn't he obliged to go to his own apartment, when they want to make a night of it, and sing a good chorus? Don't tell me—sure even as late as Lord Westmoreland's time, it was another thing—pleasant and happy times they were, and the country will never be the same till we have them back again.”

Being somewhat curious to ascertain in what particular our degeneracy consisted—for in my ignorance of better, I had hitherto supposed the present “regime” about as gay a thing as need be; I gradually led the major on, to talk of those happier days, when Ireland kept all its fun for home consumption, and never exported even its surplus produce.

“It was better, in every respect,” responded the major. “Hada't we all the patronage among us? There's Jonah, there—Barrington, I mean: well, he and I could make anything, from a tide-waiter to a master in Chancery. It's little trouble small debts gave us then; a pipe of sherry never costs me more than a storekeeper in the ordinance; and I kept my horses at livery for three years, with a washerwoman to Kilmainham Hospital; and as for fun—look at the Castle now! Don't I remember the times when we used to rob the coaches coming from the drawing-rooms, and pretty girls they were, inside of them.”

“For shame, for shame!” cried Father Tom, with a sly look in the corner of his eye, that by no means bespoke a suitable degree of horror at such unwarrantable proceedings.

“Well, if it was a shame, it was no sin,” responded the major; “for we never took anything more costly than kisses. Ah, dear me! them was the times! And, to be sure, every now and then, we got a pull up from the Lady Lieutenant, and were obliged to behave ourselves for a week or two together. One thing she never could endure, was a habit we had of leaving the Castle, before they themselves left the ball-room. I'm not going to defend it, it was not very polite, I confess; but somehow or other, there was always something going on we couldn't afford to loose—maybe a supper at the barrack, or a snug party at Daly's, or a bit of fun elsewhere. Her Excellency, however, got angry about it, and we got a quiet hint to reform our manners. This, I need not tell you, was a hopeless course; so we hit on an expedient that answered to the full as well. It was by our names being called out, as the carriages drove up, that our delinquency became known. So, Matt Fortescue suggested that we should adopt some feigned nomenclature, which would totally defy every attempt at discovery; the idea was excellent, and we traded on it for many a day, with complete success. One night, however, from some cause or other, the carriages were late in arriving, and we were all obliged to accompany the court into the supper-room; angry enough we were, but still there was no help for it; and so, ‘smiling through tears,’ as the poet says, in we went. Scarcely, however, had we taken our places, when a servant called out something, from the head of the stairs; another, re-echoed it, at the antechamber, and a third, at the supper-room, shouted out, ‘Oliver Cromwell's carriage stops the way!’ The roar of laughter the announcement caused, shook the very room; but it had scarcely subsided when there was another call for ‘Brian Boru's coach,’ quickly followed by ‘Guy Fawkes’ and ‘Paddy O'Rafferty's jingle,’ which latter personage was no other than the Dean of Cork. I need not tell you that we kept our secret, and joined in the universal opinion of the whole room, ‘that the household was shamefully disguised in drink;’ and, indeed, there was no end to the mistakes that night, for every now and then some character in Heathen or modern history, would turn

up among the announcements; and, as the laughter burst forth, the servants would grow ashamed for a while, and refuse to call any carriage, where the style and title was a little out of the common. Ah! Mr. Hinton, if you had lived in those days—Well, well, no matter—here's a glass to their memory, anyway. It is the first time you've been in these parts, and I suppose you haven't seen much of the country?”

“Very little, indeed,” replied I; “and even that much, only by moonlight.”

“I'm afraid,” said Father Tom, half pensively, “that many of your countrymen take little else than a ‘dark view’ of us.”

“See, now,” said the major, slapping his hand on the table with energy, “the English know as much about Pat, as Pat knows of purgatory—no offence to you, Mr. Hinton. I could tell you a story of a circumstance that once happened to myself.”

“No, no, Bob,” said the priest. “It is bad taste to tell a story, *en petit comilé*. I'll leave it to the captain.”

“If I am to be the judge,” said I, laughingly, “I decide for the story.”

“Let's have it, then,” said the priest. “Come, Bob, a fresh brew, and begin your tale.”

“You are a sensual creature, Father Tom,” said the major; “and prefer drink to intellectual discussion; not but that you may have both here at the same time; but in honor of my friend beside me, I'll not bear malice, but give you the story: and let me tell you, it is not every day in the week a man hears a tale with a moral to it, particularly down in this part of the country.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Original.

MISS JONES' SON.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Quamvis ridentem, dicere verum quid vetat?

ON a night, toward the close of the London season—the last week in August, or thereabouts—the Deptford omnibus set down a gentleman at one of the small brick-block cottages on the Kent road. He was a very quietly disposed person, with a face rather inscrutable to a common eye, and might, or might not, pass for what he was—a man of mark. His age was perhaps thirty, and his manners and movements had that cool security which can come only from conversance with a class of society that is beyond being laughed at. He was handsome—but when the style of a man is well pronounced, that is an unobserved trifle.

Perhaps the reader will step in to No. 10, Verandah Row, without further ceremony.

The room—(scarce more than a squirrel-box from back to front,)—was divided by folding doors, and the furniture was fanciful and neatly kept. The Canary-bird, in a very small cage, in the corner, seemed rather an intruder on such small quarters. You could scarce give a guess what style of lady was the tenant of such miniature gentility.

The omnibus passenger sat down in one of the little cane-bottomed and straight-backed chairs, and presently the door opened and a stout elderly woman, whose skirts really filled up the remaining void of the little parlor, entered with a cordial exclamation, and an affectionate embrace was exchanged between them.

"Well, my dear mother!" said the visitor, "I am off to-morrow to Warwickshire to pass the shooting season, and I came to wind up your household clock-work, to go for a month—(ticking, I am sorry to say!) What do you want? How is the tea-caddy?"

"Out of green, James, but the black will do 'till you come back. La! don't talk of such matters when you are just going to leave me. I'll step up stairs and make you out a list of my wants presently. Tell me—where are you going in Warwickshire? I went to school in Warwickshire. Dear me! the lovers I had there! Well, well! Where did you say you were going?"

"To the Marquis of Headfort—Headfort Court, I think his place is called—a post and a half from Stratford. Were you ever there, mother?"

"I there, indeed! no, my son! But I had a lover near Stratford—young Sir Humphrey Fenchler, he was then—old Sir Humphrey now! I'm sure he remembers me, long as it is since I saw him—and, James, I'll give you a letter to him. Yes—I should like to know how he looks, and what he will say to my grown up boy I'll go and write it now, and I'll look over the groceries at the same time. If you move your chair, James, don't crush the Canary-bird!"

The mention of the letter of introduction lingered in the ear of the gentleman left in the parlor, and smiling to himself with a look of covert humor, he drew from

his pocket a letter of which it reminded him—the letter of introduction, on the strength of which he was going to Warwickshire. As this and the one which was being written up stairs, were the two pieces of ordnance destined to propel the incidents of our story, the reader will excuse us for presenting them as a "make ready."

Crockford's, Monday
DEAR FRED.—Nothing going on in town, except a little affair of my own, which I can't leave to go down to you. Dull even at Crocky's—nobody plays this hot weather. And now, as to your commissions. You will receive Dupree, the cook, by to-night's mail. Grisi won't come to you without her man—"twasn't thus when we were boys!"—so I send you a figurante, and you must do tableaux. I was luckier in finding you a wit. S——, will be with you to-morrow, though, by the way, it is only on condition of meeting Lady Midge Bellasy, for whom, if she is not with you, you must exert your invigilments. This, by way only of shuttlecock and battledore, however, for they play at wit together—nothing more, on her part at least. Look out for this devilish fellow, my lord Fred—and live thin 'till you see the last of him—for he'll laugh you into your second apoplexy with the dangerous ensow of a hair-trigger. I could amuse you with a turn or two in my late adventures, but Black and White are bad confidants, though very well as a business firm. And, mentioning them, I have drawn on you for a temporary £500, which please lump with my other loan, and oblige
Yours, faithfully,
VAURIN.

To the Rt. Hon.

The Marquis of Headfort."

And here follows the letter of Mrs. S——, to her ancient lover, the Baronet of Warwickshire:

"No. 10, Verandah Row, Kent Road.
DEAR SIR HUMPHREY:—Perhaps you will scarce remember Jane Jones, to whom you presented the brush of your first fee. This was thirty years ago. I was then at school in the little village near Tally-ho Hall. Dear me! how well I remember it! On hearing of your marriage, I accepted an offer from my late husband, Mr. S——, and our union was blessed with one boy, who, I must say, is an angel of goodness. Out of his small income, my dear James furnished and rented this very genteel house, and he tells me I shall have it for life, and provides me one servant, and every thing I could possibly want. Thrice a week he comes out to spend the day and dine with me, and, in short, he is the pattern of good sons. As this dear boy is going down to Warwickshire, I cannot resist the desire I have that you should know him, and that he should bring me back as account of my lover in days gone by. Any attentions to him, dear Sir Humphrey, will very much oblige one whom you once was happy to oblige, and still

Your sincere friend,
JANE S——,
formerly JONES."

It was a morning astray from Paradise when S—— awoke at Stratford. Ringing for his breakfast, he requested that the famous hostess of the Red Horse would grace him so far as to join him over a muffin and a cup of coffee, and betwixt the pauses of his toilet, he indited a note, enclosing his mother's letter of introduction to Sir Humphrey.

Enter dame hostess, prim and respectful, and as breakfast proceeded, S—— easily informed himself of the geography of Tally-ho Hall, and the existing branch and foliage of the family tree. Sir Humphrey's domestic circle consisted of a daughter and a niece, (his only son having gone with his regiment to the Canada wars,) and the Hall lay half way to Headfort Court—the Fenchers his Lordship's nearest neighbors, Mrs. Boniface was inclined to think.

S—— divided his morning very delightfully between the banks of the Avon and the be-scribbled localities of Shakspeare's birth and residence, and by two o'clock the messenger had returned with this note from Sir Humphrey:

DEAR SIR:—I remember Miss Jones very well, but, God bless me, I thought she had been dead many years. I am sure I shall be very happy to see her son. Will you come out and dine with us?—dinner at seven.

Your obe't servant,

HUMPHREY FENCER.

James S——, Esq.

As the crack wit and diner-out of his time, S—— was as well known to the brilliant society of London as the face of the "gold stick in waiting," at St. James', and, with his very common name, he was as little likely to be recognized out of his peculiar sphere as the noble lord, when walking in Chempside, to be recognized as the "stick," so often mentioned in the Court Journal. He had delayed his visit to Headfort Court for a day, and undertaken to deliver his mother's letter, and look up her lang syne lover, very much as he would stop in the Strand to purchase her a parcel of snuff—purely from the filial habit of always doing her bidding, even in whims. He had very little curiosity to see a Warwickshire Nimrod, and, 'till his post-chaise stopped at the lodge-gate of Tally-ho Hall, it had never entered his head to speculate upon the ground of his introduction to Sir Humphrey, nor to anticipate the nature of his reception. His name had been so long to him an "open sesame," that he had no doubt of its potency, and least of all when he pronounced it at an inferior gate in the barriers of society.

The dressing-bell had rang, and S—— was shown into the vacant drawing-room, where he buried himself in the deepest chair he could find, and sat looking at the wall with the composure of a barber's customer waiting to be shaved. There presently entered two young ladies, very showily dressed, who called him Mr. "Jones," in reply to his salutation, and immediately fell to promenadeing between the two old mirrors at the extremities of the room, discoursing upon topics evidently chosen to exclude the new-comer from the conversation. With rather a feeling that it was their loss, not his, S—— recomposed himself in the leathern chair and resumed the perusal of the oaken ceiling. The neglect sat upon him a little uncomfortably withal.

"How d'ye do, young man! What! you are Miss Jones's son, eh?" was the salutation of a burly old gentleman, who now entered and shook hands with the great incognito. "Here! 'Bel! Fan! Mr. Jones! My daughter and my niece, Mr. Jones!"

S—— was too indignant for a moment to explain that Miss Jones had changed her name before his birth, and on second thought, finding that his real character was not suspected, and that he represented to Sir Humphrey simply the obscure son of an obscure girl, pretty, thirty years ago, he fell quietly into the rôle expected of him, and walked patiently into dinner with Miss Fencer, who accepted his arm for that purpose, but forgot to take it!

It was hard to be witty as a Mr. Jones, but the habit was strong, and the opportunities were good, and S——, warming with his first glass of Sherry, struck out some sparks that would have passed for gems of the first water, with choicer listeners; but wit is slowly recognized when not expected, and though now and then the

young ladies stared, and now and then the old Baronet chuckled and said "egad! very well!" there was evidently no material rise in the value of Mr. Jones, and he at last confined his social talents exclusively to his wine glass and nut-picker, feeling, spite of himself, as stupid as he seemed.

Relieved of the burthen of replying to their guest the young ladies now took up a subject which evidently lay nearest their hearts—a series of *djeuneurs*, the first of which was to come off the following morning at Headfort Court. As if by way of *caveat*, in case Mr. Jones should fancy that he could be invited to accompany Sir Humphrey, Miss Fencer took the trouble to explain, that these were, by no means, common county entertainments, but exclusive and select parties, under the patronage of the beautiful and witty Lady Imogen Bellasys, now a guest at Headfort. Her Ladyship had not only stipulated for *société choisie*, but had invited down a celebrated London wit, a great friend of her own, to do the mottoes and keep up the spirit of the masques and tableaux. Indeed, Miss Fencer considered herself as more particularly the guest and ally of Lady Imogen, never having been permitted during her mother's life to visit Headfort, (though she did not see what the Marquis' private character had to do with his visiting list,) and she expected to be called upon to serve as a sort of maid of honor, or in some way to assist Lady Imogen, who had invited her very affectionately, after church, on Sunday. She thought, perhaps, she had better wake up Sir Humphrey while she thought of it, (and while papa was good natured, as he always was after dinner,) and exact of him a promise that the great London Mr., what d'ye call 'im, should be invited to pass a week at Tally-ho Hall—for, of course, as mutual allies of Lady Imogen, Miss Fencer and he would become rather well acquainted.

To this enlightenment, of which we have given only a brief *resumé*, Mr. Jones listened attentively, as he was expected to do, and was very graciously answered, when, by way of feeling one of the remote pulses of his celebrity, he ventured to ask for some further particulars about the London wit aforementioned. He learned, somewhat to his disgust, that his name was either Brown or Simpson, some very common name, however, but that he had a wonderful talent for writing impromptu epigrams on people, and singing them afterwards to impromptu music on the piano, and that he was supposed to be a natural son of Talleyrand or Lord Byron, Miss Fencer had forgotten which. He had written something, but Miss Fencer had forgotten what. He was very handsome—no, very plain—indeed, Miss Fencer had forgotten which—but it was one or the other.

At this crisis of the conversation, Sir Humphrey roused from his post-prandial snooze and begged Mr. Jones to pass the Port and open the door for the ladies. By the time the gloves were rescued from under the table, the worthy Baronet had drained a bumper, and, with his descending glass, dropped his eyes to the level of his daughter's face, where they rested with paternal

admiration. Miss Fencher was far from ill-looking, and she well knew that her father waxed affectionate over his wine.

"Papa!" said she, coming behind him, and looking down his throat, as he strained his head backwards, leaving his reluctant double chin resting on his cravat. "I have a favor to ask, my dear papa!"

"He shall go, my dear! he shall go! I have been thinking of it—I'll arrange it, Bel! I'll arrange it! Go your ways, chick, and send me my slippers!" gurgled the Baronet, with his usual rapid brevity when slightly elevated.

"Miss Fencher turned quite pale.

"Pa—pa!" she exclaimed, with horror in her voice, coming round front, "pa—pa!—good gracious! Do you know it is the most exclusive—however, papa! let us talk that over in the other room. What I wished to ask is quite another matter. You know that Mr.—Mr.—"

"The gentleman you mean is probably James S——" interrupted Mr. Jones.

"Thank you, sir, so it is!" continued Miss Fencher, putting her hand upon the Baronet's mouth, who was about to speak—"it is Mr. James S——, and what I wish, papa, is, to have Mr. James S—— invited to pass a week with us. You know, papa, we shall be very intimate—James S—— and I—both of us assisting Lady Imogen, you know, papa! and—and—stay 'till I get some note-paper—will you, dear papa!"

"You *will* have your way, chick, you *will* have your way," sighed Sir Humphrey, getting his spectacles out of a very tight pocket on his hip. "But bless me, I can't write in the evening. Mr. Jones—perhaps Mr. Jones will write the note for me—just present my compliments to Mr. S——, and request the honor and all that—can you do it, Mr. Jones?"

S—— rapidly indited a polite note to himself, which he handed to Miss Fencher for her approbation, and meantime entered the butler with the coffee.

"Stuggins!" cried Sir Humphrey—"I wish Mr. Jones—"

"Good Heavens! papa!" exclaimed Miss Fencher, ending the remainder of her objurgation in a whisper in her father's ear. But the Baronet was not in a mood to be controlled.

"My love!—Bel, I say!—he *shall* go. You d-d-d diddodent see Miss Jones' letter. He's a p-p-p-pat-torn of filial duty!—he gives his mother a house and all she wants!—he's a good son, I tell you! St-Stuggins, come here! Pass the Port, Jones, my good fellow!"

Stuggins stepped forward a pace, and presented his white waistcoat, and Miss Fencher flounced out of the room in a passion.

Stuggins!" said the old man, a little more tranquilly since he had no fear now of being interrupted, "I wish my friend, Mr. Jones, here, to see this cock-a-hoop business to-morrow. It'll be a fine sight, they tell me. I want him to see it, Stuggins! You understand me. His mother, Miss Jones, was a very pretty girl, Stuggins! And she'll be very glad to hear that her boy has seen such a fine show—eh, Jones? eh, Stuggins?"

Well, you know what I want. The Headfort tenants will have a place provided for them, of course—some shrubbery, eh?—some gallery—some place behind the musicians, where they are out of the way, but can see—isn't it so? eh? eh?"

"Yes, Sir Humphrey—no doubt, Sir Humphrey!" acceded Stuggins, with his ears still open to know how the details were to be managed.

"Well—very well—and you'll take Jones with you in the dickey—eh—Thomas will go on the box—eh? Will that do?—and Mr. Jones will stay with us to-night, and perhaps you'll show him his room, now, and talk it over, eh, Stuggins?—good night, Mr. Jones!—good night, Jones, my good fellow!"

And Sir Humphrey, having done this act of grateful reminiscence for his old sweetheart, managed to find his way into the next room unaided.

S—— had begun, by this time, to see "straw for his bricks," in the course matters were taking, and instead of throwing a decanter after Sir Humphrey, and knocking down the butler for calling him Mr. Jones, he accepted Stuggins' convoy to the housekeeper's room, and with his droll stories and funny ways, kept the maids and footmen in convulsions of laughter 'till break of day. Such a merry time had not come off in servants' hall for many a day, and of many a precious morsel of the high life below stairs of Tally-ho Hall did he pick the brains of the delighted Abigail.

The ladies, busied with their toilettes, had their breakfasts in their own rooms, and Mr. Jones did not make his appearance 'till after the Baronet had achieved his red herring and seltzer. The carriage came round at twelve, and the ladies stepped in, dressed for triumph, tumbled after by burley Sir Humphrey, who required one side of the vehicle to himself—Mr. Jones outside, on the dickey with Stuggins, as previously arranged.

Half way up the long avenue of Headfort Court, Stuggins relinquished the dickey to its rightful occupant, Thomas, and, with Mr. Jones, turned off by a side path that led to the dairy and offices—the latter barely saving his legs, however, for the manoeuvre was performed servant fashion, while the carriage kept its way.

Lord Headfort was a widower, and his niece, Lady Imogen Bellasys, the wittiest and loveliest girl in England, stood upon the lawn for the mistress of the festivities. She had occasion for a petticoat *aide de camp*, and she knew that Lord Headfort wished to propitiate his Warwickshire neighbors, and as Miss Fencher was a fine grenadier looking girl, she promoted her to that office immediately on her arrival, decking her for the nonce with a broad blue ribbon of authority. Miss Fencher made the best use of her powers of self congratulation, and thanked God privately besides, that Sir Humphrey had provided an eclipse for Mr. Jones; for with the drawback of presenting such a superfluous acquaintance of their own to the fastidious eyes of Lady Imogen, she felt assured that her now honors would never have arrived to her. She had had a hint, moreover, from her dressing-maid, of Mr. Jones' comicalities

below stairs, and the fact that he was a person who could be funny in a kitchen, was quite enough to confirm the aristocratic instinct by which she had at once pronounced upon his condition. If her papa *had* been gay in his youth, there was no reason why every Miss Jones should send her child to him to be made a gentleman of! 'Filial pattern,' indeed!"

The gayeties began. The French figurante, despatched by Lord Vaurien from the opera, made up her tableaux from the beauties, and those who had ugly faces, but good figures, tried their attitudes on the archery-lawn, and those whose complexions would stand the aggravation, tripped to the dancing tents, and the falcon was flown, and the greyhounds were coursed, and a few couple of Warwickshire lads tried their backs at a wrestling fall, and the time wore on. But to Lady Imogen's shrewd apprehension, it wore on very heavily. There was no wit afloat. Nobody seemed gayer than he meant to be. The bubble was wanting to their champagne of enjoyment. Miss Fencher's blue ribbon went to and fro like a pendulum, perpetually crossing the lawn between Lady Imogen and the footman in waiting, to inquire if a post-chaise had arrived from London.

"I will never forgive that James S——, never!" pettishly vowed her ladyship, as Miss Fencher came back for the fiftieth time with no news of his arrival.

"Better feed your menagerie at once!" whispered Lord Headfort to his niece, as he caught a glance at her vexed face in passing.

The decision with which the order was given to serve breakfast, seemed to hurry the very heat of the kitchen fires, for in an incredibly short time, the hot soups and delicate *entremets* of Monsieur Dupres were on the tables, and breakfast was announced. The band played a march, the games were abandoned, Miss Fencher followed close upon the heels of her *chef*, to secure a seat in her neighborhood, and in ten minutes a hundred questions of precedence were settled, and Sir Humphrey, somewhat to his surprise, and as much to his delight, was called to the left hand of the Marquis. Tally-ho Hall was in the ascendant.

During the first assault upon the soups, the band played a delicious set of waltzes, terminating with the clatter of changing plates. But at the same moment, above all the ring of impinging china, arose a shout of laughter from a party somewhere without the pavilion, and so sustained and hearty was the peal, that the servants stood petrified with their dishes, and the guests sat in wondering silence. The steward was instantly despatched to enforce order, and Lord Headfort explained, that the tenants were feasted on beef and ale, in the thicket beyond, though he could scarce imagine what should amuse them so uncommonly.

"They have promised to maintain order, my lord!" said the steward, returning, and stooping to his master's ear, "but there is a droll gentleman among them, my lord!"

"Then I dare swear it's better fun than this!" mumbled his lordship for the steward's hearing, as he looked round upon the unamused faces in his neighborhood.

"Headfort!" cried Lady Imogen, presently, from the other end of the table, "did you send to Stratford for S——, or did you not? Let us know whether there is a chance of his coming!"

"Upon my honor, Lady Imogen, my own chariot has been at the Stratford Inn, waiting for him since morning," was the Marquis' answer. "Vaurien wrote that he had booked him by the mail of the night before! I'd give a thousand pounds if he were here!"

Bursts of laughter, breaking through all efforts to suppress them, again rose from the offending quarter.

"It's a Mr. Jones, my lord," said the steward, speaking between the Marquis and Sir Humphrey; "he's a friend of Sir Humphrey's butler—and—if you will excuse me, my lord—Stiggins says he is the son of a Miss Jones, formerly an acquaintance of Sir Humphrey's!"

Red as a turkey-cock grew the old Baronet in a moment. "I beg ten thousand pardons for having intruded him here, my lord!" said Sir Humphrey; "it's a poor lad that brought me a letter from his mother, and I told Stiggins—"

But here Stiggins approached with a couple of notes for his master, and, begging permission of the Marquis, Sir Humphrey put on his spectacles to read. The guests at the table, meantime, were passing the wine very slowly, and conversation more slowly still, and, with the tranquillity that reigned in the pavilion, the continued though half-smothered merriment of the other party was provokingly audible.

"Can't we borrow a little fun from those merry people?" cried Lady Imogen, throwing up her eyes despairingly as the Marquis exchanged looks with her.

"If we could persuade Sir Humphrey to introduce his friend, Jones, to us—"

"I introduce him?" exclaimed the fuming Baronet, tearing off his spectacles in a rage, "read that before you condescend to talk of noticing such a varlet! Faith! I think he's the clown from a theatre, or the waiter from a pot-house!"

The Marquis read:—

DEAR NUNCLE:—It's hard on to six o'clock, and I'm engaged at seven to a junketting at the "Hon and chuckens," with Stiggins and the maids. If you intend to make me acquainted with your great lord, now is the time. If you don't, I shall walk in presently, and introduce myself; for I know how to make my own way, nuncle—ask Miss Bel's maid, and the other girls you introduced me to at Tally-ho Hall! Be in a hurry. I'm just outside.

Yours,

JONES.

Sir Humphrey Fencher.

The excitement of Sir Humphrey, and the amused face of the Marquis as he read, had drawn Lady Imogen from her seat, and as he read aloud, at her request, the urgent epistle of Mr. Jones, she clapped her hands with delight, and insisted on having him in. Sir Humphrey declared he should take it as an affront if the thing was insisted on, and Miss Fencher, who had followed to her father's chair, and heard the reading of the note, looked the picture of surprized indignation. "Insolent! vulgar! abominable!" was all the compliment she ventured upon, however.

"Will you let me look at Mr. Jones' note?" said Lady Imogen.

"Good Heavens?" she exclaimed, after glancing at it an instant, "I was sure it must be he!"

And out ran the beautiful queen of the festivities, and the next moment, to Sir Humphrey's amazement, and Miss Fencher's utter dismay, she returned, dragging in, with her own scarf around his body, and her own wreath of roses around his head, the friend of Stuggins—the abominable Jones! Up jumped the Marquis, and called him by name, (not Jones,) and seized him by both hands, and up jumped with delighted acclamation half a dozen other of the more distinguished guests at table, and the merriment now was on the other side of the thicket.

It was five or ten minutes before they were again seated at table, S——, on Lady Imogen's right hand, but there were two vacant chairs, for Sir Humphrey and his daughter had taken advantage of the confusion to disappear, and the field was open, therefore, for a full account of Mr. Jones' adventures above and below stairs at Tally-ho Hall. A better subject never fell into the hand of that inimitable humorist, and gloriously he made use of it.

As he concluded, amid convulsions of laughter, the butler brought in a note addressed to James S——, Esq., which had been given him by Stuggins early in the day—his own autograph invitation to the hospitalities of Tally-ho Hall!

MISS THOMPSON.

A TALE OF A VILLAGE INN.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

It may be out of keeping with our subject to apply the homely epithet of a "fish out of water" to Mr. Bromwell Sutton in the rural village of G——, but as no periphrasis suggests itself which would express his position as well, we must fain eschew elegance for the occasion, and let it stand. It was a sultry afternoon, in the middle of summer, when he arrived at the Eagle Inn, and after changing his dress, stepped to the door to see what could be seen. He looked up the street, and down and across, and not a living thing was visible besides himself, except a few sheep dozing in the market-house, and two or three cows silently ruminating in the shade of the town hall, both of which edifices were near at hand. Then having decided that there was nothing in the architectural aspect of the straggling village worth a second look, he concentrated his scrutiny upon himself.

The result of his investigation stood thus:—that he was a very charming young man, was Mr. Bromwell Sutton. He had a slender, well formed figure, which was encased in a fresh suit of the finest texture and most unexceptionable make. His features were regular, and of that accommodating order which allows the spectator to assign them any character he may choose. His complexion was fair and clear, his teeth were very white and his eyes very blue. His hair was dark, daintily glossed and perfumed with oil, and of a length, which, on so warm a day, would have made a silver arrow or a gilded bodkin a judicious application; and he had two elongated tufts on his upper lip, and a round one on his chin corresponding to the space between them. He wore a Panama hat of the most extensive circumference, and carried a pair of white gloves, either to be drawn on his hands or slapped on his knees, whichever circumstances might require; and the corner of a hem-stitched handkerchief of transparent cambric stuck out of his pocket.

A handbill pasted on the sign-post next caught his eye, and, though it was a favorite saying with him that he "never read," to be understood of course, not that he never *had* read, but that he knew enough already; he so far conquered his disdain of literature as to step forward and ascertain its purport. This, set forth in the interesting typographical variety which veteran advertisers so well comprehend, of large and small Romans, and Italics leaning some to the right and some to the left, and some standing perpendicular, was as follows:

"Mr. Azariah Chowders, celebrated throughout

the Union for his eloquent, entertaining and instructive discourses on miscellaneous subjects, proposes delivering a lecture on the evening of the present instant, in the town hall of G——. The theme selected is, the Genius of the American People, one, which, from its intrinsic importance, requires no comment," &c. &c.

He was interrupted by the rattle of a distant vehicle, and looking up the street, saw a chaise approaching which contained a single "individual," as he mentally pronounced him. He drove a fine horse, and drew him up before the door of the inn. The chaise was a plain, common looking concern, full of travel-worn trunks and boxes, and its occupant was dressed in a light summer suit, rather neat, but entirely too coarse for gentility.

"It's only a Yankee pedlar," said Mr. Sutton to the landlord who was coming out, and entirely careless of being overheard by the stranger; and he walked up to his chamber, where he awakened a diminutive poodle, his travelling companion, from the siesta with which it was recruiting after its journey, and occupied himself in cracking his handkerchief at it, until an additional stir in the house indicated the approach of tea-time. He then came down, carrying Cupidon, for so was the animal appellated; and found in the bar-room a young gentleman, a law-student, to whom he had delivered a letter on his arrival, and who was a boarder in the house. The other stranger had, meanwhile, entered the room, and was cooling himself at an open window, with his short curling hair pushed back from a forehead remarkable in its whiteness and intellectual development, and crowning a face of strikingly handsome lineaments and prepossessing expression.

"How do you contrive to exist in this stupid place?" asked our dandy of his new acquaintance, whose name was Wallis; "they say there are some genteel people about,—have you any pretty girls among them to flirt with?"

"We have some pretty young ladies, but don't use them for that purpose exactly," replied Wallis; "we admire them, and wait on them and try to please them, and then, when we can afford it, we marry them, if they don't object."

"Have you seen anything of a lady vagabondizing in this region,—a Miss Valeria North?"

"Miss Valeria North, the fashionable heiress of B——? the niece of the celebrated Judge North? what should she be doing here?"

"Oh, I don't know,—it's beginning to be genteel for people to get tired of society, and to go hunting

up out-of-the-way places that one knows nothing about except from the maps; I heard in the railroad cars that she was making a tour along the river here, and was in hopes that I might fall in with her. What do you know of her?"

"I heard a great deal about her at Saratoga last summer, where I happened to stop for a few days. Every body was talking about her beauty, talents and accomplishments, and in particular about her plain and simple manners, so singular in an heiress and a belle. The young men, mostly, seemed to have been afraid of her; regarding her as a female Caligula who would have rejoiced in the power of decapitating all the silliness, stupidity and puppyism in the world with one stroke of her wit."

"Indeed!" said Sutton, with a weak laugh that proved him not to apprehend what he was laughing at; "I hope she'll soon come along; I'm prepared for a dead set at her. Girls of two or three hundred thousands are worth that trouble; it's a much pleasanter way to get pocket money than to be playing the dutiful son for it."

Wallis elevated his eyebrows, but made no other reply.

"That, I suppose, is one of your village beauties,—that one walking in the garden with the pink dress on and the black apron," resumed Sutton.

"No; she is a stranger boarding here,—a Miss Thompson."

"Miss Thompson!—it might as well be Miss Blank for all the idea that conveys. Who, or what is she?"

"She does not say;—there is the name in the register beside you,—'Mrs. Thompson and daughter'—so she entered it. She and her mother stopped here a week or two ago, on account of the lady's health."

"Thompsons!—they oughtn't to be found at out-of-the-way places; all the genteel Thompsons that I ever heard of go to springs and places of decided fashion; it is absolutely necessary, that they may not be confounded with the mere Thompsons,—the ten thousand of the name. But that is a pretty looking girl,—and rather ladyish."

"She is a lady—a well-bred, sensible girl, as ever I met with, and very highly educated."

They were interrupted by the bell for tea, and, on entering the eating-room, they found the young lady in the pink dress at the table, with an elderly, delicate looking woman (Mrs. Thompson, of course,) beside her. Mr. Sutton advanced to the place immediately opposite to her, and a nearer view suggested that she might be one of the genteel Thompsons after all. She was a spirited looking girl, rather under the middle height, with a clear and brilliant, though not very fair complexion; large black eyes, surmounted by wide and distinctly marked eyebrows, and a broad, smooth forehead; a nose, (that most *difficult* of features, if we may judge by the innumerable failures,) a nose beautifully straight in its outline and with the most delicately cut nostrils possible; and the most charmingly curved lips, and the whitest teeth in the world. Having made these

discoveries, Mr. Sutton decided that if her station should forbid his admiring her, he would not allow it to prevent her from admiring him. To afford her the benefit of this privilege, it was necessary that he should first attract her notice, for she had bestowed but a single glance at him on his entrance, as had her mother, the latter drawing up her eyelids as if she had been very near-sighted; and to affect this, he called, in a peremptory voice to the servant attending,

"Waiter, I wish you would give my dog something to eat."

"Your dog, sir?—where is it?" asked the colored man, looking around the room, and then giving a loud whistle to call the invisible animal forth.

"Here," replied Sutton, sharply; "or you may bring me a plate and I'll feed him myself;" and he pointed to the miniature specimen, lying like a little lump of floss-silk, on his foot.

"That! I-I-I—he! he! ha! ha!" exclaimed the waiter, attempting at first to restrain himself, and then bursting into a chuckling laugh; "is it—really—a dog, sir?—a live dog?"

Cupidon, as if outraged by the suspicion, hereupon sprang into the middle of the room, barking at the height of his feeble voice, and showing his tiny white teeth, while his wicked little eyes sparkled with anger. The cachinnations of the amused and astonished servant increased at every bark, and drew a laugh from Wallis, and a smile from each of the ladies. Sutton with difficulty silenced his favorite, and finding that the desired impression of his consequence had not been made, he proceeded to another essay. "Waiter," he slowly enunciated, with a look of disgust at the steel implement in his hand; "have you no silver forks?"

"Sir?" said the attendant with a puzzled expression.

"Any silver forks?" he repeated emphatically.

"No, sir; we don't keep the article."

"Then you should not put fish on the table; they ought properly to be inseparable," he returned, magisterially, and rising from his seat, he approached the stranger of the chaise, who had quietly placed himself some distance below them, and asked, "Have you any such things as silver forks among your commodities?—I believe that persons in your vocation sometimes deal in articles of that description."

The stranger looked up in surprise, and, after scanning him from head to foot, a frown which was gathering on his face gave way to a look of humorous complacency—"I am sorry I can't accommodate you, sir," said he; "but I might probably suggest a substitute;—how would a tea-spoon do?"

He returned to his seat, rather dubious about the smiles he detected, and, as a third effort, addressed himself, somewhat in the following manner, to Wallis, whose interlocutions are unnecessary. "How far did you say it was to the Sutton Mills?—only four miles, isn't it? I shall have to apply to you to show me the way. I have a curiosity to see them, as they are one of my father's favorite hobbies. I often

laugh at him for christening them with his own name. Calling a villa, a fashionable country seat, after one's self, is well enough, but mills or manufactories—it is rather out of taste. Is the fourth finished yet? I believe it is to be the finest of all; indeed, it seems to me a little injudicious in the old gentleman to have invested so much in a country property—there are at least half a dozen farms, are there not? but I suppose he was afraid to trust his funds to stocks, and he has already more real estate in the city than he can well attend to. However, if he had handed over the amount to me, I think I could have disposed of it with a much better grace. He did offer me a title to them, some time ago, but it was on condition that I should come here and manage them myself, but I begged to be excused, and it was only on agreement that I should have a hundred per cent. of the revenue this year, that I consented to undergo the trouble of visiting them, or the sacrifice, rather—there are so many delightful places to go to in the summer,” and so forth.

Having, from these indirect explanations, made a clear case that his society was entitled to a welcome from the best Thompson in the world, and to that with thanks, if his fair neighbor was only a crockery Thompson, he arose and returned to the front of the house. The village had, by this time, awakened from its nap, and the larger proportion of its inhabitants were bending their steps to the town hall. Numerous well appointed carriages were also coming in from the surrounding neighborhood, whose passengers were all bound to the same point. “Where are all these people going?” asked Sutton.

“To the lecture announced in that handbill,” replied Wallis—and Miss Thompson presenting herself at the door, ready bonnetted, he walked with her in a neighborly sort of a way across the street. After a while the throng ceased, and from some impatient expressions of the loungers about the tavern, Sutton ascertained that the lecturer had not yet appeared.

“Why, that man I mistook for a Yankee pedlar must be he, I should judge,” said he to the landlord.

“Who?—where?” said a young man, who had not heard the last clause.

“That tall fellow, in the garden, there, drest in the brown-holland pantaloons and Kentucky jean coat.”

“Indeed!—I thought he was to stop at the other house;” and he hastened down the street, while Sutton, finding that every body was going to the hall, strolled there also.

Meanwhile, the stranger in the coarse jeans was enjoying himself in a saunter through the quiet and pretty garden of the inn, which was so hedged and enclosed as to admit of no view of the street, when a consequential personage presented himself, and saluting him stiffly, introduced himself as “Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the G—— Hotel.”

“I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir,” said the young stranger, courteously.

“I have taken the liberty to call, sir, and inform you that the audience has been waiting for some

time. It is full fifteen minutes past the time announced in the handbills;” pulling one from his pocket—“I felt a reluctance to intrude, but, putting the best construction upon your conduct, in not informing me of your arrival, after I had been at the pains to prepare for you, I presumed it proceeded from a mistake; you are at the opposition establishment.”

“There certainly is a mistake,” interrupted the stranger.

“Very well, very well, sir, as an entire stranger you can be excused,” hastily proceeded Mr. Smith; “but there is no time to talk about it now—we can settle it after a while. Be good enough to hurry over; the people are getting impatient. You will have a large audience, sir; they were afraid they would be disappointed, which would have been a bad business, as we very seldom have lecturers from a distance. It was lucky that you happened to be found out by one of my boarders, for some of the gentlemen were talking about dispersing, and if that had occurred, we would all have been up in arms against you;—we are pretty fiery, some of us!”

“Then you would not be willing to wait another evening?”

“To wait! certainly not; I hope you have no such idea!—let me beg you to hurry, sir!”

“Well, but—”

“My dear sir!—let me insist—you have announced a very interesting subject—‘The Genius of the American People;’ the very thing for our audience—American through and through—very patriotic!”

“Very well, sir—I’ll try to do my best—let me change my dress a little, and I’ll attend you.”

To the surprise of the inmates of the Eagle, excepting, indeed, Mr. Sutton, who paid a mental tribute to his own sagacity—in a few minutes their fellow lodger entered and mounted the rostrum. A figure as graceful and commanding would have struck the fastidious assemblage of a fashionable city lecture-room. He showed some embarrassment after casting his eyes over the really large audience, but a round of applause gave him time to collect himself, and he commenced a modest preface, stating that he had not had time to arrange his ideas on the subject proposed, in such a form as he could have wished, yet as it was one that ought to be familiar to all good citizens, he hoped he should not entirely fail.

We regret that our space will not permit us to edify our readers with the critique on his performance which duly appeared in the village newspaper. Suffice it, that after an elaborate eulogium on his fine person, captivating voice, and expressive gestures; his sparkling wit, elevated imagination, and extensive reading, he was pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, “a patriot, a scholar and a gentleman.”

The next morning, when they met in the breakfast room, Miss Thompson and Wallis were fluent in commendation of the lecture. “I was most agreeably disappointed,” said the lady; “having been prepared for nothing more than the flippant inanities we usually hear from itinerant lecturers. This gen-

tleman is an orator—one that would draw crowds among the most intellectual communities in the country. The subject was so hackneyed, that to announce it appeared ridiculous; but he treated it like a statesman, and made it really imposing by evidences of original thought and profound information."

She was interrupted by the object of her remarks entering the room—and after he had taken his seat at the table, she turned and remarked to him, with respectful complaisance, "you had a large and very attentive auditory last night, sir."

The stranger bowed and returned, "I was surprised to find an assemblage so numerous and respectable, and had every reason to be flattered by their reception."

"I have no doubt you entertained them exceedingly," interposed Sutton; "you did very well, very well, indeed; for a plain country audience, nothing could have suited them better. I suppose you consider yourself as having made quite a speculation; at fifty cents a head the receipts must have been considerable."

Miss Thompson glanced at him with a look of irritation, which, however, changed to one of merriment at the comic stare of the itinerant, his only answer.

Just then there was a bustle in the entry, and the landlord was heard saying in a tone of expostulation—"The gentleman is at his breakfast, sir; have a little patience, and, no doubt, he will satisfy you afterwards. The other boarders are all at the table, and it would only cause a confusion."

"So much the better," returned a stentorian voice; "let me in, sir, or you shall be exposed for harboring a swindler;" and a formidable-looking person, large of size and exceeding fierce of countenance, entered. He was accompanied by Mr. Smith of the rival house, who designated the lecturer, and striding up to him, he exclaimed, in a strong Connecticut accent, "So, sir! you are the gentleman that entertained this community last evening with a lecture on the 'Genius of the American People;' you are Azariah Chowders, are you?"

"I sir?—by no means! I rejoice in quite a different appellation."

"No sir,—I myself am Azariah Chowders, and I hereby pronounce you an impudent imposter. I demand to know, sir, how you could dare to avail yourself of my name and well-earned reputation to deliver a spurious lecture and rob the pockets of a large audience?"

"From several reasons, sir. In the first place, to relieve the solicitude of that gentleman, Mr. Smith."

"That shall not serve you! your flagitious conduct,—"

"Pray hear me out, sir! secondly, as he assured me a number of persons would be disappointed if they should not hear a lecture—common philanthropy—"

"A benevolent youth, upon my word!" laughed Mr. Chowders in derision; "I'll not listen."

"Then for my third and last reason,—how could

I resist such a capital opportunity for showing off? A gentleman of your aspiring disposition should not be too severe upon the ambition of others. I had no fame of my own to procure me a welcome, and as there was no claimant for yours,—"

"Young man, you had better confess the truth at once! you could not resist the temptation of pocketing the dollars which you know would be collected on my credit. I shall have redress, sir—there are such things as indictments for swindling."

"My good sir! you certainly would not menace me with anything so terrific! remember how much labor I have taken off your hand,—the exertion of your brain and lungs, besides securing for you every cent of the admittance fees. Landlord, oblige me by bringing here the handkerchief which I requested you last night to deposit in your desk."

The host of the Eagle complied with alacrity, and the young stranger unrolling his handkerchief, displayed a collection of notes and silver, particularly inviting in these hard times. The sight of it mollified the assailant at once. "Here, sir," said the other, "you have the emoluments of the lecture just as they were placed in my hands by the gentleman beside you, Mr. Smith. My worthy host will be my voucher that I have not seen it since; and I think I may be equally confident that it has lost nothing by being in his possession. I beg pardon if I have incommoded you by presuming to supply your place; but I hope your friend, Mr. Smith, will do me the justice of attributing it in part to his mistake and solicitations."

"Willingly," said Mr. Smith; "and in explanation of my share of the business, it originated from a remark made by that gentleman," nodding towards Mr. Sutton.

Mr. Chowder, with some accession of graciousness, remarked that an accident to his carriage had caused the delay on his part, and he condescended to add, that it was well enough some one had been found to entertain the company in his stead.

"You are lenient, sir," said the offender, "and, in return, I give you my word that I shall never again attempt to win a laurel leaf in your name. The audience shall be undeceived, and all the opprobrium of my presuming to represent your oratorical abilities shall rest on myself. At present, I have no other security to offer than my name, which, however, I hope will prevent similar mistakes for the future," and he glanced at Sutton; "it is Norman Oakley, and my occupation is that of an artist,—a painter," and the visitors retired.

"Rather a ferocious gentleman, that Mr. Azariah Chowders," said Wallis who, with Miss Thompson had witnessed the scene, much to their amusement.

"Quite," returned the painter, resuming his natural manner; "though I had prepared myself for a much stronger demonstration of it;—perhaps, because I felt that I deserved it. He could not have been more surprised at finding himself counterfeited than I was on presenting myself in your lecture-room. I had expected to meet with some little literary society, or association for mutual improvement,

such as are common in your villages, and assented to the importunity of the committee-man without explaining the mistake, in expectation that I might have some diversion of my own from it. When I found an assemblage of the whole community, I felt inclined, through respect for them, to make an explanation and withdraw; but, on second thought, concluded that as I had gone so far, I might as well remain and do my best to afford them a little entertainment."

"Why, that brown-holland chap seemed to think he would elevate himself a peg by letting us know that he is a painter;—I should like to know how much more elegant it is to stroll about painting than peddling or lecturing," said Mr. Sutton to Wallis, when they had left the table; "but that Miss Thompson is an astonishingly handsome girl; what a complexion she has!—what eyes and what teeth!—what a sensation she would make in society—that is, if she had a fortune and somebody to show her off!"

"You had better offer her yours, and engage in the service yourself," said Wallis.

"Money for money,—'like loves like;' it is a generally received opinion among us that a good-looking fellow, fashionable and well connected, is an equivalent for a woman with fifty thousand dollars any day. If he has a fortune, she should be worth dollar for dollar besides. I don't know what this Miss Thompson is, so I believe I'll wait till Valeria North comes along."

"Valeria North! why, my dear fellow, she would annihilate you!" returned Wallis, and he thought to himself, "this is the most ridiculous jackanapes I have ever met with; if I must be bored with his acquaintance, I'll have a little fun with him;" and he added in a significant tone, "I thought there was some sort of magnetism by which you people of fashion found each other out. Is it possible you have not seen into Miss Thompson yet? Between ourselves she is as great an heiress as Miss North."

"You don't say so!—well, she looks as if she deserved to be. Come, Wallis, introduce me, and Miss North may go to the dickens."

"I am sorry I can't oblige you; but as I have merely talked to Miss Thompson, myself, as a fellow-boarder, I am not privileged to introduce a stranger."

"No matter, we men of the world can manage such things. They are in that room, aren't they? and by good luck Cupidon has sneaked in. I'll go after him."

"I beg pardon, ladies, if I intrude," said he bowing; "but my dog—"

"Not at all, sir, this is the common parlor of the house," returned Mrs. Thompson, quietly, and scarcely looking up from her work.

Thus happily possessed of the freedom of the room, Mr. Sutton turned over some books on a table, and at length remarked, when he had caught the eye of Miss Thompson, "These country villages are monstrously tiresome to persons accustomed to a city life."

"Are they?" said she, and looked again on her book.

"They say that Saratoga is unusually thronged this year," he resumed after a pause; "I had the pleasure of meeting with a young lady of your name there last summer;—indeed, I had quite a flirtation with her; perhaps she was a relation of yours—the daughter of old General Thompson of Virginia."

"Not in the least;" said the young lady.

"Judge Thompson, of one of the New England states, was there, at the same time, with his daughters. Very elegant girls all of them,—quite belles. They are of a different family,—perhaps of yours?"

"No sir, they are not;" returned Miss Thompson, impatiently giving her reticule a swing, which raised Cupidon off his feet, that important character having laid siege to the tassels.

"*Laissez aller*, Cupidon! a thorough-bred Parisian animal, Miss,—he does not understand a word of English. He was a keepsake from a particular friend of mine, Baron Mont Tonnère. You may have met with the baron; he was quite a lion among our *élite*? By the by, a Miss Thompson came very near being the baroness,—she was one of the Thomas Thompsons of New York."

No reply.

"One of the best families in the country,—the same as the B. B. Thompsons of Philadelphia, the Brown Thompsons of Charleston, and the Thoroughgood Thompsons of Boston."

"You seem quite *au fait* to the Thompsons;" said the elder lady, and turning to her daughter, they resumed a conversation, which he had interrupted, about the lecture and the lecturer, Miss Thompson expressing a wish to see some of his productions, and her confidence that a person of his evidently cultivated taste must possess merit as a painter. Mr. Sutton, as is common with vain people, drawing his conclusions from his own practice, presumed, of course, that all their fine talking was specially aimed at his favor, and when the younger lady, in return for his occasional interpositions, gave him a disdainful glance of her full black eyes, he admired her art in displaying their brilliancy.

The garden of the inn commanded one of the loveliest views among the finest river scenery in our country, an exquisite combination of glassy water, little green islets, hills of every variety of form, and mountains, rising one behind another till their outlines grew almost imperceptible in the distance. This, in the light of a magnificent sunset caught the eye of the young painter from a little summer-house in which he had been reading, and he hastened to his room for his portfolio. On his return he commenced sketching with such intentness that he did not perceive that Miss Thompson had taken possession of his former post, until she addressed him with the remark, "You have a most admirable subject for your pencil before you, sir."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" returned he, warmly; "I never have beheld anything in this order of scenery to surpass it, though, indeed, this glorious river pre-

sents, in its whole course, a panorama of views so varied and each so perfect, that it is difficult to decide upon any one as claiming the strongest admiration. I have been tracing it for several months, my store of sketches accumulating every day, and the larger number of them such as would require the hand of a master to do them justice. I sometimes almost despair, and feel inclined to abandon my art from the difficulties I find in attempting not to disgrace my subjects,—such as these for instance,—they may be familiar to you."

He laid before her several sketches, and, observing, with evident pleasure, her expression of admiration he continued,—“This and this I have finished in oil, if it will afford you any amusement, I shall bring them down.”

She assented with thanks and the pictures were produced. She scanned them over and over again, as if not new to connoisseurship, and when she turned her eyes to the painter from his work, they sparkled with delight that brought a flush to his face. “There is a view which you cannot yet have found,” said she, “one but a few minutes walk from here. I would rather see it on canvass, if executed in the spirit of these, than any Claude I have ever heard of!—when you have seen it I am confident you will undertake it. Will you let me point it out to you?”

The painter cast upon her one of those quick, searching looks that belong to the profession, and was so struck with the intellectual beauty of her glowing and earnest face, that he forgot to reply.

“In this gorgeous sunset it must be magnificent beyond imagination,” she continued, catching up a bonnet beside her; “if we hurry we shall yet have time to see it. Will you go now?” He merely bowed, without any common-places about “the pleasure” or the “happiness,” and laying down his portfolio, he closed the door of the edifice to secure his property, and set off beside her.

“Well, what did you think of Miss Thompson?” asked Wallis of Mr Sutton the next morning.

“She has splendid black eyes, and how well she knows it too! but she is quite too shy,—I could n’t draw her out.”

“She was talking fast enough to Mr. Oakley, last evening,—I saw them walking together.”

“Did you?”, exclaimed Sutton, in surprise.

“Yes, and if you don’t take care, he’ll spoil your flirtation before you get it rightly underweigh. He is as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, and as gentlemanlike.”

Sutton glanced down at himself. “Oh, I don’t mind such things;” said he magnanimously; “indeed, I should rather give her credit for encouraging the young man. It is fashionable now to patronise such people. I intend to give him something to do myself, particularly as it will gratify the young lady. She expressed a wish yesterday to see some of his work, and I promised her to employ him on myself. Do you paint portraits, Mr. O-Oakton?—that I believe is the province of country artists;” he added to the painter who had presented himself.

“Sometimes I do,—when I find a face worth painting.”

“Of course, of course;—I have just been saying that I intend to get you to take mine. It may be of some service in getting you into business here. I hope you will not bore me by making me sit often. When can you begin?”

“Any time,—now if you choose,—it won’t require long to take *you* off. I have my portfolio at hand, and can do it at once. Take this seat.”

“My father,” pursued the dandy; “is noted as a patron of the fine arts. He, however, seldom employs young artists, as they don’t yield him the worth of his money. He says that after a painter gets up to a hundred dollars a head for portraits, or for a square yard of other things, he thinks he may trust him, as his productions may then be supposed to be good. He had the ceilings of his drawing-rooms frescoed by Monachisi, which was very expensive, and, besides, he has employed several other of the popular artists;” giving an enumeration which, in accuracy, scarcely fell short of that by the erudite hero of Fielding—“Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Cannibal Scratchi, and Hogarthi.”

“Please to shut your mouth, sir;” said the Painter.

“Now, don’t make a fright of me;” resumed Mr. Sutton; “try your best, and I may, very probably, give you another job. How would you like to paint Miss Thompson for me?—when she gets over her shyness I’ll propose it to her, if you succeed in this. She is a confounded pretty girl, don’t you think so?—quite as handsome as some of the portraits in the Book of Beauty,”—

“Keep your mouth shut, if you please.”

The picture proposed by Miss Thompson was commenced, and whether it was from the excellence of the subject, or the eloquence of her suggestions, the painter exerted upon it his best ability. Their mutual interest in it was a bond of acquaintance which strengthened as the work proceeded, and every day developed some new qualities in each, which could not have failed to endow their intercourse with attraction. He was a noble young man, altogether,—full of talent, generous feelings and high-toned principles; and of a buoyant, mirthful spirit and powers of adapting himself to circumstances so rarely found with lofty intellect and so delightful when they accompany it. His fair companion was not less richly endowed by nature and education, but it was only by those who could appreciate the stronger points of her character that she would have been equally admired. These perpetually exhibiting themselves in an ardent enjoyment of every thing beautiful in thought, sentiment or the external world, and in an intrepid scorn of any thing like vanity, selfishness or insincerity, gave her manners a cast that among the conventional world would have denounced her as “odd,” yet there was a grace in her energy, that, to those who understood her, made it an additional charm. In short, they might have had a multiplicity of excuses, if they had chosen to fall in love with each other, but of this there were

no indications. They walked together with perfect freedom, entirely careless or unconscious of remark; and they talked together, appearing pleased if they agreed in opinions, or if they differed, opposing each other with equal firmness and politeness. Their deportment was without coquetry on her part and without gallantry on his. All they knew of each other was that he was a painter and a very gifted one, and that she was a very fascinating Miss Thompson.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sutton's flirtation with, or rather at our heroine, for he had it all to himself, was in active progress. He made himself intolerable by the airs and graces he assumed, to recommend himself to her favor. He never tied his cravat, nor wrapped a *papillote* without a design upon her heart. He followed her about the garden, paying the most vapid compliments, or, intruding into the parlor, while she and her mother were reading, amused them with "easie sighs which men do breathe in love." She attempted at first to repel him with witty sarcasms, but that, as Wallis remarked, "was like Queen Christina shooting at a fly—his apprehension was so small it could scarcely be hit." She darted contempt at him from her bright black eyes, and curled her lip in the most unequivocal fashion, but that only made her look prettier, and he could see no deeper. She essayed a plain rebuff, but he thought it a capital joke. It never entered his head that Mr. Bromwell Sutton could be any thing but irresistible to a Miss Thompson. To get rid of him, she at last found entirely out of the question, and wearied of her efforts, she concluded to let him take his own course. This passiveness seemed to him so encouraging, that one day he was on the point of making a declaration and was only prevented by the dinner-bell.

Towards the artist he continued his patronizing condescension, with a not unfrequent interlude of actual incivility, which, to the surprise even of Miss Thompson, that gentleman passed over with unresisting composure. On the present occasion the latter variation predominated, and after they had left the table, Miss Thompson remarked "I wonder Mr. Oakley, at your patience in submitting to the imper tinences of that popinjay!"

"You would not have me challenge him?" said the painter.

"That would be rather too heroic,—your position is as defenceless as my own. These "gentlemen's sons!"—if I were a man, there is no reproach I should dread, more than being called one of them!"

"Rather a sweeping condemnation," said the artist, smiling; "but I think I have prepared a revenge that will reach the specimen before us;" and having perceived the subject of their remarks approaching from the summer-house, he called to him, "Will you step here, for a moment, Mr. Sutton?"

"I can't—I haven't time;" said Sutton, hurrying on, and they both noticed in him marks of much perturbation.

"Your portrait is finished, and I wish you to see it;" persisted Oakley.

His portrait was too closely connected with him-

self, not to have influenced him under any circumstances, and, accordingly, he stopped while the painter left the room for it, calling, as he did so, "Mr. Wallis—landlord—gentlemen,—I wish to have your opinion of Mr. Sutton's portrait; oblige me by coming into the parlor."

They complied and the picture, which was of a miniature size, was placed in the proper light. Miss Thompson gave it a single glance, and burst into an apparently irrepressible laugh. Mrs. Thompson, regarding her with much surprise, drew up her eyes, and stooped forward to examine it, and then, though she gave her daughter and the artist a deprecating look, she also turned away to conceal a smile. Wallis turned first to the picture, then to Sutton, and then to Cupidon, and made no effort to restrain his mirth, in which he was joined by the party of spectators who had accompanied him. Every one perceived that it was a correct likeness of Sutton in features, while the expression was strikingly that of the little poodle. The dandy himself could not fail to recognize it, and looked around him, pale with wrath and mortification, bestowing the fiercest of his looks on Miss Thompson.

"You don't tell me what you think of my performance, Mr. Sutton," said Oakley, with much gravity.

"I'll not bear your insults, sir!" exclaimed Sutton at length; "I'll not tolerate your libellous insolence!—what do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?"

"Insults! I'll leave it to this company if I have not succeeded admirably! it reflects you as a mirror!"

"I'll not put up with it! I'll not pay you a cent; I'll leave it on your hands, and we'll see who'll have the best of the joke!"

"Do sir!" said the artist; "it will be then my property, and I can do what I please with it! I'll put it up in some exhibition labelled with your name!"

"Your station protects you sir!" he resumed; "if you were not beneath my vengeance, you should answer for this, but a gentleman can, with honor, only demand satisfaction of his equals,—therefore you are safe! Landlord," he added with an assumption of dignified composure; "make out my bill; I'll go instantly to the other house;—you must be taught that a gentleman cannot patronize an establishment where he is liable to be insulted by any scrub that frequents it!" and again looking daggers at Miss Thompson, who had not ceased laughing, he left the room.

In truth, had it not been for the almost insupportable ridicule that accompanied it, Mr. Sutton would have rejoiced in the excuse to leave the house, from a discovery that he had just made. After dinner, while in quest of Miss Thompson, who was at that time in conversation with Oakley, he had strolled into the summer house, and found a letter on the floor. It was without direction, and though closed, not sealed, and more through blindness than curiosity he opened it. To his dismay it commenced thus:

"My dear, dear Miss North—How can I give you any idea of the gratitude I feel for the last and greatest of your many kindnesses; you have made me so happy that I have not words to express myself, and

not only me, but my dear mother, who says that you have done her more good than could have been effected by a whole college of physicians, for her health, at the prospect of a pleasant home, and freedom from incessant mental labour, begins already to come back again. We have given up our school, and are preparing to act upon the arrangements you have made for us. I have received a delightfully kind letter from your uncle,—he begs me to consider him as *mine*; in which he says he will come for us very soon, and requests me to enclose any communication for you to him. He speaks flatteringly of the satisfaction our company will give him while you are on your travels beyond the Atlantic. He little knows how impossible it will be to supply *your* place!" etc. etc.

Sutton read no more. It was signed L. Thompson, and that was sufficient. He unconsciously thrust the letter into his pocket, and hurried to the house. How was he to back out?—it now struck him that less importance could be attached to his actions by others than himself, and he grew nervous at the thought of how he had committed himself:—that he had paid the most unequivocal attentions to—a schoolmistress! The artist's triumph indeed relieved him on that score, but a new sting was planted, and a more miserable dandy was, perhaps, not that day in existence, than Bromwell Sutton when he applied for lodgings at the G— Hotel.

"Our work is finished at last!" said the painter, a few days after this happy riddance, bringing down the piece, which had afforded them so much enjoyment, for the inspection of Miss Thompson. She was gathering up some books from the parlor tables with a thoughtful and pensive countenance.

"Then I must take a 'last lingering look' at it," returned she; "I may never see it nor its original again."

Oakley looked at her anxious and inquiringly, and she continued, "We leave here to-day; an unexpected letter reached us this morning, urging us to be ready at any hour."

"And what am I to do without you?" asked the artist, in a very natural and love-like way, and he followed the question with a short oration, unnecessary to repeat. But before he had finished it, a carriage stopped at the door, and in half a minute an elderly gentleman presented himself in the entry.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Miss Thompson, running forward to conceal her confusion, and the old gentleman, after kissing her heartily, said quickly, "Are you ready, my dear? Where's your mamma? I hope you have your trunks packed, as I have hardly a minute to allow you. I have urgent business awaiting me at home, and have only been able to fulfil my engagement to come for you, by travelling with all the speed possible. Quick—tell your mother, and put on your things."

To the disappointment of her suitor, she ran up stairs, while the old gentleman busied himself in seeing the trunks secured behind the carriage. But immediately, with her mother, she came down, fully equipped, and while the old lady was shaking hands with the uncle, she had an opportunity to give him a single look, which one was sufficient: "Good bye,

Mr. Wallis," said she holding out her hand in passing him, "we have been such good friends, that I feel very sorry to part with you."

"Where shall I find you?" asked Oakley, in a low voice. She slipped a card into his hand as he assisted her into the carriage, and was driven away. He looked at the card. "VALERIA NORTH, B—," he exclaimed; "Is it possible!"

"Yes—didn't you know that before?" said Wallis "and that old gentleman is the celebrated jurist Judge North. When Sutton finds it out, he'll be more fretted than he was at the portrait. She is a charming girl, isn't she? I recognized her the minute she arrived, having had a glimpse of her before she left the Springs last summer, but as she seemed to wish to be quiet, and to escape attention, it was not my business to blab. I'll go up to Smith's and have some fun with Sutton." He walked up street, and the artist commenced preparations for an immediate departure.

"Why Sutton," said Wallis, when he reached the room of that personage; "what possessed you to fly off, the other day, with such terrible frowns at the pretty girl you had been courting so long? It was outrageous, and what is the worst, you can't have a chance to make it up,—she left town to-day, for good."

"Did she?—a pleasant journey to her!" said Sutton, brightening up astonishingly.

"What!—she jilted you, did she?"

"She! I found her out in good time for that!—though if it had not been for a lucky accident, I might have got myself into a confounded scrape; it would have been a fine mess, if I had been deceived into proposing to a schoolmistress!"

"Schoolmistress!—what do you mean?"

"Why, look here—you were a pretty sap to suppose her an heiress, and to make me believe it!—read this—I found it by chance, and, somehow, it got into my pocket."

He handed the letter to Wallis, who, after looking over it, remarked, "I see nothing to the contrary in that. I suppose it came enclosed in an envelope from her uncle. Can it be possible that you presumed she had written instead of received it! ha! ha!"

The mystified dandy gave him a stare.

"And you never suspected that it was Miss North whose acquaintance you cut so cavalierly! It was, positively;—she gave her card to Mr. Oakley before she went away."

"I don't believe it!—why would she call herself Thompson?"

"She didn't call herself Thompson—that was inferred to be her name, as it was her mother's. I recollect very well of hearing at Saratoga that the old lady had had two husbands. The last was a Mr. Thompson. What an opportunity you have lost of making one of the greatest matches in the country!"

"It was all the fault of that rascally painter," said Sutton, in much vexation; "I had commenced declaring myself the very day he excited me by his

abominable caricature, and if it had not been for that I would have had an explanation."

"I would make him repent it, if I were you—I'd challenge him."

"But, you know that's out of the question—a gentleman degrades himself by challenging an inferior," and he walked up and down the room in great agitation.

"And then about that letter—does she know you found it?"

"No, no—I'm perfectly safe there—you won't tell, will you? After all, it is not yet too late to make it up. I can go after her to B——; she will, no doubt, take it as a compliment to be followed, and, you know, it will be in my favor that I was so devoted before I knew who she was, won't it? You might be of great service to me, my dear fellow," he added, thinking to prevent Wallis from informing on him by making him his ally; "you have been in my confidence and knew how much I was smitten with her. She is, perhaps, offended by my desertion, and if you would go along, as she has a particular regard for you, you might help to effect a reconciliation. If you'll go, I'll pay your expenses."

Wallis, who had no objection to take a trip and see the end of the comedy, on such easy terms, replied, "Anything to oblige you, if you can wait two or three weeks. I have particular business on hands now, but when I am through with it, I'll go with pleasure."

Sutton was obliged to submit to the delay, and in due time they arrived at B——. After arranging their dress, they sallied out to make inquiry about Miss North, when an acquaintance of Sutton encountered them, and stopped them for a talk. While they stood in the street, an elegantly dressed young man passed them, and looking back, in a familiar voice saluted Wallis. It was Oakley. "How do you do, Mr. Sutton—happy to see you," said he, turning towards them, and saluting Sutton with a very low bow. The dandy returned a nod, and the painter having ascertained their lodgings, proceeded on his way.

"What a remarkably fine looking fellow that is," said Sutton's acquaintance; "I should have been pleased if you had introduced me."

"Oh he is not such an acquaintance as one introduces—I have merely patronized him a little as a strolling painter."

"Norman Oakley!—are you not under a mis-

take? He is the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in New England—a very highly gifted young man—a finished orator—a fine amateur painter—in every respect an admirable and enviable fellow. By the by, it is said there is a recent engagement between him and our belle *par excellence*, Miss North. She has been travelling through different parts of the country, preparatory to making a tour in Europe, and, this summer, they met accidentally somewhere and fell in love, quite ignorant of anything relating to each other but mutual personal attractions—so the story goes. They are to be married shortly, so that the lady may have the pleasure of a legal protector for her Atlantic trip."

Sutton could bear no more, and, excusing himself, he hurried back to the hotel at such a rate that Wallis, finding it difficult to keep up with him, strolled off in another direction. When they met again the disappointed lover was prepared for a retreat homeward.

"Come, Sutton, that would be outrageous!" said Wallis; "you ought to have a settlement with Oakley, now that you find he is fully on a level with yourself!"

"I wouldn't dirty my fingers with him—I wouldn't let the mynx know that I thought her worth fighting about; for they would be sure to attribute it to that, instead of to the picture. I am off, forthwith. Do you go back to G——?"

"Yes, in a few days—but, the fact is, I met Oakley again, after you had left me, and got an invitation to the wedding. He said he would take me to see Miss North this evening if I wished it, but I declined, on the plea that I would be only in the way. But he said there was a charming little girl there, Miss Thompson—a relative of Valeria's stepfather, who would appropriate my company, if I pleased. From his remarking that she is to remain with the judge after the departure of his niece, I presumed her to be the writer of the letter in your possession. *Apropos* of that letter—he questioned me as to whether you had found it, and hinted that Miss North intended it for your hands, knowing the effect it would have on you, from your aversion to poverty, low caste, &c., that she even tore off the date to mislead you the more easily—hand it here till we see if that is true."

Sutton deigned no reply, and before Wallis was ready for his evening visit, he had travelled the first fifty miles of his journey homeward.

MONMOUTH HARGRAVE.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

It was in a crowded hall. Thousands had congregated to pay the tribute of respect and gratitude to the aged warrior, whose best days had been spent in the service of his country. The magnates of the land were there, the young, the lovely, and the beautiful, each and all with anxious countenances to behold, perhaps for the last time, one of the few remaining links which connect the present generation with the sacred remembrance and chivalrous valor of the revolution. His young heroism had been tried in that glorious struggle, and crowned with immortal glory in the last war. Many, many grateful hearts prest around him to catch a look at the man, of whom Fame had spoken in deafening plaudits. They had learned to lisp his name from the cradle, and to think of him as one commanding all their love and gratitude.

Never did I see curiosity so great. It seemed to pervade the vast multitude, and to animate them with one common impulse. Though the crowd was immense, silence reigned, like a deity, throughout that spacious hall. The feeling was too profound for utterance. The admiring throng approached with reverence the bent form of the once gallant soldier, and pressing his hand with fervor, retired in silence, mentally bespeaking blessings on his head, now silvered over with the frosts of winter. Nor were the fair behind others in those grateful manifestations of respect.

In the foremost rank of that concourse of people, stood one who looked upon the pageant with indifference. Not that he was insensible to the emotions of gratitude—but that care and grief had made sad inroads upon his once buoyant feelings, and had blunted his keen perception of the novel and the curious. His thoughts were busy in another department than that of mere gratitude. Woman in her loveliness was arrayed before him, and as he glanced his eye along that brilliant line of beauty, it is not strange that he should momentarily forget the chief, who was occupying all thoughts. But he could not help remarking that it was cold and inanimate beauty—not such as causes the blood to tingle, even to our fingers' ends, upon first sight.

I know that I am treading upon disputed ground, when I speak of love at first sight. But if it is a conceded point that we are favorably or unfavorably impressed in our passage through the world with those whom we accidentally meet—and that we are so there is no gain-saying—the whole question is yielded. For there is no greater physiognomist than your lover. His very trade is to read the face, and to arrive at some opinion of the temper, amiability, and loveliness of the object, by closely studying that index. And the degree of favor,

or dislike, determines our love or hate. But leaving this disposition to others who have more time and space, we will return to our story.

He had loved devotedly—truly—but misfortune, with its iron heel, had stamped its footprints upon the tablets of his heart. It was not in his calculations of the probable, that he could meet any being for whom he could feel more than ordinary interest. And yet, he was anxiously desirous of finding some one, who could warm his heart into newness of life, and bring back those delicious transports which he feared were gone, and forever. He looked upon it as barely possible that he could find such an one. Hence, the coldness and indifference with which his eye roamed from face to face, and with which he looked upon the brilliant spectacle before him. Still, there was a latent, and perhaps, almost undefined hope, lurking in his bosom, that he would again be blessed with visions of happiness.

Impelled by this feeling, he had sought society wherever it was to be found. He had mingled in the gay throng, and forced himself to smile at the pretty nothings which greeted him on every hand. But “he smiled in such a sort as if he mocked himself.” He attempted to join in the merry laugh, but his laugh, so different from its former ringing joyousness, would startle him like a peal of thunder. Delighting in conversation, he would mingle in the general amusement by contributing his share, but his voice sounded like the hollow echoes of a funeral chamber. His heart was like a withered leaf in his bosom. It had no vitality—no sympathy with things around him. He lived in society without enjoying its blessings. He was miserable in spite of himself. Such—such was Monmouth Hargrave. Disgusted with himself, he would retire, and in gloomy melancholy brood over his lurking cares and bitter griefs for days.

Society, at length, became almost hateful to him. It was only after rousing himself that he could venture into it. On this occasion, he cast his eye again and again, along that splendid column of female beauty, with the faint hope of finding some token which would bring back to him his long lost happiness—some look of sympathy and of tenderness, which would send a thrill of joy through his heart, and make his existence a blessing, not a curse. With a sigh, he shook his head, as if in utter despair. To him, all appeared to be devoid of true and genuine feeling. There was nothing but pretensions and heartless insincerity. No heart!—no nature!—no soul!

I was standing close at his side, and heard his heart broken sigh. My acquaintance was of that intimate character which let me into the secret workings of his soul. I knew the uppermost wish of his heart was to find some woman who could love him with her whole soul. Such a gentle being, made of creation's best, it was

his desire to win, and wed—some one, who possessed noble and generous feelings, an enlarged and liberal heart, true and undissembled amiability, and an intellect as expansive as the universe. I knew this, more from my knowledge of his character, than from any positive assurances, and when I saw him turn away after his fruitless search, I thought the iron of despair entered deeper into his soul.

At length I felt he grasped my arm as if in a vice. “Who? who, in the name Heaven, is that lady, with light brown hair?” said my friend, in a frenzy of madness. “I must know who she is,” continued he, “for she is an angel. I could not have overlooked her—no! no! She must have just entered the hall. By Heaven I would give worlds to know who she is.”

His gestures became so violent, and his whispers so loud, that I begged him to control himself, lest we should be exposed. “Exposed,” said he, “what care I for the phantom, exposure? Have I not diligently searched over one fourth of the globe to find just such a being? Look at her eye, large, soft, and hazel—her mouth, all sweetness and delicacy—her countenance, cheerful and lovely—her air, elegant and accomplished—her grace, polished and refined—her form, symmetry itself—her—”

“Hold! hold!” said I, interrupting him. “This is no place for your new-born rapture. Have done with your jingling epithets. Put a bridle upon your wild impetuosity. Be advised, and observe her well, but be silent.”

Monmouth Hargrave was breathless with the praises of the new star which had so unexpectedly risen in the firmament of his destiny. He was in a fever of anxiety. He trembled in the fearful apprehension that she would escape him. Whilst drinking in, with intoxicating delight, the rich draughts from her large, lustrous eye, her conductor approached her. At that moment she recognised a female acquaintance in the rear of the chair of the venerable chieftain. Her countenance at once seemed illuminated with joy. She advanced rapidly, yet gracefully, to shake the hand of her friend.

“There is nature for you—there is soul—there is heart,” said Monmouth Hargrave. “There are those imperishable qualities for which I have searched so long. No cold formality—no prim precision—no studied elegance—but the outpourings of a heart, true to the glowing feelings of nature.”

But ere he had time to speak further, her conductor led her to the aged soldier, and in an under tone whispered an introduction. We strained our ears to catch the name, but our distance was too great. The chief gazed, for a moment, in fixed admiration. His eye lighted up, for a second, with the fire of youth. She affectionately took his hand, and while her soul swelled, under the proud recollection of his many chivalrous

deeds, she gracefully bent forward and imprinted a holy kiss upon his weather-beaten brow. Monmouth Hargrave riveted his distended eyes upon her, and she reddened to the temples. With moistened eye and brimful heart, she turned hastily away, and left the crowded hall.

My friend appeared to be wrapt in thought. The scene had past like enchantment before him. He was at last restored to consciousness and despair—for the idol of his soul had disappeared, like a being from another and a brighter world, leaving no trace behind.

With the impulsive feelings of his nature, when properly roused, he rushed upon the portico, just in time to catch the outlines of a lady as she sprang into her carriage.

"By Heaven it is she. I would know her graceful form any where," he said.

"For God's sake, have some prudence—do you not see that we are overheard?" said I, stopping him in his full career.

He hurried me along in the wake of the fast whirling vehicle, despite of my remonstrances. It disappeared behind the houses—and again appeared. At last it stopped at a house just in sight, and as she was handed up the steps, Hargrave caught another look at her magic form.

"Now that I know her whereabouts," he said animatedly, "let us devise some scheme for an introduction. As she is housed she will not leave the city, but go to the levee. I will meet her there at all hazards. Let us away to prepare for it." As my friend ceased talking we entered our hotel.

I busied myself on the streets to ascertain the name of that enchanting fair one. I was not long left to conjecture. She was the beautiful and accomplished Lucretia Fordyce. There was a striking similarity between the general outlines of her touching history and that of Monmouth Hargrave. The thread of their lives had been colored in the dark stream of misfortune. She had bowed, like the lily, broken down by the rude storm to the wild tempest of calamity. Her young affections had been crushed by the relentless hand of the destroyer. She had wept bitter tears over the lost and loved.

I shall never forget the anguish with which Hargrave received the brief history of her who had played such fantastic tricks with his heart. He had fallen violently in love at first sight, without knowing with whom. His whole soul was absorbed with the delicious feeling. He had wooed the return of the all-transferring emotions of love, with a constant and unswerving devotion. The afflicted never waited for the troubling of the waters with more pious patience. And when he felt his heart flutter with those pleasurable sensations, he hugged himself with all the rapture of a new delight. His

was the frenzy of the soul—the uncalculating and undoubting passion of a frank, honest, and yet, perhaps, too impulsive heart.

The information that she was a widow threw him all aback. His lip quivered—the blood rushed to his face. I saw the struggle that was going on in his breast. It heaved like a tumultuous sea. For an hour he spoke not, but with a hurried stride paced the floor in the agony of despair. He had said foolishly that he would never wed a widow. But when were even the strongest resolutions, in the way of that resistless torrent, love, much less the crude, the idle, and the undigested expressions of the moment.

"By Heaven," he at length exclaimed, "I was a fool to have a prejudice against the stricken in heart, and the blasted in hope." The cloud upon his brow floated away, and left the smiles of Heaven reposing in its stead. "I will see her to-night at the levee, at all events. Her afflictions have hallowed and consecrated her. I had wished a heart untainted by the mildew of grief—but the hand of an unseen power is visible in this."

To the levee we went, but not till late. The apartments were crowded to excess. Hundreds of both sexes were congregated; I might almost say, literally packed, in a few small rooms. There were sparkling eyes of every hue, and lovely forms of every shape. It was the high festival of beauty—joy beamed from every eye, and smiles wreathed every face. Delight was depicted on every countenance, and pleasure sat regent in every breast.

"Come," said Monmouth Hargrave, "we will institute a search for 'lady mine.'" So dense was the crowd that the only way of advancing, was by edging through side ways. We ranged from parlor to hall—from hall to chamber—from basement to attic—but in vain—all in vain. That strange, yet familiar face, could no where be found. The impression was too indelibly engraven upon my friend's heart to be forgotten. Many told us she was there, and the bright centre of attraction. But ere they could point the place, she had vanished, like lightning amid the storm. After hours of anxious search, we were informed that she had left for the theatre. To the theatre we hurried. Like wave succeeding wave, so does disappointment succeed disappointment. From the theatre she had gone to her boarding-house.

"Better luck next time," said I.

"Better luck, indeed," said Monmouth Hargrave, fretted with his failure. "I tell you that I have a presentiment, good luck will never come of this chase. You need not smile in derision, I am not superstitious. But 'coming events cast their shadows before.' Thus—thus will she ever elude me when my hopes are brightest. And yet, will I win her, with the spirit of

valor and true love, though the stern hand of destiny hold me back. Mine—mine, she must be—or solitary and alone will I mark my weary way upon the broad earth till death closes the scene.”

Time flew as on angels' wings. Monmouth Hargrave found himself, after the lapse of three months, by the side of the young, the admired, and beloved Lucretia Fordyce. No longer the victim of gloomy forebodings, his soul was laved in the more genial waters of all confiding love. Her small white hand was left unresistingly in his. It was one of those hands which time changes not, but which remains beautiful to the last. How many burning kisses he imprinted upon it! Hargrave could have listened forever to the music of her voice, and the rich and glowing imagery of her words. There was a charm in her chaste pronunciation, and her enchanting tones which had an almost magical influence upon him.

Thoughts were too busy, on this occasion, for extended speech. His soul for a moment, in anticipation of success, seemed to fold its wings in tranquil bliss like a bird upon its perch. At length, imprinting a more fervid kiss than ever upon that delicate hand, he poured out his soul in an impassioned strain of undissembled feeling which thrilled to her heart. Her head sank on his bosom: she murmured his name; and when Monmouth Hargrave left her that evening it was as her affianced husband.

“And do you believe in presentiments now?” said I, a few months later, in allusion to his remark made on the night he had sought her at the levee and theatre in vain.

“No, no,” he replied, laughing, “but come and see us. Mrs. Hargrave has been my wife three months, and I love her better every day. Her's is the soul of an angel in a human form.”

What a change in Monmouth Hargrave! And love had done all this.

MR. AND MRS. FOLLETT;

OR,

MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My friend Follett married a lady contrary to my advice. I gave the advice contrary to my wont and against my will. He would have it. The lady was a tolerably pretty woman, on whose original destiny it was never written that she should be a belle. How she became one is not much matter; but nature being thoroughly taken by surprise with her success, had neglected to provide the counterpoise. I say it is no great matter how she became a belle,—nor is it,—for if such things were to be accounted for to the satisfaction of the sex, the world would have little time for other speculations; but I will devote a single paragraph to the elucidation of this one of many mysteries, for a reason I have. *Fœnam habet in cornu.*

Poets are the least fastidious, and the least discriminating of men in their admiration of women, (*vide Byron*.) partly because their imagination, like sunshine, glorifies all that turns to it, and partly because the voluptuous heart without which they were not poets, is both indolent and imperial, from both causes waiting always *to be sought*. In some circles, bards are rather comets than stars, and the one whose orbit for a few days intersected that of Miss Adele Burnham, was the exclusive marvel of the hour. Like other poets, the one of which I speak was concentrative in his attentions, and he chose (*why*, the gods knew better than the belles of the season,) to have neither eyes nor ears, flowers, flatteries, nor verses for any other than Miss Burnham. He went on his way, but the incense, in which he had enveloped the blest Adele, lingered like a magic atmosphere about her, and Tom Follett and all his tribe breathed it in blind adoration. I trust the fair reader has here nodded her head, in evidence that this history of the belle-ship of Miss Burnham is no less brief than natural and satisfactory.

When Follett came to me with the astounding information that he intended to propose to Miss Burnham, (he had already proposed and been accepted, the traitor!) my fancy at once took the prophetic stride so natural on the first breaking of such news, and in the five minutes which I took for reflection, I had travelled far into that land of few delusions—holy matrimony. Before me, in all the changeful variety of a magic mirror, came and went the many phases of which that multiform creature, woman, is susceptible. I saw her in diamonds and satin, and in kitchen-apron and curl-papers; in delight, and in the dumps; in supplica-

tion and in resistance; shod like a fairy in French shoes, and slip-shod, (as perhaps fairies are, too, in their bed-rooms and dairies.) I saw her approaching the climacteric of age, and receding from it—a mother, a nurse, an invalid,—mum over her breakfast, chatty over her tea,—doing the honours at Tom's table, and mending with sober diligence Tom's straps and suspenders. The kaleidoscope of fancy exhausted its combinations.

"Tom!" said I, (looking up affectionately, for he was one of my weaknesses, was Tom, and I indulged myself in loving him without a reason,) "Miss Burnham is in the best light where she is. If she cease to be a belle, as of course she will, should she marry——"

"Of course!" interrupted Tom very gravely.

"Well, in that case, she lays off the goddess, trust me! You will like her to dress plainly——"

"Quite plain!"

"And stripped of her plumage, your bird of Paradise would be nothing but a very indifferent hen—with the disadvantage of remembering that she had been a bird of Paradise."

"But it was not her dress that attracted the brilliant author of——"

"Possibly not. But as the false gods of mythology are only known by their insignia, Jupiter by his thunderbolt, and Mercury by his talaria and caduceus, so a woman, worshipped by accident, will find a change of exterior nothing less than a laying aside of her divinity. That's a didactic sentence, but you will know what I mean, when I tell you that I myself cannot see a pair of coral ear-rings without a sickness of the heart, though the woman who once wore them, and who slighted me twenty years ago, sits before me in church, without diverting a thought from the sermon. Don't marry her, Tom!"

Six weeks after this conversation, I was at the wedding, and the reader will please to pass to the rear the six succeeding months—short time as it seems, to record a change in the bland sky of matrimony. It was an ellipse in our friendship as well; for advice (contrary to our wishes and intentions) is apt to be resented, and I fancied from the northerly bows I received from Mrs. Follett, that my friend had made a merit to her of having married contrary to my counsel. At the end of this period Tom called on me.

Follett, I should have said, was a man of that undecided exterior which is perfectly at the mercy

of a cravat or waistcoat. He looked "snob" or "nob," according to the care with which he had made his toilet. While a bachelor, of course, he could never afford in public a negligence or a mistake, and was invariably an elegant man, harmonious and "pin-point" from straps to whiskers. But alas! the security of wedded life! When Tom entered my room, I perused him as a walking homily. His coat, still made on the old measure, was buttoned only at the top, the waist being rather snug, and his waistcoat pockets loaded with the copper which in his gayer days he always left on the counter. His satin cravat was frayed and brownish, with the tie slipped almost under his ear. The heel of his right boot (he trod straight on the other foot) almost looked him in the face. His pantaloons, (the one article of dress in which there are no gradations—nothing, if not perfect,) were bulged and strained. He wore a frightfully new hat, no gloves, and carried a baggy brown umbrella, which was, in itself, a most expressive portrait of a "gone to seed." Tom entered with his usual upish carriage, and, through the how-d'yedoes, and the getting into his chair, carried off the old manner to a charm. In talking of the weather, a moment after, his eye fell on his stumpy umbrella, which, with an unconscious memory of an old affectation with his cane, he was balancing on the toe of his boot, and the married look slid over him like a mist. Down went his head between his shoulders, and down went the corners of his mouth—down the inflation of his chest like a collapsed balloon; and down, in its youth and expression it seemed to me, every muscle of his face. He had assumed in a minute the style and countenance of a man ten years older.

I smiled. How could I but smile!

"Then you have heard of it!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly starting to his feet, and flushing purple to the roots of his hair.

"Heard of what?"

My look of surprise evidently took him aback, and, seating himself again with confused apologies, Tom proceeded to "make a clean breast," on a subject which I had not anticipated.

It seemed, that, far from moulting her feathers after marriage, according to my prediction, Mrs. Follett clearly thought that she had not yet "strutted her hour," and, though everything Tom could wish behind the curtain, in society she had flaunted and flirted, not merely with no diminution of zest from the wedding day, but, her husband was of opinion, with a ratio alarmingly increasing. Her present alliance was with a certain Count Hautenbas, the lion of the moment, and though doubtless one in which vanity alone was active, Tom's sense of connubial propriety was at its last gasp. He could stand it no longer. He wished my advice in the choice between two courses. Should he call out the Frenchman, or should he take advantage of the Massachusetts interpretation of a "land of liberty," accuse his wife of "moral insanity," and shut her up in a mad-house.

My advice had been of so little avail in the first instance, that I shrank from troubling Tom with any more of it, and certainly should have evaded it altogether, but for an experiment I wished to make, as much for my own satisfaction as for the benefit of that large class the unhappy married.

"Your wife is out every night, I suppose, Tom?"

"Every night when she has no party at home."

"Do you go with her always?"

"I go *for* her usually—but the truth is, that, since I married, parties bore me, and after seeing my wife off, I commonly smoke and snooze, or read, or run into Bob Thomas's and 'talk horse,' till I have just time to be in at the death."

"And when you get there, you don't dance?"

"Not I, faith! I haven't danced since I was married!"

"But you used to be the best waltzer of the day."

"Well, the music sometimes gets into my heels now, but, when I remember I am married, the fit cools off. The deuce take it! a married man shouldn't be seen whirling round the room with a girl in his arms!"

"I presume that were you still single, you would fancy your chance to be as good for ladies' favours, as any French Count's, that ever came over?"

"Ehem! why—yes!"

Tom pulled up his collar.

"And if you had access to her society all day and all night, and the Frenchman only an hour or two in the evening, any given lady being the object, you would bet freely on your own head?"

"I see your drift," said Tom, with a melancholy smile, "but it won't do!"

"No indeed—it is what *would* have done. You had at the start a much better chance with your wife than Count Hautenbas; but husbands and lovers are the 'hare and the tortoise' of the fable. We must resort now to other means. Will you follow my advice as well as *take* it, should I be willing again to burn my fingers in your affairs!"

The eagerness of Tom's protestations quite made the *amende* to my mortified self-complacency, and I entered zealously into my little plot for his happiness. At this moment I heartily wish I had sent him and his affairs to the devil, and (lest I should forget it at the close of this tale,) I here caution all men, single and double, against "meddling or making," marring or mending, in matrimonial matters. The alliteration may, perhaps, impress this salutary counsel on the mind of the reader.

I passed the remainder of the day in repairing the damage of Tom's person. I had his whiskers curled and trimmed even, (his left whisker was an inch nearer his nose than the right), and his teeth looked to by the dentist. I stood by, to be sure that: there was no carelessness in his selection of patent leathers, and on his assuring me that he was otherwise well provided, I suffered him to go home to dress, engaging him to dine with me at seven.

He was punctual to the hour. By Jove, I could

consciousness of being well-dressed seemed to have brightened his eyes and lips, as it certainly changed altogether his address and movements. He had a narrow escape of being handsome. After all, it is only a "man of mark," or an Apollo, who can well afford to neglect the outer man; and a judicious negligence, or a judicious plainness, is probably worth the attention of both the man of mark and the Apollo. Tom was quite another order of creature—a butterfly that was just now a worm—and would have been treated with more consideration in consequence, even by those least tolerant of "the pomps and vanities." We dined temperately, and I superseded the bottle by a cup of strong green tea, at an early moment after the removal of the cloth, determined to have Tom's wits in as full dress as his person. Without being at all a brilliant man, he was, the next best thing, a steady absorbent, and as most women are more fond of giving than receiving in all things, but particularly in conversation, I was not uneasy as to his power of making himself agreeable. Nor was *he*, faith!

The ball of the night was at the house of an old friend of my own, and Mr. and Mrs. Follett were but newly introduced to the circle. I had the company very clearly in my eye, therefore, while casting about for *dramatis personæ*, and in fixing upon Mrs. Beverly Fairlie, for the prominent character, I assured success, though being very much in love with that coquettish widow myself. I had occasion for some self-denial in the matter. Of Mrs. Fairlie's weak points (on which it seemed necessary that I should enlighten Tom,) I had information not to be acquired short of summering and wintering her, and with my eye solely directed to its effect upon Mrs. Follett, I put the clues into my friend's hands in a long after-dinner conversation. As he seemed impatient to open the campaign after getting these definite and valuable instructions, I augured well for his success, and we entered the ball-room in high spirits.

It was quite enough to say to the mischievous widow that another woman was to be piqued by any attentions she might choose to pay Mr. Follett. Having said thus much, and presented Tom, I sought out Mrs. Follett, myself, with the double purpose of breaking up the monopoly of Mons. Hautenbas, and of directing her attention, should it be necessary, to the suavities between Tom and the widow.

It was a superb ball, and the music, as Tom said, went to the heels. The thing he did well was waltzing, and after taking a turn or two with Mrs. Fairlie, the *rustic* dame ran up to Mrs. Follett with the most innocent air imaginable, and begged the loan of her husband for the rest of the evening! I did not half like the look of earnest with which she entered into the affair, indeed, and there was little need of my taking much trouble to enlighten Mrs. Follett; for a woman so surprised with a six months husband I never saw. They were so capitally matched, Tom and the widow, in size,

motion, style of waltzing, and all, that not we only, but the whole party were occupied with observing and admiring them. Mrs. Follett and I (for a secret sympathy, somehow, drew us together, as the thing went on,) kept up a broken conversation, in which the Count was even less interested than we, and after a few ineffectual attempts to draw her into the tea-room, the Frenchman left us in pique, and we gave ourselves up to the observation of the couple who (we presumed) severally belonged to us. They carried on the war famously, to be sure! Mrs. Fairlie was a woman who could do as she liked, because she *would*; and she cared not a straw for the very *prononcé* demonstration of engrossing one man for all the quadrilles, waltzes and galopades, besides going with him to supper. Once or twice I tried to find an excuse for leaving Mrs. Follett, to put in an oar for myself, but the little woman clung to me as if she had not the courage to undertake another person's amusement, and, new and sudden as the feeling must have been, she was pale and wretched, with a jealousy more bitter probably than mine. Tom never gave me a look after the first waltz, and as to the widow, she played her part with rather more zeal than was set down for her. I passed altogether an uncomfortable night, for a gay one, and it was a great relief to me when Mrs. Follett asked me to send Tom for the carriage.

"Be so kind as to send a servant for it," said Follett, very coolly, 'and say to Mrs. Follett, that I will join her at home. I am going to sup, or rather breakfast with Mrs. Beverly Fairlie!'"

Here was a mess!

"Shall I send the Count for your shawl?" I asked, after giving this message, and wishing to know whether she was this side of pride in her unhappiness.

The little woman burst into tears.

"I will sit in the cloak room till my husband is ready," she said, "go to him, if you please, and implore him to come and speak to me."

As I said before, I wished the whole plot to the devil. We had achieved our object, it is true—and so did the man who knocked the breath out of his friend's body, in killing a fly on his back. Tom is now (this was years ago) a married flirt of some celebrity, for after coming out of the widow's hands with a three months education, he had quite forgot to be troubled about Mrs. Follett, and instead of neglecting his dress, which was his only sin when I took him in hand, he now neglects his wife, who sees him, as women are apt to see their husbands, through other women's eyes. I presume they are doomed to quite as much unhappiness as would have fallen to their lot, had I let them alone—had Mrs. Follett run away with the Frenchman, and had Tom died a divorced slob. But when I think, that, besides achieving little for them, I was the direct means of spoiling Mrs. Beverly Fairlie for myself, I think I may write myself down as a warning to *meddlers in matrimony*.

MR. CHANCY'S COOKING STOVE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Of all comfortable people, few have a greater number of comforts to be thankful for than had the Chancys. They were rich enough to live without any laborious exertion of body or mind, yet not so much so as to be thrown into the evils of idleness. They had a handsome house, handsomely furnished, and were not afraid to use it, for they knew they could well afford to refit it, whenever that was needed. They had three children—the number under common circumstances to save any particular one from being spoiled, and make their premises cheerful, without keeping them in a continual uproar—and all three were handsome, healthy and promising. They had excellent servants, because they had not only money to pay for them, but good tempers to treat them properly. Added to this, Mr. Chancy was active, industrious, temperate, upright and cheerful, and his wife kind, prudent and notable, and they might have continued to enjoy the most enviable quiet and independence, had not Mr. Chancy, one season when business was dull, taken it into his head to be ambitious.

"It would be a very pleasant thing," said he, one evening to Mrs. Chancy, "to take a higher stand among my neighbours. I don't mean in society; all sensible people agree that middle life has the truest enjoyments, and we are just in such a circle as suits our habits and education, and if it is not called the highest, who cares! The distinctions of society in this country are very absurd, and mainly originate with the women—no disparagement to your sex, my dear—and as you are not concerned about them, of course I am perfectly satisfied. But I should like to be distinguished from the crowd by some peculiarly creditable characteristic or performance. I am tired of moving along in the beaten track. If we had lived in the country, I have no doubt I should, before now, have been sent to the State legislature, if not to Congress, but, in the city, a quiet man, like myself, stands no chance for political distinction. There is a set of brawling demagogues constantly on the watch to snap up the honours; and as to the pre-eminence of wealth, that is equally out of the question, for where the population is so large, one man cannot look around but he has a check put upon his pride, by seeing another either really or apparently better off than himself. And with regard to literature, I am not qualified to make a figure in that line. What think you on this subject, my dear?"

"Why, that we ought to enjoy what we have with gratitude, and leave seeking after reputation to those who need it, to supply the place of more substantial comforts. That's my opinion, Mr. Chancy."

"I thought that your views were more elevated, my dear; it certainly must be a source of gratification, and that of a lofty kind, to be pointed out as a man celebrated for something meritorious. You must admit that it would be much more honourable to have our children told that their father was somebody, than nobody."

"I would much rather teach our children that they will have to depend on their own merits," said Mrs. Chancy.

Mr. Chancy made no response. It had always been the custom, by tacit agreement, to suspend a subject on which they differed, until one or the other should be willing through self-conviction, or a more complying mood, to acknowledge the opponent in the right. Accordingly, Mr. Chancy kept to himself the reflections which immediately presented themselves. He took a bird's-eye view of his capabilities, both mental and physical, and at last decided that he really might be possessed of the qualifications for distinction in one work—that of mechanical invention.

He recalled to memory some of the performances of his boyhood, which, previous to his being apprenticed to a city merchant, had been spent in the country; and that he had always been considered one of the handiest youngsters of the neighbourhood. That he had constructed miniature waterwheels, and windmills, and weathercocks; had been a dabster at kites and pumpkin lanterns; that his rabbit-snares and partridge-traps had been unfailing in execution, and that he had erected on the roof of his father's barn, a marten-box, with four or five tiers of little windows on every side, which everybody admired as the very copy of a church. And now, with his matured faculties, what might he not accomplish? To be the father of some remarkable invention, to be pointed out as an ingenious gentleman who employed his leisure moments in projects for the benefit of the community, it would be almost as good as to be the mayor of the city.

Whilst his mind was thus engaged, Mrs. Chancy made an observation which coincided so well with the train of his thoughts, that he received it as an augury of encouragement. She was sitting in a fine spring-seated rocking-chair, with her knitting, and remarked: "I don't exactly like this chair, my dear, it requires too much exertion to rock it. I should prefer one which would work more easily."

"I'll invent you one, my dear!" said he, striking his hand on his knee, emphatically.

"Invent one!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment; "you invent a rocking-chair, Mr. Chancy!"

why that puts that in your head? I don't want one invented, but I should like to have this one sent to the cabinet-maker's, to be a little altered in the rockers."

"I say, my dear, I'll invent you one!" persisted Mr. Chancy, elevating his brows, and pressing his lips together with a look of determination, at which his wife, not knowing whether to take him in jest or earnest, sat still, waiting patiently to hear something farther about it.

Mr. Chancy took a letter from his pocket, and busied himself for ten or fifteen minutes, in drawing upon the back of it with his pencil, various geometrical figures totally incomprehensible to his wife, and at last he observed, as if soliloquizing: "Yes, it can be done, and I can do it. There might be a chair invented with machinery attached, which would set it going, or stop it at pleasure, and I am pretty sure I have hit upon the plan!"

"I would not care about having such a chair, Mr. Chancy; the common plan is good enough; all I want is to have this made to rock more easily. I never saw the chair yet which I could not stop, with my own weight and strength, whenever I pleased," said Mrs. Chancy.

"But how delightful it would be to have one that would rock exactly at the proper degree, just as you might be in the notion!"

"One way of rocking suits me very well, my dear; you know I am not very *notionate*."

"You will change your opinion vastly, Mrs. Chancy, when you see what can be done by human ingenuity. I will show you something original in the chair line one of these days, I promise you."

"Why, my dear, what *has* put that into your head? you are no cabinet-maker."

"No, but I am going to be one of the men that govern cabinet-makers," said Mr. Chancy.

"Rather than you should go to that trouble and expense, I would put up with the one I have just as it is; 'let well enough alone,' is a pretty good maxim to go by," returned his wife.

"You are mistaken, my dear; if everybody were to follow it, there would be but little occasion for inventive genius. The march of improvement is a glorious thing, and these are the times for it."

Mrs. Chancy heard nothing farther of the rocking-chair for two or three weeks, and might have supposed that her husband had ceased to think about it, had he not indulged in reveries more frequently than formerly, and always finished them with taking a pencil from his pocket and drawing, or in flourishing invisible lines with his finger. At last he returned one day from his business, at an unusual hour, and after he had watched the front parlour windows for a while, with some anxiety, a furniture carriage stopped at the door.

"Here's your rocking-chair, my dear," said he, "such a rocking-chair as the city has never produced before, I assure you."

Mrs. Chancy naturally walked to the window to

see it unloaded. "Why it is very much like other rocking-chairs," said she, "only that there is some odd, clumsy-looking work between the rockers, which it would look much better without."

"That work, Mrs. Chancy, is the novelty and the improvement. That's my invention, and a happy one it is."

By this time the chair was deposited in the back parlour, and Mr. Chancy, in an ecstasy, got down upon his knees to explain the operation of the machinery. "As the chair now stands, my dear," said he, "it is no rocking-chair at all—merely a common arm-chair—see, it won't budge an inch. Now, turn this screw, so; enough to loosen this perforated block, as I shall call it, through which the rocker runs—now, the one on the other side; and by moving them along a little distance, it will rock about like your old one; now, move it a little farther, and you see it rocks much more freely, and so on. Both blocks, you observe, must be moved exactly to the same distance; now, to keep them in their places, you turn the screws the other way, until you get them permanently fixed. Isn't it the very thing, my dear?"

"Bless me, Mr. Chancy! If you had just ordered in a stick of wood, or a broom-stick, and laid it on the floor under the rockers, at the place required, it would have answered just as well!"

"A stick of wood, a broom-stick!—in your parlours, Mrs. Chancy! I wonder at you—why, my dear, this chair will be a model for the whole trade!"

"And if I want to rock myself either more or less, I must get down on the floor and work with these screws for ten or fifteen minutes!"

"Why, Mrs. Chancy, I am astonished at you! but that's always the way with the ig—I mean the uninitiated; they always object to anything they are not accustomed to. Franklin was laughed at for bringing down electricity, and Fulton for talking about steamboats!"

"Well, well, Mr. Chancy," said the lady, seeing that her husband grew warm, "we won't talk any more about the plan, but you certainly have gone to an unnecessary expense. Now, if you had taken that money and bought me a new workstand, which I need very much, you would have spent it to some advantage."

"A workstand, my dear? I am much obliged to you for the idea; it will be the very thing for me; I'll invent you one!"

"I don't want one invented," said Mrs. Chancy, thinking that something must have gone wrong with her husband's brain; and she used the same arguments as against the chair, but without effect. Mr. Chancy was bent upon the exercise of his mechanical faculties, and returned to his drawing and calculating, with renewed interest, and the workstand was duly projected. In the meantime, the chair was not overlooked. He seldom entered the house without bringing some acquaintance along to do honour to his invention, and, on every occasion, the machinery was made to go through

the whole duty, and of all seats in the house, none would suit him but that.

"Really, Mr. Chaney, you have worn your pants quite threadbare, by getting down on your knees, to work with your screws, and I am afraid you will wear holes in my new carpets by such incessant rocking," said his wife, beginning to grow weary of so much company, and such perpetual motion. Accident, however, befriended her more than remonstrance could have done. One day, on coming home to dinner, he took off the screws to do a little filing to them, when a summons to the table interrupted his work, and he laid them aside to complete them afterwards. The business of dining over, he returned to the parlour, and forgetting that his chair was without its supports, he threw himself into it, with the careless independence of a man who has just had a dinner to his liking, with no particular trouble on his mind. The weight of so bulky a person against the wrong side of the centre of gravity, threw the chair so far back upon its rockers, that they gave way, and Mr. Chaney, to the alarm of the house, was precipitated on the floor.

"Really—I can't—help—laughing! ha! ha!" said Mrs. Chaney, when she perceived him jumping up without injury; "it is well that no one but yourself met with the first serious consequence of your invention."

"It is very unkind in you, Mrs. Chaney, positively, quite unfeeling, to laugh at one on such an occasion," returned Mr. Chaney, getting in a passion to cover his mortification; "accidents may happen to anybody's invention; if you had thought a moment, your own observation must have convinced you of that. How many steamboat and railroad accidents have you heard of lately? Every newspaper, almost, brings intelligence of some shocking catastrophe originating in the best constructed machinery."

Mrs. Chaney was easily corrected; she apologized with much humility, inquired if he was hurt, and consoled with him so affectionately that he soon recovered his wonted good humour. We should have said, almost. A little pique still remained, which, instead of putting a check upon his new passion, ministered to its ardour. To be laughed at by his own wife! it was more than a man of his spirit ought to submit to, and Mr. Chaney determined that she, as well as the world, should appreciate his abilities. So, though the chair was allowed a little rest, other projects went actively on. Though previously not much of a reader, he was now seldom seen in the house without a book in his hand; some treatise or other relating to the subjects uppermost in his head. It was hard to get a sentence out of him that did not contain the word machine, or machinery, or a synonyme. He talked about the lever, the fulcrum, the wheel or axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge and the screw, as understandingly as a schoolboy, reciting his well conned lesson in mechanics. His old acquaintances were much

surprised, and his new ones inquired if Mr. Chaney was not rather eccentric.

The workstand was completed—a complication of intricacies. There were drawers within drawers, and boxes within boxes; an apartment for each spool of cotton, with a lid to shut over it, and a lever to lift it out; all requiring as much time in opening and shutting, raising up, and pushing aside, as it would have taken to extricate the various implements and materials from a disordered work-bag. Mrs. Chaney did not presume to laugh this time, but assuring the inventor that it was too ingenious for anything but a curiosity, she declined making any deposits in it. Mr. Chaney himself was more delighted with it than with his first performance; so much so, that he was not satisfied with the admiration and approbation of merely his friends and neighbours, but he clandestinely slipped into the communication boxes of several printing offices, copies, in a carefully disguised hand, of a note to the following effect: "The editor of—— is respectfully invited to examine a highly curious specimen of American mechanical ability; a workstand invented by our worthy and ingenious townsman, Job Chaney, Esq. It may be seen at the furniture rooms of Messrs. D—— G——, &c." Thither it had been remanded for exhibition.

The workstand was followed by a work-box and a footstool, and a coffee-roaster, and a coffee-boiler. Mrs. Chaney no longer felt any inclination to laugh. She sighed at the footstool, and groaned at the coffee-pot. She became apparently the most contented woman in the world, being afraid to complain of anything about the house, however inconvenient it was, or out of repair, lest she should hear the ominous response, "I'll invent you one." Another cause now operated against her as much as her laughing had done. No editors called, and Mr. Chaney got no puffs, and he felt compromised with his dignity to persevere, until they should be compelled to lend him a hand on his way up the hill of Fame. To accomplish this, some great effort must be made, and he determined that the result should be a cooking-stove.

His readings were now doubled, and his drawings quadrupled. The margins of every newspaper brought into the house were covered with squares and parallelograms, and triangles and circles, and spheroids, and the pans of the parlour grates, whenever he was in the house, were to the extreme annoyance of his wife, always littered with whittlings. So great an undertaking required a more practical acquaintance with the mysteries of the mechanical powers than he possessed as yet, and he daily frequented the manufactories where they operated to the fullest extent. As his plan matured, he became more and more charmed with it, and he concluded that he must have it patented. The construction of the model followed, and increased his labours as well as his satisfaction. It was now a rare chance to find him in his counting room. The clerks were running every day to his house in search of him, and of his resorts his wife

was as ignorant as they, for he intended that his production should remain a profound secret, until he should be able to present it to the world, all finished and furnished from pipe to feet. Then came the time for the casting of the plates, and as the foundry at which this was to be executed was at some distance in the country, his absenteeism was proportionably increased. His business, for want of his attention, began to decline, and, in one week, the sometime honest and punctual Job Chancy had two notes protested. Of this Mrs. Chancy was informed, their eldest son being employed in the book-keeping, and her uneasiness became greater and greater. His friends, too, became acquainted with it, and adding it to his frequent disappearances from his post, and the abstracted and restless manner which had grown upon him, they began to question each other as to whether Chancy had not got himself into difficulties.

A journey to Washington brought matters to a climax. He had never before left home without taking his wife with him, if on pleasure, nor, if on business, without giving her a statement of what was to be transacted, and this time he did neither. Her anxiety may be imagined. Our readers, we presume, will understand that he went to enter his model, and, if they have made the trip, and noticed of themselves, in the model room of the Patent Office, or had pointed out to them by the courteous gentleman, who at that time presided there, Mr. E—w—h, or any of his polite coadjutors, a miniature stove, immeasurably surpassing in complexity the hundred others there exhibited, they may rest assured that they have seen Mr. Chancy's.

On the day that Mr. Chancy was expected home, his wife went out on some necessary business, when, turning a corner near the house, as she came homeward, she observed two drays driving from the door. Entering the house, she discovered an unusual bustle about the premises, and a loud rattling and clashing and rolling in the kitchen attracted her thither. Here she discovered an immense pile of metal deposited in the place of her well arranged and convenient cooking stove, and her husband running busily around it, with his coat off, and his outstretched hands blackened to the wrists, while the domestic force were looking on with curiosity and amazement. Without a word of salutation appropriate to his return, after an absence of several days, he exclaimed with a triumphant gesture towards his new possession, "Well, my dear, what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Chancy was gazing in consternation: "Bless me, Mr. Chancy!" she ejaculated, "what upon earth are you doing with a locomotive in my kitchen!"

"A locomotive! ha! ha!—in one sense, though, it is really a locomotive,—it will do half your work for you of itself! ha! ha!"

"What is it, Mr. Chancy?" demanded the lady, in her turn getting angry at being laughed at; "what is it?—you don't pretend to call that monstrous thing a cooking stove!"

"Don't I, madam?—what is it then, but a cooking stove!—a cooking stove of my own invention; one for which I am to have a patent—one that is to supersede all others, and to be universally known as Chancy's Cooking Stove. What should all these utensils be for, if not for a cooking stove?" and he pointed to a stack of pots and pans and so forth, covering the table from one end to the other, and a similar one on the dresser. "Look here, Mrs. Chancy," he continued; "you never saw such a collection of conveniences before, in your life. Here are cast-iron boilers, and sheet-iron boilers, and tin boilers. Here are cast-iron pans, and sheet-iron pans, and tin pans; and iron roasters and tin roasters; and iron bakers, and tin bakers, and here are an iron tea-kettle, and a copper one; and stew-pans,—see, every variety. Here are steamers of every size and form, and a large griddle and smaller ones, besides different sized gridirons, and preservers and picklers,—"

"Mercy on us! why, Mr. Chancy, you must surely be *deranged*! My kitchen already contains as many cooking utensils as we need, and can hold no more. You will have to put up a new building if you want room for all these nonsensical rattletraps."

"Ha! ha! really you amuse me, my dear! I thought you were much more judicious; send the old ones up to the store room,—you will never need them again, I warrant you. Here are utensils enough to cook dinner for a hundred people."

"I don't expect ever to cook dinner for a hundred people, Mr. Chancy, nor the half of it. When had we fifty people to dine with us, and when are we likely to have; and supposing we were, how am I, or how is anybody else, ever to learn the twistings and turnings of such a machine as that?"

"Without any difficulty, my dear,—nothing is more easy; that is, though the design of it cost me an infinite deal of thought, I flatter myself that I have made it so apparent, that it will take but a moderate degree of reasoning power to comprehend it."

"A cooking stove ought to be comprehended without any reasoning power," said Mrs. Chancy, who was no logician; "everything about it ought to be plain at first sight. Ask the best of cooks, and they will tell you that the more simple such things are, the better."

"Well, my dear, this is perfectly simple, when you understand it; have patience a moment and I will show you. Now to arrange your roasters;—unscrew this rod, and yonder plate will move along on that little railroad to this point; then by turning this crank, it will fall back against this flue, and form an inclined plane."

"I know nothing about cranks, and flues, and inclined planes," said Mrs. Chancy, snappishly, "and if I did, of what use would these monstrous roasters be to me; any one of them would roast an ox whole!"

"Well, my dear, that is proof positive that they will be large enough for any of your purposes;"

pose. Mr. Chaney, intending his speech to be a poser.

"We can go the whole hog, now," said Alexander, the man-servant, with a chuckle.

"And, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Chaney, "it will take as much fuel to cook a pair of chickens, as for anything large enough to fill them."

"Fuel?—that reminds me to show you how it is to be heated. You perceive it is constructed for either wood or coal, or for both at once. Observe; the place for the boilers is intended for wood, and the part for the bakers, for coal, if you choose. You will never have smoked bread and pies after this, I promise you!"

"My bread and pies never was smoked!" said Prudy, the cook, who conceived that her own credit was concerned in the latter clause.

"No, Prudy, your bread and pastry are always good;" said Mr. Chaney, kindly anxious to convince her that no offence was intended; "I did not mean to insinuate the contrary, but I mean it will save them from the possibility of being smoked. But fill one of the tea-kettles, Prudy, and let us see how soon it will make water boil. If my calculations are correct, we could all be driven out of the kitchen by the heat, in short order."

Prudy obeyed, and Mr. Chaney himself commenced kindling the fire. "It will save us half the expense of sawing wood," said he; "the sticks need only be sawed through once to be short enough."

"But half a cord will scarcely be enough to heat it all over," returned Mrs. Chaney.

"It will seldom need to be heated all over, my dear; these flues, and valves, and dampers, will regulate that," said Mr. Chaney, and observing that the wood did not take fire readily, he called for the bellows, and commenced blowing with great industry. Still the fire would not act. It would blaze up in a feeble flame for an instant, and then sink again into darkness. It was evident that there was not draught sufficient. Mr. Chaney examined the pipe, pounded on its joints, and shoved it farther into the chimney. Then he sent Alexander for some fine splinters, and after turning some of his dampers, he addressed himself again to the bellows. During this time, he proceeded by snatches, with his explanations to his wife, who, though she properly ceased to object, before the servants, looked as though she thought to apprehend it was out of the question; and Prudy, who, as it belonged to her province, was interested to learn, gazed at it in despair. At last a sickly, smoking fire was lighted, and Mr. Chaney, after giving orders that the utensils should be properly cleaned, and disposed to the best advantage, against he should wish to exhibit them, reluctantly followed his wife into the parlour.

Tea time came and passed without the appearance of tea, yet in consideration that it would take time for the stove to get into the way of performing its duty, Mr. Chaney waited with the greatest patience; and when the accustomed refreshment

did make its appearance, it is needless to say that he partook of it with unusual gusto;—so much so, that Mrs. Chaney, who had made the discovery, thought it a pity to disturb him, by communicating that the kitchen cabinet, finding that the kettle would not boil on the stove, agreed, after due deliberation, to make a fire in the chimney;—a resolution rather difficult to execute, from the close proximity of that ponderous body.

The next morning Mr. Chaney was up bright and early, to superintend the preparations for breakfast; for, as a greater number of divisions must be called into action for their generous morning's meal, he rightly concluded that Prudy would not understand how to manage them. The same difficulties occurred with the fire as the evening before, and he brought the morning's paper into the kitchen, read the editorials, the selected intelligence, the prices current, the shipping list, and half the advertisements, but still the contents of the kettle could not reach the requisite 212°. Mrs. Chaney's specified half a cord was supplied, and then it did boil, while most of the viands for breakfast were burnt to cinders.

Then commenced an order of things, which had never before existed among the Chanseys. Waiting for meals, eating them half done and over done, grumbling of servants, and all kinds of work hindered and delayed by the cooking stove. Washing day came, and a sufficiency of water could not be heated, though the boilers, as Mrs. Chaney said, were large enough to propel as many steamboats; and ironing day, and the clothes were in constant danger of being scorched, if not burnt, by the superfluous heat of the smoothing irons. Mr. Chaney, who had before always been a pattern of propriety in domestic matters, was now, in the words of Prudy, continually poking his nose into the kitchen, so that Rosetta the chamber-maid, who was rather pert, suggested the expediency of pinning a dishcloth to his coat skirts,—the prescribed punishment for a gentleman so offending. Nor was he satisfied to intrude alone, but daily he brought in a delegation of his friends, to aid him in admiring his performance, till, at length, poor Mrs. Chaney, who had always been placidity and forbearance personified, gave herself up to her troubles, and detailed her own grievances and the complaints of the servants without mercy.

"Alexander gave me notice this morning to look out for another waiter," said she, about a fortnight after the advent of the stove.

"He did! why, my dear, what does he intend to do?"

"To find another place, of course, Mr. Chaney."

"But, my dear, how could we get along without Alick? what has offended him? he has always appeared satisfied with us."

"And so he was, until that stove came into the house; that is what drives him away, and no wonder! He says he had work enough for all his time before, to do it properly, and now it is doubled. He has to spend half the day lifting about those

tremendous boilers and roasters and steamers for Prudy, as they are too heavy for a woman to handle, and in splitting kindling wood. Besides that, he soils as much more clothing as formerly, and has burnt two aprons, and entirely ruined a good pair of pantaloons by scorching them till they had to be patched on the knees. Alick considers himself too genteel to be always wearing patched clothes, and he could not afford to buy as many as that stove would destroy."

"Let him go, then," said Mr. Chaney in a huff.

"It is easy enough to let him go, Mr. Chaney, but not so easy to get another in his place. You know we could leave the keys of the whole house with him, for any length of time, and feel perfectly safe; and that he always does his business well, and without direction. Everybody thinks that we have quite a treasure in Alexander, and we are to lose him on account of that stove!"

"If servants can't appreciate the conveniences their employers provide for them, all we have to do, is to change them."

"The servants or the conveniences, which?" asked Mrs. Chaney eagerly.

"The servants, to be sure; let Alick go, and I'll soon find a substitute." Alick did go, and a substitute was found, but he took leave in a few days, for the same reason.

"We are to lose Prudy, too, Mr. Chaney," said Mrs. Chaney a day or two after.

"Not Prudy! why, what's the matter now?"

"She strained her back last evening lifting one of those boilers, which she has been obliged to do herself, since Alexander went away. She was not able to go to work this morning, and has gone to her sister's until she shall be able to look out for another situation. I am afraid it is a serious affair."

"Well, then, we must get a cook who will be stronger, my dear."

"Really, Mr. Chaney! as if it were a matter of course that we should get people to suit our stoves, instead of stoves to suit our people! Prudy was the person for us, exactly, before you brought that misfortune upon us. She was not too proud to do plain cooking, and yet could cook on extra occasions with the best."

"All that is true, my dear, but it is evident that she is not strong enough in the back."

"And that is not the worst, Mr. Chaney. Rosetta threatens to go too. She has got a cold in the head, from leaving the doors open, when the stove heats the kitchen beyond bearing, and says that it is so uncomfortable, she can't stand it much longer. It is always too hot or too cold, and with so many utensils littered about, can never be made to look genteel, when her friends come to see her; you know she is a respectable coloured girl. Besides that, she can neither wash nor iron with any credit, and the cook and waiter are everlastingly grumbling at the stove, and at each other, about it."

"Then, my dear, give her her walking papers, too; a pretty story that we must submit to such rebellious creatures!"

"If you were obliged to go into the kitchen to do the work, as I shall be, if all the servants leave us, you would talk in a different strain, Mr. Chaney."

"Why, my dear, that stove, if properly managed, would do half your work for you," said Mr. Chaney; and his wife, for the first time since their marriage, a period of sixteen years, interrupted him by flouncing out of the room, and slamming the door after her.

With much difficulty Mrs. Chaney persuaded Rosetta to stay, and as she had Alick's work as well as her own to attend to, the lady herself was obliged to do the cooking, a substitute for Prudy not having been found. This, in itself, would have been no great hardship to her, as she had been an adept in all household affairs, before she became well enough off to secede from their performance, but to cook with Mr. Chaney's stove was another matter. She was obliged to confine herself to a simple routine of dishes, which it was the least impossible to prepare with it, and Mr. Chaney, who had been accustomed to good living, and was fond of variety, had to partake of them without complaint. Yet he never lost faith in the excellency of his invention, and he felt inclined to pronounce, mentally, his wife to be as stupid as the domestics.

"My dear," said he, a few days after the departure of Alexander's successor, "you know I do not make it a practice to invite company without first consulting you, but to-day I met with a party of gentlemen, who I am anxious should see my stove tested, and asked them to dine with me to-morrow. They are, an eastern gentleman; a professor of natural philosophy; two or three editors, who can materially assist my reputation; a celebrated machinist, and also I invited a few of my more immediate private friends,—about a dozen in all."

"Why, can it be possible, Mr. Chaney, that you would do such a thing!—invite a dozen of gentlemen to dinner, when we have not a single servant but one chambermaid, and I am compelled to do the cooking myself!"

"But I'll get you servants plenty. I have just engaged an Irish waiter at one of the Intelligence offices, an active, willing lad, as can be found. I was resolved to have nothing more to do with those impertinent black fellows. He'll be here in the morning. I believe he has never served in the house before, but white servants, Europeans, think of nothing but obeying orders. And I'll hire you a professed cook for the day."

"There is no cook who could do anything with that stove," said Mrs. Chaney, tartly.

"Nonsense, my dear! a cook who understands her business thoroughly, a professed cook, can cook with anything. When you have the whole structure in operation, which it has never been yet, you will find it to work to a charm. I will attend to heating it properly myself, so that you need give yourself no uneasiness about it."

Mrs. Chaney's disaffection, serious as it was,

had not yet arrived at such a crisis as to lead her to combat what was irremediable, and, the gentlemen being invited, she no further demurred, but set to work upon a plan for the morrow's entertainment, though it was not without many misgivings. She, however, stipulated that her husband should not bring any of his guests into the kitchen before the dinner was over.

The next morning Mrs. Chaney arose before the sun to do the marketing, Mr. Chaney insisting that even a greater variety than is usual on such occasions, should be prepared, that the stove might be tested to the fullest extent. She returned with a bountiful supply, having spared neither trouble nor expense in collecting it, and found her husband busy, as usual, with the stove, preparatory to breakfast; and well he earned his morning's meal! While eating it, he whetted his appetite with conjecturing what would be the complimentary terms relating to himself in the paragraphs of the next day's papers, which he expected to notice:—"A sumptuous and elegant repast, prepared at the mansion of Job Chaney, Esq., by a cooking stove of his own invention."

Breakfast over, the cook made her appearance. She cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance at the stove, as she untied her bonnet strings, and asked if *that* was what she was to cook in. Mr. Chaney replied in the affirmative, and, all alert, threw back some of the plates, and commenced an explanation of its *modus operandi*. She tied her bonnet again.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," she said, resolutely; "but I never undertake to cook in a stove unless I understand it. Them that cook for a living must take care of their reputation."

Mrs. Chaney tried persuasion, and Mr. Chaney offered double wages, but without success; and she withdrew. It was time to commence preparations, and Mr. Chaney set off at full speed in quest of some one who would engage in the arduous undertaking; but without there being any apparent reason for it, except to disappoint Mr. Chaney, cooks seemed, for that day, to have been particularly in demand. Not one could be obtained, and Mrs. Chaney was obliged to draw upon the services of an old woman, living in an alley close by, who was considered a useful hand at work in general, and to prepare for being the principal official in the kitchen herself, which she did on condition that her husband would stay at home to regulate the stove.

The morning wore round, and the new waiter presented himself—a sturly Irish youth, of eighteen or nineteen, with a new pair of boots, which creaked and thumped at every step; his coat buttoned so closely that it seemed a marvel that he could move at all, and his hat set on one side of his head on the top of an immense pile of rough, sandy hair. Rosetta being engaged with the parlours and the table things, he was taken into the kitchen to assist there. Through Mrs. Chaney's labours and directions, everything that hands could do was done

well and soon; but what was to be effected by the stove, threatened to prove a failure. Some divisions were too much heated, and others scarcely heated at all, and Mrs. Chaney heard the first ring of the bell, announcing an arrival, with a sinking heart.

The hour came at which the dinner should have been served, and some of the dishes were ready, while others had scarcely commenced cooking; and as Mr. Chaney was now obliged to remain in the parlours with the company, matters grew worse and worse. At length it became necessary to bring him out; and Mrs. Chaney directed her new waiting man to call him. He did so, literally, presenting himself at the folding-doors in an apron of Rosetta's, having come unprepared for immediate service, and said, in the loudest voice, "Mester Chauncy, will ye come intil the kitchen if it please ye?"

The professor of natural philosophy was in the midst of a scientific harangue, and Mr. Chaney, keeping his seat through deference to his guest, gave a nod to the messenger, and continued to listen.

"Mester Chauncy, plase to come intil the kitchen, will ye?" persisted the summoner, presuming that he had not been heard the first time.

"In a few minutes, Patrick," Mr. Chaney was constrained to answer, forgetting, as he did so, the name of his new ally, who, not willing to submit to a misnomer, promptly corrected him—"Ye've made a mistake, sir; my name is Ar-r-tur, at your service."

"Very well, Arthur," said Mr. Chaney, with a wink and a gesture to him to retire; but just then Mrs. Chaney came to the kitchen door to see what detained her husband and her aid, and beckoned through the window to the latter. "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell him!" He returned, and again entering the doorway, he continued, at the height of his voice, "Ye're very badly wanted, sir; if ye don't haste ye intil the kitchen, and help to turn the roast pig out of the stove, it'll be burnt till death, and ye'll have till ate the turnips raw! Mestress Chauncy is waiting for ye at the back door in a terrible pucker!"

Thus entreated, Mr. Chaney was obliged to hasten out; and he found matters as Arthur had described. Then for the first time his own confidence began to be shaken; but concealing his apprehension, he proceeded with his usual process of opening and shutting valves, turning dampers, and so forth. But it grew later and later. The guests began to look anxiously towards the back parlour, and to show signs of hunger in their countenances; and it was necessary to send in the dinner cooked or uncooked. Some of the dishes were burnt until it would have been difficult to discover their specific names; some showed the faintest possible proof of the action of fire, while others, which had been perfected by it too soon, and would have been spoiled by standing, had been replaced by a new set. Never had a meal so abund-

dant, and abundantly bad, been seen in the house before. Poor Mrs. Chaney, all smoked and red and perspiring, was necessitated to dress and present herself at the table, conscious as she was that the failure of everything upon it would disable her from doing the honours properly; nor was her husband less disconcerted, both on account of his wife and of the stove. The new waiter, also, constantly added to their annoyance by his blunders; and though they were inclined to dismiss him from the room, he could not be spared. Rosetta was also in attendance, but she could not have done his part with her own. On his removing the soup, Mrs. Chaney noticed that his hands were so thickly streaked with black, that everything he touched was in danger of receiving the same hue, and when he came near her she pointed to it significantly.

"Don't I know it, ma'am?" he returned, in a loud, wheezing whisper, which could be heard all round the table, and farther yet, Mr. Chaney having corrected him for his loud parlance in the drawing-room; "but where's the use of being for ever washing one's hands? Every time I go out, the ould lady in the kitchen is for making me temper the stove and lift some of them smoky boilers."

Mrs. Chaney shook her head to silence him. "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" he asked, not taking the hint, and in rather a louder tone, at which one or two of the gentlemen smiled, and Rosetta giggled.

Mrs. Chaney now felt herself obliged to apologize for some of the dishes, and her husband, with regard to her feelings, was kind enough to assist her by saying, that any deficiencies must be attributed to the cook not having got into the way of managing the stove.

The second course having come on, Arthur, who had been bringing it in, after depositing the last article, asked, in another of his whispers, "How long 'll it take ye, ma'am, till ate up this tableful? The ould lady wants me till go intil the cellar and split her a faggot of pine to poke among the stone-coal and keep it a-going, or the pies 'll be dried intil water crackers."

Again Mrs. Chaney shook her head, at which Arthur again demanded, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?"

Then came another course as bad as those preceding, and, to increase her vexation, Mrs. Chaney noticed that Arthur had brought in knives more discoloured than those he had taken away. She ordered him, in a low voice, to "bring the clean ones." "These are the clane ones, Mistress Chauncy," he returned, this time forgetting to whisper at all; "I upset the vinegar on them when I was saving the turkey from bein' drowned by the soup, and forgot till scour them, when the ould lady put me at paaling the last diggin' of potatoes."

Mrs. Chaney once more shook her head, and Arthur replied, for the third time, which, indeed,

proved the charm, for, fearing farther communications, she ordered him from the room, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" and, as he was going, he added to Rosetta, who, as he passed her, in an energetic whisper, explained his fault, "Hould your tongue, ye jade! d'ye think I have till be tached my manners by a nagur?"

His exit, however, was not final. In a few minutes he came rushing back, exclaiming, "Presarve us, Mester Chauncy! och, murder! the chembly's a-fire, and we'll all be burnt out of house and home! och, that stove! the ould boy's in it, to a sartainty!" and Mr. Chaney flew to the kitchen. The guests hastened to the windows, and, in truth, beheld volumes of thick smoke, with a dusky blaze, bursting from the chimney. Mr. Chaney, in his impatience to set up his stove, had neglected to have it swept, and serious danger was now apprehended. The day was windy, and large masses of burning soot were blown about the roof. The boys in the street immediately raised the alarm, the nearest firebell rang, and in a few minutes three or four engines were rattling around the house. The fire was soon extinguished, but the damage did not end with it. There had been a dearth of conflagrations for some time; and the youths who had been so prompt to save the house, in their delight to show off their engines, continued to pour floods of water, not only down the kitchen chimney, until everything in their way, the stove excepted, was ready to swim, but down that of the back parlour also, and Mrs. Chaney's elegant new carpet and needle-worked rug sustained such an injury as could never be remedied.

Of course, to return to dinner after such a turmoil was not to be thought of, and the gentlemen, after waiting until they saw their entertainers out of danger, took their hats and their leave.

"It is all your fault, Mr. Chaney, with your abominable stove!" exclaimed Mrs. Chaney, as soon as the guests had retired, easing her fright and her vexation, as it is common for ladies to do, by a hearty fit of crying; "you have turned off my servants, half killed me with labour, ruined my temper, disgraced my housekeeping, and now given me this terrible fright; I shall never get over it!"

Mr. Chaney did not gainsay her reproaches; but the next day he quietly had his invention removed from the kitchen, and the former stove restored to its place. Though he did not acknowledge it even to himself, but blamed all the mischances on the obtuseness of his household, he was convinced that the mere desire to be thought a genius is not alone sufficient to make one. He did not stop here, but recalled Alexander, paid Prudy's doctor's bill, and brought her back; and the next time he gave a dinner, though it was not prepared with the expectation of a newspaper puff, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it well deserved one.

MR. HENRY GOWEN.

BY MRS. C. K. POWNELL.

"WHAT a lovely girl Emma Wharton is," said Charles Lawrey to a chance acquaintance whom he happened to meet in the street, and as the young man spoke he glanced his eye across the way to a young lady whose graceful step and elegant figure attracted universal attention.

"Ah! is that Miss Wharton?" said Mr. Henry Gowen, the person whom he addressed, "I've heard she is rich; but there's no knowing certainly now-a-days, since if a girl has but a thousand dollars she is made an heiress by the popular report."

"I do not pretend to know how wealthy Miss Wharton is," replied Lawrey with some coldness. "She is an old acquaintance, but I have never troubled myself about her riches."

"Faith, now, that's the first thing I *would* trouble myself about. There isn't a girl I have known for a month, a knowledge of whose fortune I haven't at my fingers' ends. It don't do to throw oneself away on an angel without a sixpence. Catch me at it."

Mr. Henry Gowen spoke frankly. He made it his business to ascertain, at the earliest possible period after an introduction, the exact fortune of every single lady whom he honored with his acquaintance—we say *honored*, for as Mr. Henry Gowen had a few thousands of his own, and was thought to be the handsomest man in his family, he considered it quite a condescension in him to make the acquaintance of any lady. On marrying a rich wife he was fully resolved. That such advantages as his should be thrown away on a penniless girl was not to be thought of, and if ever a hawk had a keen eye for its prey Mr. Henry Gowen had one for an heiress.

From what Charles Lawrey had said, the fortune-hunter suspected that Miss Wharton was really worth more than he had at first suspected, so he lost no time in making her acquaintance, and, as a matter of course, began to prosecute his enquiries as to her wealth, with what effect will appear from the following conversation held with Charles Lawrey about a month subsequent to the preceding interview.

"I can tell you all about Miss Wharton," said Gowen, as they met in the street.

"Ah!"

"Yes! I soon ferreted it out. Leave me alone for an enquiry such as this. Miss Wharton is worth exactly one hundred and ten thousand dollars, in ground-rents, mortgages, and houses. She has also twenty thousand dollars in stocks. Her income must be at least seven thousand dollars—a very pretty pill as times go. And then she's deucedly handsome. Faith! I've made up

my mind to make love to her, so if you know any body who has an eye that way you can give him a friendly hint that it's no use," and Mr. Henry Gowen pulled up his shirt collar with all the coxcomby and conceit of a finished exquisite.

There might have been seen a look of surprise on the face of Lawrey when his acquaintance first announced his intentions toward Miss Wharton, but this expression quickly subsided into a quiet smile, which also soon passed away, so that ere Mr. Henry Gowen had finished speaking, the countenance of his hearer had assumed its usual composed appearance.

"Pray, when do you intend to bring matters to a crisis?" asked Lawrey.

"In a month at furthest. When I've once made up my mind I lose no time; and I flatter myself that I've already made a considerable impression on Miss Wharton."

"You conceited coxcomb!" muttered Lawrey to himself, and, after a few common place expressions they parted.

"Emma," said Lawrey that evening, as he entered the parlor where sat his betrothed, "who do you think is about to aspire to your hand, or rather to your fortune, for it seems he has found out that you have one?"

"Who?" said the lovely girl, "oh! surely you must mean Mr. Gowen—he is the only fortune-hunter among my acquaintance," she added laughing, "and now I recollect he has been acting very killingly of late, and has even gone so far as to send me this piece of verse—poetry he calls it."

Lawrey took the manuscript and read the poem, laughing with Emma over it. At length he spoke.

"As no one knows of our engagement, dearest, this fellow has made me his confidant, and told me to warn any body that it would be useless to pretend to your hand, while he is in the field. What think you of that Emma?"

Emma's fine eyes flashed.

"I will bring down his coxcomby yet, with your permission, dear Charles. The impudent fellow! For the sake of my sex I ought to expose him. Pray, did he honor you with the exact amount of my fortune?"

"To the very cent, a piece of information I never possessed before. I wondered where he learned it, for his minute particularity convinced me that he spoke with authority; but to-day as I was going to Court, I met the clerk of the Surrogate, who called me to him. He asked me if I knew you, and then if I knew Gowen, 'for,' says he, 'that gentleman has been here looking at the late Mr. Wharton's will, and calculating from it the daughter's fortune. Now, I do not know Miss Wharton, but I think she ought to be acquainted with this.' So you see, Emma, your suitor has it all by the card."

"Oh! the wretch," said Emma laughingly, "and he thinks himself so irresistible that he can win a lady at once."

"And he tells me he will propose for you in a month, and that his success is certain," said her lover with mock solemnity, and then both, looking a moment into each others faces, burst into a merry laugh, which lasted for some minutes.

"A thought strikes me," said Emma, at length, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and then she recounted to her lover a plan which she had formed, which only increased their laughter. What the plan was that so pleased Emma and Lawrey will appear in due time.

The attentions of Mr. Henry Gowen to the fair Emma Wharton, soon became the theme of conversation, and many an opinion was hazarded as to whether the attachment was reciprocal. Of the sentiments of the gentleman there could apparently be no doubt, since his attentions were constant and minute; but the conduct of Emma was not so easily unriddled, since, although she did not reject the attentions of her new lover, she could hardly be said to encourage them. The gossipers, however, came at length to the conclusion that "it was to be a match," and that the deportment of the lady was to be attributed wholly to coyness.

A fortnight, meantime, had elapsed since the conversation betwixt Lawrey and Emma, when Mr. Henry Gowen again met Lawrey in the street.

"Deuced fine girl, Lawrey, is that Miss Wharton," said Mr. Henry Gowen, "I was never so deeply in love in my life."

"With her fortune, you mean," drily said Lawrey.

"No, faith, with herself—I confess, betwixt you and I, it was her money that first induced me to pay attention to her, but I'm afraid I'm more deeply interested in her than would be prudent, if there was any danger of a refusal."

"So you think your success is certain."

"Why, yes, I may say so—I fancy there is little doubt. Emma is a little coy, to be sure, but, aside from that, every synptom is favorable! Ah! but here comes the angel herself—good bye—don't you wish you were as happy as I am."

"A precious rascal!" said Lawrey to himself, as he bowed to Emma, and exchanged with her a meaning smile.

Mr. Henry Gowen hastened to join the side of Emma, and accompanied her home. Soliciting a few minutes *fête-a-lête* with her he entered the parlor and took his seat by her side. Then, in a set speech which he had duly composed and committed to memory for the occasion, he tendered to Miss Wharton his heart, hand, and fortune. Emma heard him out gravely and then replied,

"I certainly ought to feel honored by your proposal, sir, but as I attribute it wholly to my fortune and not to

myself, I cannot be so highly flattered as I should under other circumstances. Excuse me for declining your proposal," she said, rising, "and take a word of counsel. 'Never go again to the Surrogate's Office to learn a lady's wealth.' Good morning, sir."

These words, without the tone in which they were pronounced, would have been sufficient to discomfit even a greater coxcomb than Mr. Henry Gowen. He felt as if he could have wished the floor to open and swallow him from the scornful look of Miss Wharton. Seizing his hat he hurried to the door, and before night was on his way to the Springs.

A merry laugh had Emma and her lover that evening over the discomfited fortune-hunter. And when, a few months later, Mr. Henry Gowen saw their marriage in the newspaper, and recollected that he had made a confidant of Charles Lawrey, he wisely concluded that even the Springs would not save him from ridicule, and sailed at once for Europe.

Original.

MRS. JUDGE M'LEAN.

MRS. M'LEAN was born in South Carolina. Her father, Dr. Edwards, and also her mother, were natives of Virginia. While she was quite young her parents removed to Kentucky, and settled in Scott county. They were both members of the Baptist Church. Dr. Edwards, having a delicate constitution and being in feeble health, lived only a few years after this removal. After the lapse of some years his widow was married to Dr. Stubbs, an Englishman, of somewhat eccentric habits, but of great learning. He had been regularly ordained as an Episcopal clergyman, in England; but after his migration to America he was principally engaged in teaching the languages, astronomy, and the various branches of the mathematics. Under his direction Miss Edwards acquired an accurate knowledge of the English language, and of some other branches of education.

Mr. Stubbs removed from Scott to Boon county, and thence to Campbell, in the neighborhood of Newport. It was there, in 1803, that Miss Edwards became acquainted with Mr. M'Lean, her future husband. He studied the languages under Mr. Stubbs. At this time they were both young, he being eighteen and she seventeen years of age; but an attachment was formed which continued through life.

In March, 1807, they were married, and shortly afterwards fixed their residence in Lebanon, Ohio. Mr. M'Lean the succeeding fall commenced the practice of the law, and had no other reliance for the support of his family. At that time a more rigid economy was observed than at the present day, without any restriction on social enjoyments.

A few years after their marriage, through the instrumentality of that excellent and pious minister of God, the Rev. John Collins, they were brought to think seriously of religion. And they agreed with each other to seek for it earnestly and perseveringly, in the way recommended. This was no hasty decision produced by momentary excitement. It was formed most deliberately, after many conversations on the subject. Some weeks after this determination, in the fall of 1810, at the house of Mr. Anderson, in Lebanon, an invitation being given, by Mr. Collins, after sermon, they approached him together and joined the Methodist Church. On the same day another couple and several other persons joined. From this time a revival in Lebanon commenced, which increased the Church in that place, from a small class, to one of the most respectable societies in number and character in the state.

The days of this revival have long since passed, and many of its subjects have gone to their final account. Very few of them are now to be found in Lebanon.

But those of them who still live, can never fail to retain the most lively impressions of this memorable period. The members of the Church saw eye to eye, and were truly as a band of brothers. Those who were not of the Church took knowledge, that the members of it had been with Jesus. Great numbers attended on the preaching of the word, and many remained to pray. More excitement may have been often witnessed, in a revival, but such was the spirit of love and of faith, of joy and of triumph, that no one could attend the religious exercises of the society without receiving the most solemn impressions. Mrs. M'Lean engaged most heartily in the cause of religion and of the Church. From the first, under no circumstances was she ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; and it was not long before she was enabled to say, from her own experience, "it is the power of God unto salvation."

She was not enthusiastic in her feelings, but her susceptibilities were acute, and there was an unsurpassed depth of sincerity and firmness of purpose in her soul. At the time she became a member of the Church, almost all her associates were irreligious, and many of them entertained strong prejudices against the Methodists. But this had no weight with her on so momentous a subject. She deliberately counted the cost, and having taken the first step, she cheerfully and joyfully bore the cross. In the religious intercourse of her new friends she found a sweetness and consolation, which the world could not give, and to which she had before been a stranger.

The public duties of her husband, first as a member of Congress, and then as a judge of the Supreme Court of the state, left her nearly half the time alone with her little family, to which she was much devoted. But her religious associations cheered her solitude, and made her happy. At length in the spring of 1823, her husband having received an appointment at Washington, that city became her place of residence. Here a new and an interesting scene opened to her view. She was thrown amongst strangers, and connected with the highest political circles. And among those most distinguished, there were very few who had the form of religion, much less its power. They were generally gay, fashionable, and intelligent. Their entertainments were frequent and brilliant; and her position required that she should attend, and, to some extent, reciprocate them. The ambition and aptitude of her nature soon placed her at ease in these associations, and she conciliated the good will and respect of all with whom she had intercourse. Her acquaintance thus formed, during a six years' residence at Washington, embraced the most distinguished persons of both sexes in every state of the Union, and all the ministers, their ladies and legations from foreign courts, resident at that city.

But she did not give her heart to these things. They were submitted to from a sense of duty, and this would not admit of her falling behind the courtesies of others; but in the bosom of the Church she found her chief enjoyments. These were cherished with a sacredness which nothing was permitted to violate. And in all

her intercourse, she never compromised the dignity and circumspection which belonged to a professor of religion. In the spring of 1829, her husband having been appointed to the supreme bench of the Union, removed his family to Cincinnati. Mrs. M'Lean left, at Washington, a numerous circle of warm friends, and, it is believed, not an enemy. The only pain which resulted from this change was the separation from her eldest and third daughters. They were both married; the former remained at Washington, and the latter in Philadelphia. But this pain was mitigated by the consideration that she should spend her winters at Washington, with her husband, at her daughter's; and pay an annual visit to her daughter in Philadelphia.

In December, 1829, the first stroke of death was felt in her beloved family. Being of a delicate form and constitution, she had experienced, in her own person, much affliction, which she uniformly bore with uncommon fortitude and resignation. But her children had generally been healthy, though not robust. Her youngest son, near nine years old, contracted a severe cold, which fell upon the brain, and which the skill of physicians could not remove. He died after an illness of little more than a week. The hearts of his parents were bound up in this boy. He was exceedingly promising and amiable, and their hopes were fixed upon him. The hope of meeting him in heaven, after his death, was the only consolation left to them. Mrs. M'Lean in this, as in every other trial, showed a firmness in her nature and a confidence in God which could not be shaken. Like David, the child being dead, she restrained her sorrow and submitted with a calm resignation to the afflictive dispensation.

In the course of a few years the health of Mrs. Weed, her eldest daughter, of Washington City, became very precarious. In a short time her disease assumed a pulmonary character, and her physicians advised travel as the best means to protract her life and afford any hope of improving her health. With this view Mrs. M'Lean remained with her, and spent the spring and summer in travel, and at the Red Sulphur Springs of Virginia. These means may have prolonged the life of Mrs. Weed for some months; but as the cold weather of the fall and winter approached, she became worse, and died late in December.

Through all her sickness, night and day, Mrs. M'Lean was with her, administering to the comforts of the body and the instruction of the soul. The body sunk under the pressure of disease, but the soul triumphed. While dying, Mrs. Weed retained the full vigor of her mind, and was perfectly calm and collected. She sent remembrances of love to her friends, and consoled her distracted husband: "Why," said she to him, "do you mourn at my loss? I am happy. I shall soon be in heaven. If you could feel as I now feel, you would not fear death. O seek religion!" Her last hours were thus employed.

This heavy affliction was borne by Mrs. M'Lean, as she had borne the loss of her youngest son. The destroyer had taken her first and last child. He had

broken the family circle, and left a vacuum which neither time nor circumstances could fill.

After the death of Mrs. Weed, Mrs. M'Lean's journeys to Washington were discontinued. The delicacy of her health and the unavoidable exposures in crossing the mountains, in the winter, rendered this necessary.

In the course of a few years her third daughter, Mrs. Richards, having removed from Philadelphia to New York, became ill, and was threatened with the same disease of which her sister died. In hopes of arresting the progress of the disease, she sailed in the fall to the West Indies, and spent the winter at Santa Cruz. Her health was greatly benefited by this voyage and residence; but on her return the vessel encountered, in the bay of New York, a storm which continued several days, from which she contracted a severe cold. This brought on a relapse of the disease, with increased violence. Hearing of her return and illness, her parents, in great haste, visited her. They found her wasting by disease, but cheerful and resigned. After the lapse of some days, the public duties of Judge M'Lean required him to return to the west, but Mrs. M'Lean remained.

The disease continued to advance, and in the course of a few months, Mrs. Richards became its victim. She died as her sister had died, in great peace and triumph. She left a most interesting little daughter about two years of age, which she consigned to the care of its grand-mother. A sudden indisposition of this child, and the entreaties of its bereaved father, induced Mrs. M'Lean to return to the west without it. Mr. Richards engaged to bring her to the west in a short time. But this child was destined to be, indeed, a child of affliction. She was the most beautiful and fascinating little creature that the writer ever beheld. She was as delicate as the flower that grows in the shade. In a short time after the death of her mother, she was seized with a disease of the spine, which for many months prostrated her, and from which she never recovered.

About a year after the death of his wife, Mr. Richards ruptured a blood vessel; and so great were the discharges of blood that his system gave way, and in a few weeks he was numbered with the dead. His afflicted little daughter, as soon as she was able to travel, with a careful and affectionate nurse, was brought to the arms of her grand-mother. For a year or more this beloved child seemed to acquire strength; but the ravages of the disease continued, and greatly injured the beautiful symmetry of her form.

In the fall of 1840, Mrs. Hayward, the fourth daughter of Mrs. M'Lean, and who resided at Boston, was suddenly attacked by a disease which proved fatal in some eight or ten days. In May preceding, this daughter, having spent a year with her parents in the west, left them for home in good health and spirits. This blow was the more distressing as it was so unexpected. The last words of Mrs. Hayward were, "I leave all suddenly, but I shall be happy."

Thus four of the beloved children of Mrs. M'Lean were cut down in the morning of life, whilst the future

was blooming with hope. It is thus that sorrows come when joys are anticipated. How wisely is the future covered from our view. Could we see events in time to come as in time past, we should have little or no relish for life. Our social enjoyments would be marred, by the certainty of an approaching separation. The beauties of nature and the gayeties of life would be shrouded in the gloom of death.

The lovely and afflicted little grand-daughter entwined herself closely around the heart of Mrs. M'Lean. Her disease rendered respiration difficult, so that her life was a continued struggle for existence. But her sufferings and her most endearing qualities, took hold of the deepest affections of the soul. Her extraordinary precocity and beauty of countenance, excited the admiration of all who saw her. But she, too, was destined to fall by the hand of the spoiler. Ere the bud had unfolded its beauties, it fell into decay.

In the summer of 1841, whilst Judge M'Lean was absent on his circuit, this beloved child took the measles, which in a short time proved fatal.

During the winter of 1841, Mrs. M'Lean had a severe cough, and was greatly reduced. Indeed, for some years before, during the cold weather, she had had a cough which was attended with more or less debility. Still she was not depressed under her sufferings. And although her frame was slight, yet in her nature there was so much buoyancy and firmness, that some of her friends persuaded themselves she would be spared many years. But those who knew her best and loved her most, saw with the deepest anxiety and apprehension that her system was sinking. Of this she was fully sensible. As the warm weather approached in the spring of 1841, her cough gradually subsided, and in the summer it entirely left her; but her strength did not much improve, and she was impressed that her end was nigh. This did not affect her spirits, and she uniformly exhibited her usual cheerfulness to her friends.

For the last two years of her life she was prevented from attending public worship, regularly, by her infirm health and the remoteness of her residence from the church. But this did not deprive her of communion with her God. In her last illness she remarked, "Last winter I was always anxious for the return of night, that I might retire early and in its silent watches, on my bed, hold communion with my own soul and with God."

As the cold weather approached in the fall Mrs. M'Lean's health became worse, and her cough returned with increased violence. Palliatives were used, and it was thought that the symptoms of her disease were somewhat mitigated. But a little exposure made her decidedly worse. On Monday week preceding her death, while at breakfast, she was seized with a severe chill, which lasted nearly two hours. She drank but part of a cup of coffee, and, with her husband, retired to her chamber. This was the last time she filled her seat at the family table. The last time—what weighs more heavily on the heart than this! And yet there must be a last time to us all. The last time at

church—in friendly intercourse—in family worship—at table.

In a few minutes after they entered the chamber Mrs. M'Lean observed to her husband, "I have been looking for this. Last winter when I was extremely ill I felt some reluctance to die, on account of my beloved and afflicted little grand-daughter, who looked up to me for protection and support; but a wise and merciful God has taken her to himself, and by this he has opened the way for me. I am now perfectly resigned to his will. I am safe in Jesus. I have no doubt of my acceptance."

Her chill was succeeded by a high fever, which remained for many hours. The skill of physicians was exerted with but little effect. As the fever subsided, she suffered under extreme debility. In a conversation she again remarked, "I know in whom I have believed. Jesus has pardoned all my offenses; he is my surety; in him I am safe, and in this I rejoice." A remark being made to a friend who had called to see her, that she had no fears beyond the grave, she observed with emphasis, "No, not a fear." To her physician she said, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die. My way is bright. I rejoice in my Savior." When all had retired from her chamber one night, except her husband, she observed to him, "This is a sacred place. I hope, my precious husband, that you are determined to urge your way to heaven."

She made her arrangements in regard to giving memorials of her affection to her friends with as much minuteness and composure, and as free from any excitement, as if she were only about to take a journey. Nothing seemed to escape her memory on the occasion. She observed, "I was astonished while sitting near the death-bed of our dear Arabella, (her eldest daughter,) to see how she could with so much calmness distribute various articles of property among her connections, and send to them messages of love while dying; but now I understand it." To her husband, who was deeply affected by her conversation, she observed, "You must not give way to such feelings; man up; our separation should have been looked for. You have too much sense to sink under this trial. God is wise in all that he does, and we should submit to the dispensations of his providence. It is much better that I should be taken than you. You can be of great service to our dear children, but I, if spared, could do them but little good."

On the abatement of her fever a trembling hope was cherished, that the crisis of her disease was passed; but it returned, and it was apparent that there was an inflammation of the stomach, which, unless arrested, must prove fatal. But the skill of her physicians was exerted in vain.

Early on Monday evening week after her first chill, she observed, "This is my last night:" and it was at a late hour on that night, that one of the most solemn and impressive scenes took place which has ever been witnessed. Her three children, (a daughter and two sons,) her husband, the wife of her eldest son and two

of her grand-children, were standing around her bed, with hearts broken with unutterable sorrow. To her eldest son, who stood near her pillow, she said, "My son, my dear son, I have endeavored to make my calling and election sure: and through the assisting grace of God, I have accomplished it. I am prepared to die. I have no doubt of my acceptance. And now, my dear son, will you promise to meet me in heaven? Four of my children, I have every reason to believe, are now in heaven; and I shall soon be with them. But I feel deeply for the three I shall leave behind me. I want to meet you all in heaven. Seek religion, my son, and God will bless you. Without the religion of Jesus, what would now be my situation?"

To her son's wife, Mildred, who stood next to him, she said, "My dear daughter, I love you much. Earnestly seek religion. God is merciful. He will pardon your sins, and at last take you to himself. And my dear Eva, my precious daughter, will you promise to meet me in heaven? Let nothing hinder you in making a preparation for death. You must die—and you cannot die in peace without religion. Seek the Lord and he will be found of you." To her other son she observed, "And you, too, my son; will you promise to meet me in heaven? God will pardon your sins and bless you, if you will only approach him as your Bible directs. O seek religion, and persevere until you obtain it." To her little grand-daughter she said, "Read your Bible, and ask instruction from Miss Mary, (her teacher.) She will explain many things which you cannot, of yourself, comprehend. Don't suffer your attention to be withdrawn from the subject of religion. It will enable you to live well and to die in peace." Her little grand-son she addressed in the same affectionate manner, asking him and his sister to meet her in heaven.

These are substantially her remarks; but they are far less pointed and affective than the words used. They were spoken in a slow, distinct, emphatic and affectionate tone of voice, that would have melted a heart of stone. Every word was most appropriate, and seemed to fall from the lips of inspiration. The eloquence appeared to be angelic.

Sometime after this, a person came into the room nearly connected to her, and in whose welfare she felt a deep interest. She took him by the hand and said, "This is probably the last visit you will ever pay me. I love your soul. Will you not promise me to meet me in heaven? I have taken Jesus for my portion. In him I have peace, and I have no doubt of heaven. Seek religion: it is the only thing worth living for, and it will be hard dying without it."

These scenes were so solemn, so deeply affecting, that they can never pass from the memory. Her remarks were concluded by a prayer that God would give the desired effect to every word spoken. She had taken some medicine to remove the phlegm from her throat, but she had not strength to throw it off. An opiate was administered which afforded some relief. She perfectly understood from her own feelings and

the countenances of her friends, that there was no further remedy. But this seemed to have no effect upon her mind.

In the latter part of the night it was evident that the hand of death was upon her, and she was fully sensible of it. But her composure and her expressions of confidence in God continued. While one was praying at her bed-side he besought the Lord to mitigate her sufferings, when she added in a strong voice, "or give me patience to bear them. Thy will be done, O God." These remarks were made by her on several similar occasions.

When near her last she was asked, "Do you find Jesus precious still?" "O yes," says she, "he is more than precious." The morning of the day on which she died, being very pleasant, it was observed to her, "This is a beautiful day on which to enter heaven." "Yes," said she, "and I shall soon be there." "Yes," the person observed to her, "you will soon unite with your dear children and friends now in heaven." "O yes," said she, "I shall be no stranger in heaven." And for the first time in her life, perhaps, she shouted, "Glory, glory to God in the highest; blessed be the name of the Lord." The names of several of her connections, besides her children, were mentioned, as being in heaven. She supplied several names omitted.

When the coldness of death extended almost over her whole system, she was asked if Jesus was still precious? She answered, "Yes, indeed." These were among the last, if not the last words she pronounced. She frequently endeavored, after her hands were as cold as ice, to unite them, but could not, while her soul was uplifted to God. And such was her end, at Longwood, near Louisville, Kentucky, the 5th of December, 1841.

In her death was divested of all its horrors. The chamber in which she died seemed to be consecrated; and had it not been for the sufferings of the body, would have appeared more like heaven than earth.

In this sketch many things are omitted which might have been appropriately mentioned. The charities of the deceased have not been referred to. To the extent of her means, she clothed the naked and gave bread to the hungry. She sought, especially at Washington, the haunts of poverty, and administered relief to the unfortunate—not to the vicious. A just discrimination was always observed in her charities. But these acts were done in so private and unostentatious a manner, that her nearest connections were only made acquainted with them by accident. The Scripture injunction in such things, not to let one hand know what the other doeth, was strictly observed by her.

The leading qualities of her character were, abiding affection, deep sincerity, and surpassing moral firmness. Her mind was susceptible of high cultivation and of great expansion.

MY AUNT'S STORY;

OR,

THE REWARD OF COQUETRY

BY A "LADY OF MARYLAND"

It was a gloomy, cheerless evening. The rain had poured in torrents all day, and had now settled down to a dull drizzle. Our little parlour, however, presented a complete contrast to the discomfort without. A bright fire burnt on the hearth, the curtains were drawn, the little work table stood between my aunt and myself, and on it were placed candles and various implements of feminine employment. I could not work, for the rain had prevented my attending a delightful party, and I was too unused to disappointment to bear even so trivial a one with philosophy. So I watched my aunt as she sat busily employed with her knitting, till I could bear it no longer. It really was very provoking to see her seated in her great arm-chair, knitting round after round, her composure not at all ruffled either by the miserable weather, or by my demonstrations of uneasiness. Sauntering to the window I withdrew the curtain, and stood listening to the pattering of the rain, and musing on the selfishness of old maids. I was roused from my amiable reverie by my aunt's voice.

"Come here, my dear," she said; "I am sorry for your disappointment, but as it is inevitable, suppose I try to lighten the dullness of the evening by relating those incidents of my past life, which I know have excited your curiosity, and which have left me a melancholy, and but for you, Fanny, a desolate old maid."

My conscience instantly smote me for having indulged in peevish thoughts of my kind relative, and as I looked at her wasted form, and marked the flush that mounted to her pale, but still beautiful cheek, I felt that in recurring to the past, she was making a most painful effort for my gratification, and I was half disposed to beg her to forego her intention. But curiosity prevailed; so I returned to the fire, and taking up my work, prepared to listen to

MY AUNT'S STORY.

My father died while I was an infant, and my mother was left with a competent fortune, and only two children, both girls. My sister was several years older than myself, and was married while I was yet a child. Her residence was in a distant state, and my mother, thus left with nothing else to love, regarded me with a fondness almost amounting to idolatry, and her indulgence knew no bounds. The town in which we resided not affording the means of completing my education, I was sent at

the age of fifteen, to a fashionable boarding-school about forty miles distant from my home. At first, I felt the separation from my mother severely, but I was of a gay careless temper, and the society of my young companions soon reconciled me to my new abode. Among my schoolmates was one whose sweet and gentle manners won my regard almost immediately; and the undisguised expression of my feelings soon elicited similar ones in return. In a few months, our intimacy had ripened into inseparable friendship.

Helen Howard was about my own age, and though she had no pretensions to beauty, yet the soft intelligence of her countenance, and the peculiarly graceful and lady-like character of her person, rendered her appearance extremely prepossessing. Her disposition, too, though timid and somewhat reserved, was yet so amiable, and her manners so gentle, that she was a universal favourite, and I loved her with all the enthusiasm which was at that time a prominent feature of my character. Her father was an Episcopal clergyman in one of the southern states. He was a widower and had no other child. Helen talked so fondly of her quiet and beautiful home, and of the peaceful village in which her early days were passed, that she kindled in my mind an earnest desire to visit the scenes she so feelingly described. Accordingly, when at the end of my second year at school, Helen was about returning home, I solicited and obtained from my indulgent parent (who, indeed, could refuse me nothing) permission to accompany her. We performed the journey under the protection of an elderly gentleman, a friend of Mr. Howard, who was returning to the south, after a sojourn of several months in the city, in the neighbourhood of which our school was situated. We were within one day's journey of Mr. Howard's residence, and Helen and I had retired for the night to our apartment at the Hotel where we stopped, when she said to me in a hesitating voice,

"Oh, Marion, I had forgot to tell you; you will see some one else at the parsonage besides my father. His health has not been very good for some time, and he has been compelled to engage an assistant in his parochial duties."

"And who is this person, who seems to be of so little importance that you have never thought of him before. Do you not know him?"

"Oh, yes, he was a ward of my father, and the son of his most intimate friend. He has lived from

childhood in our family, and was one of a small class of young men who were educated by my father. His name is Frederick Campbell."

I did not pursue the subject, for I saw that Helen was embarrassed, and I suspected that her omission to speak of this young man, arose from another cause than her having forgotten him.

About sunset on the following evening we arrived at the parsonage. It was a sweet spot, almost hidden by forest trees, and the porch which extended along the entire front of the house, was completely covered with creeping plants. Mr. Howard met us at the gate of the little domain. I had full leisure to observe him, for while he held his daughter in his arms, he seemed perfectly insensible of the presence of a stranger. He was a tall, venerable looking man, with an erect person, silver hair, and a countenance expressing much benevolence, and at that moment animated by the delight of meeting his long absent daughter. After a few minutes he released Helen from his embrace, and turning to me, bade me welcome with an air of parental kindness, and led the way to the house. In a little while I found myself in the apartment which Helen had so often described, and which we were to share together.

Hitherto, we had not seen Mr. Campbell, but on descending to tea, we found him in the parlour. He advanced to meet us, and saluted Helen with the frank affection of a brother. He was extremely interesting in appearance, and his manners, though reserved, were not ungraceful. I had little conversation with him, yet I thought I perceived that his mind was highly cultivated, and I was much pleased with the prospect of such an addition to the little circle in which I was now domesticated.

On the succeeding morning, I bestowed more than usual care on the adornment of my person, for I had a consciousness of beauty, and almost unknown to myself a desire to make its influence felt. I exerted myself therefore, to please, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving the timid reserve of Frederick Campbell's manner vanishing before my smiles. On a more intimate acquaintance, I was charmed with the variety of talent he displayed, and with the extreme refinement of his taste and feelings. Yet his character did not win my entire admiration; it wanted vigour, it was not masculine enough, and his mind, though enriched with all the treasures of classic lore, was not of that order which commands respect, and to which even the most gifted of the female sex are disposed to look up for guidance and support. Still there was much that was estimable in his character, and whatever there might be of feebleness, did not extend to his principles. He was benevolent and pious, and the most unselfish of human beings. And now, Fanny, the fatal error of my disposition began to develope itself. I was a coquette by nature, and my education had not eradicated the criminal propensity to gratify it. I did not hesitate to sacrifice the happiness of my friend, and to abuse the hospitality of her father. Frederick

Campbell was the first person on whom I had an opportunity of trying my powers of fascination, and I could not resist the temptation of winning that heart which, but for my arts, would, I believe, have been given to my gentle friend, in requital of the unobtrusive but deep affection which she bore him. Without having any definite object in view, I insensibly adopted that line of conduct which I knew he would approve. I interested myself in the schools he had established in the village; I visited the poor, who were the especial objects of his care, and I subdued the exuberant vivacity of my spirits to a softness peculiarly attractive to a man of his character. Helen was not destitute of penetration. She saw my design, and gradually assumed a cold and reserved manner which pained me, and which my conscience told me I deserved. But I stifled its reproaches, and wilfully shut my eyes to the tale of suffering which the increasing paleness of Helen's cheek told but too legibly. By and bye we became completely estranged. Helen busied herself in domestic affairs, and in attendance on her father, whose increasing infirmities confined him entirely to the house; and Frederick and I were left to take our rambles, and pursue our plans unaccompanied, and unmolested. There were several places in the neighbourhood, beautiful in themselves, and interesting from the traditions connected with them. These we visited together, for under Frederick's guidance, I had become an accomplished horsewoman. Together, too, we sought the cottages of the poor, and ministered to their necessities. This constant intercourse was not without its effect. Frederick Campbell learned to love me with all the fervour of his ardent and romantic nature; nor were my own feelings unmoved. It was scarcely possible, indeed, that I could be the constant and almost sole companion of this interesting young man, could listen to the bursts of eloquence which fell from his lips, when anything occurred to awaken that fervent imagination which was the predominating faculty of his mind, above all that I could read in his eyes, his voice, his manner, the deep, ardent, devoted tenderness of which I felt myself the object, and yet remain insensible. This could not be, and thus, when Frederick Campbell confessed his love, and with all the eloquence of genuine feeling, pleaded to be allowed to hope, he did not plead in vain. My fancy was interested, if not my heart; and I conceived that the sensations of which I was conscious, were those of affection; the more likely I thought to be lasting, because there was nothing passionate or vehement in their character. I consented, therefore, to enter into a conditional engagement dependent upon my mother's consent, and not in any event to be ratified until I had attained my nineteenth year.

All this time Mr. Howard was totally ignorant of what was passing between his ward and myself. His feeble health confined him frequently to his chamber, and prevented his attention to any subject other than those of immediate and pressing

interested. I could not tell how far Helen was acquainted with our proceedings, for the reserve of her manner, and the consciousness on my part of treachery and ingratitude, made any confidential communications out of the question. I was not sorry, therefore, when at the expiration of three months from the time of my arrival at the parsonage, an opportunity presented itself for my return home, of which I took advantage. On parting, it was settled that Frederick should visit me, as soon as Mr. Howard's improved health allowed him to leave the parsonage, and that in the meantime we should correspond regularly. Mr. Howard took leave of me with his usual kindness of manner, and Helen with a cold constrained civility, which I could not help feeling most painfully. For my own part, I experienced a sensation of relief, which, had I examined my heart, might have enlightened me as to the nature of my regard for Frederick Campbell. However, I did not analyze my feelings very closely. Indeed, so versatile was my nature, that before I reached my destination, I had forgotten everything in the joy of again meeting my mother, and being restored to the home which I had only visited at transient intervals for more than two years.

My mother had taken advantage of my absence to visit her elder daughter, and had but just returned, accompanied by a young man, a distant relative of my brother-in-law. He had recently been admitted to the bar, and had already distinguished himself in his profession. His health, however, had been injured by his close application to study, and being advised by his physicians to travel, he had returned home with my mother, hoping that while he gave her the advantage of his protection his health might be benefited by a temporary residence in our healthful climate. These details I learned from my mother, for I did not see Wilmot on the day I reached home, nor until the succeeding evening, when a party of young people had assembled at our house to welcome me on my return to my native place. Never shall I forget that evening. It was my first appearance in society, and most becomingly arrayed and glowing with the excitement of gratified vanity, I was standing the centre of a little circle when Alfred Wilmot entered the room. My eyes were directed to the door when he appeared, and I at once divined who he was, for never before or since have I beheld a form or face like his. That commanding presence, that noble countenance expressive at once of deep feeling and of indomitable firmness I have never seen equalled. I had but little time, however, for observation, for Wilmot immediately advanced to my mother, and leading her to where I was standing we were presented to each other. I could only bow, for almost the first time in my life I was confused and at a loss for words. The perfect ease of Wilmot's manner soon removed my embarrassment, and we entered into conversation. I cannot tell you what was said, I only know that when we parted, I was completely fascinated; and my sleep that night broken by visions of the

stranger, who while he interested my feelings, irresistibly commanded my respect.

I cannot dwell on this period of my life. Suffice it to tell you, that for many weeks Alfred Wilmot was a constant guest at our fireside, that every day added to my admiration of him, and deepened the impression he had made: that I learned at last to read my own heart aright, and to know by what I now felt, that my love for Frederick Campbell was a mere idle fancy which had its origin in gratified vanity, and was fostered by the romantic character of my lover and by the lovely and beautiful scenes amid which it had its birth. I had not mentioned my engagement to my mother, and now more than ever, I shrunk from doing so. I lived but in the present—every thought, every faculty was absorbed by the new and engrossing passion of my soul. Did Alfred return my affection or not? that was the question on which my fate hung. I could not determine it, for while his general manner was kind, even affectionate, there was nothing in it to warrant the idea that he entertained for me, more than the regard which, as a friend and connection of our family it was natural he should feel. Yet I did not despair, for I imagined that at times I read in his eyes an expression of feelings far warmer than those to which his lips gave utterance. I thought he was studying my character, and endeavouring to penetrate my sentiments before he declared his own.

Meantime, I heard regularly from Frederick Campbell. To some of his letters I returned brief and cold answers, and to some I did not reply at all. Yet so unsuspecting was his nature, that he appeared not to have an idea of the change in my feelings. My silence he imputed to the irregularity of the mails, and the cold and reserved tone of my letters, to a delicacy which made me unwilling to pour out my feelings on paper. At length I received a letter from him, in which, after mentioning the improvement of Mr. Howard's health, he announced the probability of his paying me a visit during the ensuing week. He dwelt fondly on the anticipated happiness of our meeting, and seemed not to entertain a doubt but that I shared in all his raptures.—This letter roused me to the necessity of taking some decisive step. I felt that it was impossible I could ever become the wife of Campbell, and bitterly did I execrate the selfish vanity which had led me to engage his affections, and to alienate from me the heart of my gentle, affectionate Helen. There was, however, a necessity for immediate action, and I wrote at once to Frederick kindly, but most decisively. I implored him to think of our engagement only as a romantic folly. I told him I had mistaken the nature of my feelings, and that he had probably fallen into the same error, and at once and for ever to crush his hopes, I hinted that my affections were given to another. I did some violence to my own feelings in writing thus, for now that I knew something of the inquietudes of love, I had learned to feel for others, and I could not but know that Frederick Campbell was not of

a character to bear with philosophy, a disappointment of this nature. I was far, however, from apprehending the fatal consequences to which my criminal vanity ultimately led. When my letter was sent, I felt relieved from an oppressive load, and I returned to the parlour where I had left my mother. I found Wilmot with her, but soon after I entered, he went away, saying that he would call on the morrow to bid us farewell. Pale and trembling I could not speak, but turned to my mother for an explanation of his words. She did not observe my emotion, but said very calmly, "I am sorry Alfred is going, but I did not expect he could remain much longer with us, as he is dependent upon his own exertions even for a support. He has spoken very frankly to me of his situation, and I approve his going, though I regret the loss of his society." I listened with breathless attention, hoping to hear that Alfred had spoken of his feelings towards me. I was mistaken, however, for my mother only said, that he had that day received a letter from a distinguished lawyer in one of our principal cities, offering him a partnership in a very lucrative practice, which he had resolved to accept without delay. On the ensuing day he left us, and though he went without declaring his feelings, yet, the agitation which he vainly strove to hide as he bade me farewell, increased my hopes and augmented my passion. What he had told my mother of his situation, I conceived to be intended for my ear, and I believed that his impoverished circumstances alone prevented his claiming my affection. I looked forward, therefore, with hope and confidence to the period when, his talents having rendered him independent, he should return and our destinies be united for ever.

I will not detain you by narrating the occurrences of the next twelve months. I heard nothing of the Howards, nor of Frederick Campbell, nor did I hear from Wilmot. Occasionally I saw his name mentioned in the newspapers in terms of high commendation. He had entered the political arena, and already he had become distinguished. His speeches were referred to, his opinions quoted, and he seemed to be looked up to with the respectful deference which is only accorded to the master spirits of the age. The master passion of my nature was aroused, the vanity which I had once felt for myself, I now felt for my idol. I was proud of his achievements, and in his absence I loved him with even more intense devotion than I had felt when he was with me. When, however, a year had nearly elapsed, and he neither came nor wrote, my spirits began to fail; I grew miserable and restless; I sought society not as a gratification but as a relief from the feeling of hopelessness which was beginning to press upon my heart. I had many admirers, and I permitted their attentions only to disappoint their hopes, for I had a kind of bitter pleasure in inflicting on others a portion of the suffering under which I was myself writhing.

At length, and when anxiety had almost subsided into despair, Alfred Wilmot returned. Fanny,

no words can describe the rapture, the almost painful transport with which I received him, and read in his no longer restrained manner, the deep affection which filled his heart; nor was it long before his feelings found words, and he poured into my ear the story of his love. "From the very first moment we met," he said, "I loved you, dearest Marion, but my situation forbade me to think of marriage, and I could not bear to take advantage of your youth, and of the opportunities your mother's kindness gave me to entrap you into an engagement necessarily indefinite. I could not bear to become a pensioner on the bounty of your mother, or to deprive you, my love, of the elegancies and comforts to which you have been accustomed.— But I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and I am now able to offer my Marion, if not wealth, at least independence, and a heart whose every feeling has long been devoted to her."

How eagerly my ear drank in every word he uttered, and how gratifying it was to my woman's pride to know that my attachment had not preceded his. My mother willingly gave her consent to our marriage, and it was settled that it should take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be completed. Several weeks passed, and my life was one unbroken dream of bliss, of happiness so perfect, that I have sometimes thought it was sufficient to compensate even for the wretchedness I have since suffered. But it was not destined to endure; my own hand had aimed the blow that was to crush me to the earth. One morning I was waiting for Alfred to accompany me in one of our accustomed rambles about the environs of the town. In his stead, however, I received a note, every word of which is engraven on my memory; its contents were these:

"I am prevented seeing my dearest Marion to-day, and some time may elapse before I shall be with her again. Late last night I received a letter from an old and very dear friend; he is dying of consumption and implores me to hasten to him; his residence is at some distance, and the letter has been a considerable time on the road, having been forwarded to me from ——. No time therefore is to be lost, and before you receive this I shall be many miles on my journey; I am sure, my love, that you will not blame me for leaving you, even at this time, when you learn that he to whom I go is the friend of my childhood, dear to me as a brother, and that he is probably on his death-bed. Lately I have been too selfishly engrossed with my own happiness to write to or even to think of him; I hasten to atone for my negligence. Farewell, my best beloved, may God bless you; pray for the friend of your devoted
A. WILMOT."

I pass over the period that elapsed before the return of my lover. He had not named the place to which he was going, nor did he write during his absence. His return therefore was totally unexpected, but I heard his footstep as he entered the hall door, and with a cry of joy I ran forward to meet him; he did not return my embrace, and my

heart died within me as I noted his pale, sad countenance, and his altered manner. In silence, for I could not speak, I led the way to an empty room, and sinking on a sofa waited for some word which should explain the fearful mystery of his looks and manner. He spoke at last, and his voice was so strange, so unlike the accents to which I loved to listen, that I started with a feeling of terror, and gazed as if to assure myself of his identity.

"Marion," he said, "I come to discharge a solemn trust, a promise given to the dead. I come to convey to you the blessing and forgiveness of Frederick Campbell, and to restore the letters you have written him." He held a packet in his hand which he handed to me as he ceased speaking. I did not faint, but I sat gasping for breath and wishing that the earth would open and conceal my shame. After a short pause Wilmot resumed: "I know all; from my dying friend, and from that aged man who is now mourning over the declining health, the blasted hopes of his only child, I have learned all. It was not told in malice, for they knew not that I had ever seen you, but your name was the last word that trembled on the lips of Frederick Campbell, and prayers for your happiness mingled with every aspiration which arose from his broken heart." After an interval during which the working of his features and the convulsive heaving of his breast denoted the struggle of his feelings, he again spoke in a calmer voice; "Marion," he said, "it is useless to prolong these miserable moments. You must feel that we cannot be to each other what we have been; wretched as you have made me, I cannot part from you in anger. Farewell for ever!"

He snatched me to his breast, held me there for an instant, then released me and was gone.—I never saw him more. The next day, I received a letter containing a formal relinquishment of our engagement, and explaining more fully all the motives by which he had been actuated. He and Frederick Campbell had been friends from childhood, and had been educated together, under the care of Mr. Howard, for whom and for Helen, Wilmot also entertained a most affectionate regard. At the period of my visit to the parsonage, Alfred had been absent for some years, and by some strange fatality his name had never been mentioned to me, nor had I ever heard him allude to the family of Mr. Howard. Frederick Campbell, with a constitution naturally delicate, and a mind too feeble to offer any resistance to misfortune, had upon receiving my last letter, fallen into a state of the most hopeless despondency; his health failed, and his life was finally terminated by consumption; in the last stages of which, feeling a longing desire for the society and sympathy of his early friend, he wrote the letter which Wilmot answered

in person. He remained till all was over, and his feelings may be imagined when he learned that the woman whose falsehood had caused the death of his friend was his own affianced bride. To sink me, if possible, still lower in his esteem, he heard how basely I had requited Helen's friendship and the hospitality of Mr. Howard. Poor Helen! the agony of her mind when she learned that Frederick's death was inevitable, threw her into a fever. In the delirium which ensued, she raved constantly of her false friend, and of the arts by which she had stolen the love of him to whom the poor sufferer's heart had been devoted from childhood. Alfred detailed all these circumstances without comment. He seemed to feel that I, as well as himself, must see that they formed an impassable barrier to our union. He wrote also to my mother, mentioning the dissolution of our engagement, and referring to me for an explanation of the cause.

And now, Fanny, my errors were punished, and Helen's wrongs amply avenged, for I believe this earth never held a being so indescribably wretched, so utterly desolate as I was. I had but one wish, but one hope; it was that I might die, that the grave might close over my crushed and bleeding heart. I have lived to thank my God that my insane prayers were not granted, that time has been allotted me for repentance: my mother's illness first roused me from the selfish indulgence of my griefs. Her sufferings were severe and protracted; but they had the effect of weaning her from the world, and her death-bed was a scene of calm and holy triumph. I saw the power of religion in smoothing my mother's passage to the grave, and I was gradually led to seek its blessed influences as a balm to my wounded spirit. By slow degrees I became resigned to my lonely destiny, and my mother's death having rendered me independent, I removed to this village, and endeavoured by acts of kindness and benevolence to make some amends for my former errors. Of Wilmot I have never heard; indeed I have carefully avoided looking even at the newspapers, lest his name should meet my eye. Mr. Howard has given up his parish, and removed with his daughter to Italy, hoping that its salubrious climate and the entire change of scene may restore her health.—The premature death of my sister and her husband, by consigning you, my love, to my care, has given me once more an object of affection, and it is for your benefit, and to eradicate the seeds of coquetry which I have sometimes feared were inherent in your disposition, that I have recalled the miseries and laid bare the errors of my past life.

Here my aunt concluded her story, and I have only to add, that the painful effort which she made in relating it has not been made in vain.

From the Gentleman's (British) Magazine.

MY COUSIN HELEN.

BY C. PETERSON, ESQ.

"She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceedingly beautiful!"

WILLIS.

She was a bright and beautiful being, too pure and holy for a sinful world like this. If an angel could have wandered from the skies, and found a dwelling in an earthly form, the beauty of the starry visitor could scarcely have surpassed her in loveliness. She had a soul, too, full of poetry, drinking it in from every lovely thing in nature. The lawn—the streamlet—the rich meadow land—the gorgeous hill-side, and the dark solitary forest, were all to her beauty and incense. Often have I wandered with her in the still hush of the summer twilight, listening to the low anthem of the forest trees, or the wild murmur of the mountain streams, and gazed on the illimitable void above, until our souls seemed to drink in of the majesty of that far off realm, and we longed to be away, soaring amid those worlds of light, and treading the starry pavements of her own beautiful sphere. As she wandered thus with me, leaning upon my arm, and lifting her dark eyes to mine, she would say that it seemed as if she had once lived in a brighter and more glorious state of being, the chords of which still lingered in her bosom, and vibrated as if touched by some mysterious hand, in harmony with the woods, and streams, and stars.

There is much sweetness and music in some voices; but I never heard a voice like Helen's. It had a softness in its tones like the low breath of summer among rushes, stirring the heart with vague and mysterious feelings. I have listened to it in the silence of twilight, coming and melting on the air, until it almost seemed to float from that better world she loved to think upon. The memory of those low, reedy tones, still lingers around me, and often at the quiet hour of midnight it comes across my soul, making every sense thrill under their subtle influence, as they did long, long years ago. And then the deep, dark, swimming eye, looking out from beneath the silken lashes, and seeming, like the stars, to speak a language too deep for words!

Helen was scarcely sixteen when we first met. She had always lived in a world of her own; but her heart panted for some one to share in her communings. From the first hour of our meeting, we felt a mysterious sympathy linking us together, as if, according to the old philosopher, we had once known each other in that brighter state of being, and met again after ages of separation. We were both young, and full of youth's indefinite

yearnings. It was just that period of life when we love with that purity of sentiment with which, alas! we never love again. Beautiful—too beautiful, was that sunny period! How we loved to wander together up the hill-side, or through the shadowy glen, or along the flowing banks of the stream! How we loved to hear the low wind whispering among the willows, or to listen to the waters rippling pleasantly over their strong bed; and when twilight came, and the pale moon led on the choral hosts of heaven, how we loved to gaze upon the weirdlike landscape, melting dreamily away, and fancy that the airy sounds floating by—coming and going we knew not whither—were the whispers of guardian angels. And thus would we gaze for hours, until our souls would be strung to this high harmony, and each with a crowd of holy feelings at our hearts, we would silently stroll home. Thus we loved.

I shall never forget that summer. It was like a dream of infancy, all innocence and delight. I lived only in Helen's presence, until she became almost part of my being. We loved with the fervency of youth, and life seemed to us only a summer morning. But the summer at last went by, and when the corn-fields yellowed in the sun, and the grapes hung in purple clusters from the vines, I received the long expected summons to begin, in reality, a life which had yet been to me only a romance. Need I say Helen wept when we parted? And my own heart—was it not full? I pressed her to my bosom, kissed the tears from her dewy lashes, gave one long look into those dreamy eyes, and scarcely murmuring "farewell," rushed out, leaped into my saddle, and started with the utmost rapidity. But as I passed the old corner, I turned a moment to look back. A white handkerchief waved from the piazza, and then the trees intervened, and I was—alone.

Years had passed away, and I was grown to manhood. I had mingled with men—traversed the vast prairies of the west—seen mankind in savage as well as in civilized life, and lived years of a quiet existence in the wild changes of my wandering being. I had learned to know the human heart—to unmask its deceitful veil, and to lay bare its workings of selfishness, hatred, passion, and rarely—affection. I had become one of the world, and my bright and beautiful dreams were over. Yet, O! how I still longed for that quiet old mansion, with its little stream, its row of willows, and the innocent young girl with whom I had spent that happy summer. It used to be a dream of my solitary hours—and God knows it was the last I ever had—that I would soon return to claim her as my own, and live once more in the light of

her smiles. Often, at such times, would my imagination take wing, until I fancied myself back again in her lonely home, listening to her low voice carolling some favourite air; and when a letter reached me in her hand-writing, old memories would crowd thick upon me, and a feeling come down upon my heart that almost brought tears into my eyes, I scarce knew why. Alas! that in a world like this we are so often separated from the ones we love.

At last the purposes of my absence had been accomplished, and with a glad and bounding heart I set out on my return. Every thing around, too, seemed to partake of my joy. The savannahs were covered with flowers, the orange blossoms whitened the groves, and the voices of the birds carolled forth their music in exulting strains. But as I drew farther north the signs of approaching spring became less evident. Here and there, upon the hills, yet lingered the snow, and only in the rich meadow lands of the valleys the flowers began to bloom. The larch had scarcely put on its verdure, the lilac was yet stern and bloomless, and the voices of the merry songsters of the forest were heard only at solitary intervals.

There is a vague, mysterious melancholy, which steals upon us at times, bringing with it an undefinable dread of approaching evil—a melancholy which we strive in vain to shake off, and which can only be soothed by gentle music, some old memory, or the sympathy of those we love. Such a presentiment had gradually come across my soul, until I began to tremble lest I should hear some terrible misfortune as I approached Helen's home. In vain I tried to shake off my feelings; they clung to me with the tenacity of life. It might be that it was only the surrounding scenery; but I felt that I had grown too much in manhood to be stirred with such idle phantasies. I hurried on, however, with the rapidity of an excited mind, and reached the village by my uncle's, one beautiful morning in spring.

More than two years had elapsed since I last saw the old mansion, and as I turned in from the highway to the well-known gate, a gush of olden feelings swept across me. Every thing around me had some memory connected with it reminding me of Helen. There was the bench which I had built for her beneath the oak, and here the clump of maples under which we had strayed in the summer twilight. Beside me was the shrubbery, whence I had plucked flowers for her hair, and yonder the little brook bubbled along, floating through the willows in the sunlight, as it danced merrily on its way. For a moment I felt a thrill of gladness tingling in every nerve—my heart beat high with joy—

ful anticipations, and giving my steed the rein, I went rapidly up the old road to the mansion.

As I approached the house, I was struck by the unnatural stillness brooding on every thing around. Though it was a sunny morning early in spring, when every thing is full of joy and light, the silence of a summer noonday reigned about the house, and among the ancient trees. The garden and porch were deserted, most of the window shutters were bowed, and not a solitary being could be seen any where in the dwelling or surrounding offices. Thick, fearful feelings struggled within me. I sprang from my horse with a palpitating heart, and hurried to the door of the hall, determined to know the worst.

I entered the hall unopposed; but it was silent and deserted. 'The sound of my quick footsteps echoed through it with a distinctness which startled me. Where were the warm hearts and happy faces that were wont to welcome me? Where was my good old uncle, and where my own sweet Helen? Alas! something terrible had happened to produce this unnatural silence. But the sound of my disordered step had already been heard—a side door opened, and the old housekeeper stood before me. When she beheld who the intruder was, she turned ashy pale.

'For Heaven's sake,' said I, eagerly grasping her hand, 'what is the matter? Speak—speak—is—is Helen?' I could say no more.

'Thank God you have come, my dear young master,' said the old lady, with a thick voice.

'But what has happened?' I exclaimed wildly. 'I feel it is something terrible—tell me the worst—' and with unnatural calmness I added, 'Helen then is dead.'

'Oh! no—no. God be praised she is yet living; but she is ill—very, very ill; though,' she added, eagerly, as I gasped for breath, and staggered against the wall, 'there is yet, perhaps, hope. Henry, Henry,' she added, grasping my cold hand, 'oh! that you had been spared this—but the Almighty's will is inscrutable.'

With a strong effort I conquered my feelings, and said in a voice that made my companion start, it was so deep and hollow:—

'But she yet lives—for mercy's sake then lead me to her.'

'And so I will, but she has just fallen into a gentle sleep,' said the old lady, bursting into tears; 'but, oh! do not, my dear Henry, look so. Compose yourself—come in here—a little cordial may make you feel better. I will go and call your uncle. Oh! that I should have lived to see a day like this.'

I cannot tell the sensations of that moment. The agony of a life-time was compressed into

an instant, until my brain reeled, and my frame tottered beneath it. Nor will I describe the meeting with my kind old uncle—he who had been to me a second parent. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and then, and not till then, did my emotions find vent in tears. It is a terrible thing which can make strong men weep.

Helen had been caught one night in a shower, and thoroughly drenched before she reached home. A slight cold was the consequence, to which none paid any attention except the ever careful housekeeper. But a short dry cough soon awakened the attention of her parent, and a physician was called in. He declared it a mere trifle, and quieted their apprehensions, at least for a while. But the blow was struck.

There is a fearfulness in the approach of consumption which strikes awe even into the stoutest heart. With a slow and stealthy step it creeps upon its victim, and the first notice we often have of its coming, is the arrow driven into the heart, while the bloom which we hail as the sweetest omen of a long and happy life, is only the signet mark of this insidious foe. Hourly he goes his rounds among the beautiful and young, leaving every where behind him the fearful traces of his visit. While some linger on for years, others wither at once like flowers in an early frost. Helen was not one of those doomed to a prolonged torture. Scarcely six weeks had passed since the first approaches of this fearful conqueror. At first the steps of the destroyer were slow, and she could still linger around her old haunts in the open air—then his strides became quicker, she grew daily weaker, and her failing strength confined her to the limits of the house; and at last, feeling that even this was more than she could bear, she was forced to remain in her own little room, only venturing into the hall on a warm, sunny day for a moment, and even then leaning on her parent's arm. Yet, if any thing bowed down her spirit, it was to be thus shut out from the free air of heaven; and when spring came, and the little walk in the hall became an exertion too great for her failing strength, she would ask them to bear her to the open window, that she might see the green fields, hear the murmur of the streams, and gaze again upon that beautiful sky which had been to her so glorious. O! how she panted to be once more in the old haunts she loved—to hear the birds sing—to feel the winds upon her cheek, and to look upon all the mysterious workings of nature's wonderful machinery.

As she grew weaker and weaker, it seemed as if every thought became more holy, and every word more pure and heavenly. She had long given up all hope of life, and her

only wish was that she might see me before she died. Day after day she had counted the hours which would have to elapse before the summons they had sent to me should bring me to her side; though little did she think that I was already far upon my way towards her before the message had departed. Thus she sank away. Was it not better that one so pure should go up to her own glorious home? but, alas! for the broken-hearted old man and the desolate ones she left behind. But I pass them by. The nurse at last appeared, to tell me Helen was prepared to see me. In an instant we were in her chamber.

Her room was always simply ornamented; but now it seemed more so than ever. The white curtains—the pale counterpane—the early wild flowers on the little stand, were all arranged according to Helen's exquisite taste. But I saw nothing except the sufferer herself.

If Helen had seemed beautiful to me in our earlier acquaintance, O! how surpassingly so did she now appear. The white brow, the lustrous eye, the small hectic spot upon her cheek, and, above all, the calm ethereal expression lighting up her countenance with an almost angelic loveliness, gave her the appearance of a heavenly rather than of an earthly being. I stood spell-bound for a moment. She was the first to speak.

'Henry,' she said, in a voice so low and sweet, that it seemed to be the whisper of the summer wind; 'Henry—how glad I am you have come—and so soon too—I am changed, I fear—and she ceased speaking, while a fit of coughing racked her delicate frame.

I would have given worlds to have been able to reply; but my words choked in my throat, and despite every effort, the hot tears gathered into my eyes. O! she was indeed changed.

'I am not so well as I was once, Henry,' she said, with a slight quivering in her voice, as she lifted her deep eyes up to mine and gazed tenderly upon my face; 'but do not weep—it is all for the best, and though we shall no more stroll through the old woods together, there is a land far away where we shall yet meet after a very little while; Henry, as you love me, do not weep.'

But why should I dwell upon the scene? I found words at last to speak, though the agony of it I may not picture. Yet when I listened to Helen's gentle voice, a peace seemed to steal down upon my darkened soul, and I almost forgot my grief in admiration of her own weak, uncomplaining sufferings. So young, so fair, so innocent, yet withering slowly away, and even silently reproaching us all by her resignation.

For a few days after my return, Helen

seemed to regain her strength, and her fond father even indulged a faint hope of her recovery. She smiled like she did of old, when I brought her in the wild flowers I gathered every morning for her; and her voice seemed to gather a strength which the good old nurse said it had not possessed for weeks. But how delusive were our hopes! Before a week had elapsed, she began again rapidly to decline, and each successive hour only bore her the more rapidly to her end. Every heart trembled with apprehension. The servants went and came noiselessly—the sound of the wind was seemingly quicker than usual, and the old trees around the mansion sighed low and sadly in the breeze.

It was one of those sunny days in early spring, when the trees are just beginning to put on their vesture, when every bud is bursting into flower, and when from hill, stream, and woodland, floats up the music of nature's hidden harmonies, that Helen begged us to place her near the casement, that she might look out once more upon the beautiful things of this earth, from which, alas! she was soon to pass away. The window opened into the garden, and the perfume of the young flowers floated through, filling the room with a delicious fragrance. As Helen sat, propped up with pillows, her eye wandered over a wide expanse of hill and forest, stretching proudly away until they melted into the far-off horizon. Our little group stood silently around her while she gazed long and ardently upon the scene. We saw that she was failing rapidly, and we watched her with the intensity of love. At last her eye turned a moment from the landscape, and I fancied I heard a low, soft sigh.

'This is a beautiful world, after all,' said she, in a soft yet thrilling voice, which seemed momentarily to grow more heavenly; 'it is a bright and beautiful world; and I once thought how hard it would be to leave its sweets, and all that I loved to look upon. But, oh! father, cousin, it is nothing to the leaving of those we love—and she looked up into our faces with an eye that already seemed like 'that of an angel.' Our hearts were full—the tears gathered on our lashes; but after a moment, as if she had not seen it, she continued:—

'There are the hills, Harry, where we used to walk together. We shall walk there no more. How beautiful they looked in this sunlight! Will you think of me when you gaze on them after I am gone?'

I could not answer. My heart was swelled to bursting. But I pressed her hand, and turned to wipe away a tear. At this instant her little bird, whose cage hung close under the window, sent up its cheering note. The

familiar sound caught her ear, and she continued:—

‘And my poor canary—will you take care of it, too, for my sake, Harry? It will sing to you after I am no more, and remind you sometimes of your own poor Helen—will you, Harry?’

‘Helen, for mercy’s sake, do not talk so—I will cherish all—every thing. O, God!’ I ejaculated in utter agony. But the mild eye of the dying sufferer smote me for my repinings, and I was dumb. She smiled sweetly and extended her hand.

‘Thank you—I knew you would. And now bring me nearer to the window.’

We moved the couch tenderly. For a few minutes there was another silence, broken only by an occasional half-stifled sob from one of our group.

‘Why do you weep?’ she said, suddenly looking up, while a glow of seraphic glory seemed to irradiate her countenance. ‘I have always prayed to die thus,’ and she took her father’s hand and mine each into one of her own—‘am I not going to that better world of which we loved to talk in happy days long past? where the flowers ever bloom, the waters murmur music, and the stars hymn on in unceasing harmony! Yes!—it is only going home. Who would not rather be there than in a world of care like this?’ she continued, with a look of triumph lighting up her countenance; ‘there, too, we shall all meet at last—never to part. It is not—so hard—parting—after all—is—it?’

‘God bless you, Helen!’ was the heart-broken answer of her father.

‘Read me that chapter—will you—Harry?—you know—the one we spoke—of yesterday,’ she murmured in a rapidly failing voice.

I opened the Bible, and in faltering tones read aloud that sublime chapter which holds out so gloriously the promise of the resurrection of the dead. As I proceeded, holding Helen’s hand in my own, I felt it growing colder and colder, and stealing my eyes to her face, when I drew towards the close, I saw it glowing, to my heated fancy, with a halo of light. I finished, and closed the book. The rapt expression of that face I shall never forget. She looked up as if something met her eye, half rose upon her couch, and inclined her head slightly as if listening.

‘Hark!’ said she, in a whisper we could clearly distinguish, so deep was the silence of the room; ‘hark!’ and she lifted a finger—‘the music is sounding—father—cousin—heaven—ho—me—’ and with a smile of ineffable sweetness she sank back upon the couch. Her lips moved a moment, but we could distinguish no sounds. They closed—

and her spirit had flown back to her own heavenly sphere.

I know not how it is, but the quiet little church-yard where Helen lies, seems to me a spot almost as holy as that heaven I used to dream of when a child. I am altered now. The cares and sorrows of this world have dimmed the brightness of my early vision, and I never see now in sleep the glorious things I once saw. But I always feel a holy quiet at the grave of my cousin, which reminds me of the lofty aspirations we had together after that better state of being. I love at such times to fancy that she hovers, like a guardian angel, over me; and often when my heart is stirred with strange, mysterious feelings, and a hush like the Sabbath comes down upon my soul, I think that it is the spirit of Helen communing with my own.

Original.

MY LITTLE HUSBAND.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

YES, to my sorrow be it spoken, I had a little husband! It was no fault of mine; indeed, I find it rather difficult to say how the match came about. It was settled among the higher powers, as if I had been a princess of the blood royal, and my little husband the autocrat prospective of all the Russias. The state of my affections was not even questioned, and altogether, it was a cruel business—a family compact between the little cottage behind the chestnut tree on "Pine Island, and the red house over the old wooden bridge, just at the curve of the highway, which cut through the sand bank." As the person in the play says, "I took my interesting spouse for better or for worse," and I found him a great deal worse than I took him for. If ever there was a perfect juvenile blue beard in a modified way, it certainly was my little husband.

I was a happy child; how could it be otherwise? Pine woods had its shady nooks and glades, where I could roam at will, like a young bird or a half tamed fawn. All the day long I was abroad in the warm, bright air, now on the river's brink, watching the waters as they swept solemnly beneath the old wooden bridge—now climbing the rocks that overhung the waterfall where it plunged through a curve in the valley, like a battalion of white war horses with their manes streaming in the breeze, and again sitting beneath the dense pines, filled with sweet, dreamy fancies, changeful as the leaves that stirred softly above my head. I loved to be alone, with no dread of a school bell, no vision of over-and-over seams to frighten me from my play! Alas, that I should ever have been persuaded to accept of my little husband!

Gentle reader, can you tell me exactly how many times I have teased you with a description of the pine grove which occupied the flat grounds in front of our cottage? I dare not attempt the estimate, for this moment I am about to trespass again; the south wind seems touching my forehead, as it rustled amid the dense foliage of that magnificent grove. Every time I think of it, a thousand new objects crowd to my memory. Little grassy hollows, where the ground birds built their nests. Knolls covered with tender young wintergreen-patches of variegated moss and plots of grass, nurtured by the sunshine, and sloping away to the river; all these familiar objects arise in my mind, distinct and beautiful as if I had seen it but yesterday.

Almost in the centre of the pine grove, was a white-wood or tulip tree, one of the most magnificent things you ever beheld. Its broad leaves, pointed, and deeply green, formed a rich contrast to the spear-like foliage of the pines, and when the great golden blossoms opened their chalice to the sunshine, you might have mistaken them for a flock of bright-winged birds that had settled to rest in its branches. Close by this tree was the trunk of an immense oak that had doubtless been splintered by lightning years before—many years it must have been, for it was then but a decayed shell,

perfectly hollow about the roots, with an opening on one side, like a gothic door sunk into the foundation of an ancient turret. A variety of rich mosses crept over the surface, spread around the opening, and half lined the chamber within. Time had converted what had once been a giant tree, into one of the snuggest little rustic temples ever inhabited by a troop of fairies. It stood on a pretty mound formed by its own gnarled roots, a carpet of forest sward spread from it down to the hollows and thickets of the grove, delicate bear-berry vines were every where tangled with the grass, their scarlet fruit glowing profusely out, as if the fairies had been frightened from their temple, and scattered a treasure of rubies in the hurry of a retreat. Altogether, it was one of the coolest and most lovely spots my eyes ever dwelt upon. In such green places, even a careless child might become a worshipper of solitude, and grow dreamy with soft fancies. My visions, however, took a tinge of utilitarianism, for scarcely had I discovered the tulip tree and its mossy appendages, when its capacities for a play house took possession of my mind. For three days I was diligently occupied in clearing away the dead leaves and sticks that had accumulated around it. On the fourth morning, one might have believed the fairies had domesticated themselves in their old haunts again; a whole bevy of dolls had taken possession of the hollow tree. A bedstead, ten inches by eight, covered with a quilt of tiny patchwork, fit for any fairy that ever haunted a wood, occupied a mossy angle. Several miniature chairs, constructed from pine splinters, stood primly around, and a little table, which I had deluded the carpenter on School Hill into making for me, occupied a place near the opening. On this table, the pride of my household goods was placed—a set of pewter tea cups and saucers, cast about the size of a respectable acorn, with tea pot and sugar bowl to match, while underneath were arranged a very bright gridiron, rather more than an inch square, a tea kettle with the spout broken off, and a long handled frying pan, about the size of a two shilling piece, with two pewter fishes lying in the bottom, ready to be cooked at the shortest notice. Never was there a playhouse so perfect in its arrangement, never so busy and important a personage as myself, while it was in progress, but

"The melancholy days have come,"

and I must tell you of My Little Husband. Sometimes it happens even among older persons, that the world decides their union, and they submit unresistingly to the current of public opinion, exactly as I did when our respective families and all the neighbors agreed in pronouncing me Dan Hay's little wife. Be this as it may, Dan was no common match. All the little girls in school looked up to him as a sort of superior person. He was a genius—the seventh son of a seventh son—a prodigy by birthright, and a doctor by proclamation. His touch was a perfect antidote to the king's evil, and warts vanished from the slightest pressure of his hand with a rapidity which was astonishing to behold. Besides all this array of science, Dan had a talent for mechanics. His willow whistles were in great demand

among all the larger boys of the neighborhood, and in *whittling*, there was not his match in the state. He had a way of climbing trees, stealing bird's eggs, and searching out rabbit holes, unequalled by any lad in the neighborhood; beside all these qualifications, his mind was decidedly philosophical; nobody ever caught Dan without a reason for any thing he did or wished to do. There was an aristocratic old Revolutionary officer in the town, who occasionally patronized him in the way of change. One day the general offered Dan his choice between a two shilling and a single penny. Dan took the penny, shrewdly observing that he wasn't to be put off with that white money; he wanted something to pitch with, which answer constrains me to acknowledge that my little husband did occasionally indulge in that aristocrat species of gambling called "pitching coppers." All great characters have their failings. This was my little husband's. I will not attempt to defend it even by illustrious examples, but I must say that he seldom lost his penny by an awkward throw.

On the morning after my playhouse was perfectly arranged, I was standing in the door with my apron full of calicoes, picture books, and gingerbread, when some one called out from a distance, that I must wait for my little husband. I looked up; there was Dan, following his mother across the bridge, with a hand in each pocket, a very tight little roundabout buttoned close to him, and a square linen collar turned stiffly back from his neck; he had no stockings on, and his very small sharp features were surmounted by a *buff* cap of red and blue cloth, which stood up from his head like a highly ornamented candle extinguisher. As he came stalking over the bridge, arrayed after this fashion—with reverence let it be spoken—my little husband marvellously resembled the very small model of a church steeple, walking out to take the air.

Well, after retreating to a safe corner where I stood eyeing my little husband over the right shoulder, I doubt not in a very discouraging manner, as he loitered by the fence blowing a new tin whistle with all his might. I took the opportunity when no one was observing us, to glide through the door, made a circuit round the rose bushes, and darted through the gate just as Dan was executing one of his most difficult flourishes. Of course I paused long enough to say that he shouldn't follow me, that I didn't want any one to play with and—and—My little husband gave me a look from the corner of his eye, blew a long expressive note on his whistle, and dropping a hand carelessly to each pocket, ran along by my side as if he had been a favorite dog that I had been patting on the head for a month. Of course I ran as fast as possible to avoid him, and so earnest was the desire to be left to myself, that once when he stopped by a gnarled old apple tree that grew by the river, I went back to be certain that he was quite gone. He was flinging stones at a bit of drift wood in the water, which he had mistaken for a musk-rat. But the moment he saw me, another long, low note issued from his whistle and he was at my side again.

We found the tulip tree in its full glory, the great golden blossoms dripping with dew, and the ground

underneath lying green and bright as a pavement of splintered emeralds. I must do my little husband the justice to say that he labored admirably and seemed fully to appreciate the beauty of my little dominion. Certainly he did climb the tulip tree and shake a storm of dew over my head from its branches, but in return he brought down some of the brightest flowers; and while I fashioned them into bonnets for my doll, he went off to a neighboring thicket for a quantity of young thorns and riband grass to be used for trimmings. In truth his conduct was so entirely unexceptionable that in the confidence of my heart I took him to visit a ground bird's nest with four speckled eggs in it, and gave sundry hints regarding the existence of three young squirrels whose domicile might be revealed at some future time.

The second day, my little husband I am sorry to say, became very slightly dogmatical. It was a long time before he would consent to climb for blossoms, and after they were procured he insisted that they should all be made into soldiers' caps. To this end he volunteered a journey into a neighboring field and came back laden with a quantity of fine wheat ears, which were used for feathers, while a sweet-fern bur was stuck jauntily on each for a cockade. When the caps were finished, a new idea took possession of his head; he became suddenly disgusted with the sex of my dolls, he couldn't see what on earth I wanted with so many girl dolls; for his part he wouldn't give a copper for them, and if I didn't look out they might be flung into the river or tossed up among the pines so high that they could never be got down again. I went home that night with terrible forebodings, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that I had never been deluded into accepting a little husband.

Early the next morning, I stole away to the pine woods, hoping to escape the society of Master Dan, but scarcely was I seated among my household goods by the hollow oak, when he made his appearance in a high state of excitement that made me tremble. If ever a tempest lowered on the face of a young tyrant, it darkened that morning beneath the *buff* cap of my little husband.

He approached me with an air of an exasperated Turk, with his head full of sacks and bow-strings. You should have seen with what ineffable disdain he turned up his thin nose at the sight of my feminine play-things, and how pompously he drew forth a broken pointed knife and commenced whittling a pine shingle, as if to impress me with the superiority of his pursuits. But unfortunately, I could only understand that the splinters which flew from his knife were littering the moss which had cost me so much trouble to clear from like encumbrances. So like a thrifty housewife I asked him to desist. My little husband closed his knife, and pocketed it with *such* a look, arose very deliberately, and kicked my table with an impetus which sent my tea things flying about the turf in all directions, snatched my largest doll and tossed it among the highest boughs of a thorn bush, and crushing a couple of tiny chairs beneath his foot, stood like another Alexander seeking for new

objects to destroy. Now there may be ladies who remain mistress of themselves, "though China fall," but to see one's china kicked about by a little—or great—husband is quite another affair. Now the very placid and lady-like way in which I received this manifestation of authority in my little husband, was by a spring at his variegated cap, which I sent whirling after my doll with exquisite precision. It caught on the very topmost bough of the thorn, where it hung dangling by the tassel in a way that would have been exceedingly gratifying to my feelings had my little husband's head remained within it. As it was, the retaliation seemed so perfect, that I clapped my hands and laughed with the most desperate glee imaginable. But I caught a glance of my little husband in the midst of my triumph and was dumb again. How he stood regarding me from a corner of his eye and slowly drawing his mouth into the smallest possible circle as if he had made up his mind to whistle a tune or so before he allowed any thing like resentment to disturb the tranquility of his mind. When he had looked me into a state of much quietude, he very coolly drew forth his knife, once more pressed the back against his knee and opened it, all the time keeping that side-long glance on my poor face. I cast a rueful look on a penny blue-beard which lay on the turf half buried in a heap of calicoes, and began to tremble, the more that there was no sister Fatima to send up into one of the pines on the look out for a rescue. I looked triumphantly at the egg dangling in the air, and with a desperate effort tried to get up another laugh. It expired in my throat for there was my liege lord coolly wiping that square pointed knife on the cuff of his jacket and all the time his side-long glance was upon me. Slowly withdrawing his eyes from my face, the young gentleman turned away in portentous silence and moved toward the stump of a yellow birch which stood in a hollow near by. A thicket of thrifty young sprouts had sprung up around it, and after a nice examination Dan quietly cut one of the finest and proceeded to smooth off the end with his knife, in a most systematic and workman-like manner.

I had no idea of letting my little husband dream that I was frightened half out of my wits, so crouching down in the moss I tried to convince him and myself that I was diligently searching for my lost tea cups, and only taking a peep at him from under my arm quite from a feeling of amiable curiosity.

With most quiet and gentlemanly deliberation, he pruned the sprout, cut away all the fresh green leaves except a little ornamental tuft at the tip; then flourishing it gracefully in the air with a sort of ferocious gallantry he moved toward me as if he were about to indulge in one of the most pleasant recreations imaginable. On this point my little husband and I happened to disagree, a strong disinclination to partake in his amusement took possession of me, and casting a deplorable look into the depths of the wood, I sprung away. I might as well have attempted to outrun a full bred grey hound as my little husband. Scarcely had I cleared the shadow flung by the tulip tree, when a sharp blow fell upon my shoulder. A tuft of leaves flew across my face and

lodged some five yards off—another and another blow 'till my arms and neck tingled with anger and pain. I stamped my foot into the turf, shrieked and struggled 'till my strength gave way. I threatened to run away to tell my parents, never to speak to him again, nay, to have him tried and hanged, all of which my young gentleman returned with a more diligent application of his birch, never once relaxing in his exertions 'till I flung myself upon the turf screaming with all my might for somebody to come and kill my little husband. He stopped then, for the birch had become useless. "Now look here," he said, examining the splintered sapling, "now if you don't just stop that screaming, I'll get a new whip and give you a little more of it."

After my little husband had fully satisfied himself that I was subdued to a state of proper subjection, he sent me down to the river with orders to bring back an apron full of pebble stones. I obeyed his orders meekly and with tears in my eyes. Dan soon pelted his cap down from the thorn with the stones I had brought him, and I was beginning to hope that my doll might be rescued in like manner, when he called my attention to the dexterous way in which he hurled a stone in a very exulting and confidential manner, as if we had been particularly sociable during the last hour. Before I could speak the stone shot from his fingers, and my poor doll was sent whirling in the air. I caught one glimpse of its waxen face and soft curls as they flashed through the boughs of a neighboring hemlock, while the decapitated body fell at my feet a heap of torn gauze and soiled leather, melancholy to contemplate. The shattered birch sprout was still in my companion's hand, so prudently choking back the sobs that almost rushed to my lips, I gathered up the fragments of my poor favorite, folded them in my pictured handkerchief and went back to the play house as melancholy and forlorn as possible. Now if Dan expected that this system of domestic government would make me a pleasant and cheerful companion, I am very much afraid that he found himself slightly mistaken. It is true I could not give back blow for blow, but I could pout. So for two full hours, I sat amid the ruins of my play house, sullen and in tears. My young gentleman was all the time seeking his solitary enjoyments in the neighborhood, now and then he would approach me as if by accident, but was each time received with a manner so repulsive that even his courage failed and he shrunk away into the depths of the wood again. At length he found it rather lonely amusement, so gliding softly along the turf once more, he decapitated a fine mushroom that grew near me, with the air of a young hostler, and inquired quite as a matter of course, if I intended to sit still and make believe cry all day.

Now, an absolute, downright whipping is an infliction which deserves something more than a half apology. I looked unutterable things at my little husband but said nothing.

"Come, now, what's the use," said Dan, in the most insinuating manner, "what if I did whip you a little, there wasn't much harm in it. Come, now, stop pouting, that's a nice girl—wipe your face—don't hunch y-

your shoulders so, and I'll take you down to old Nick's chair, and let you see the water as it tumbles over the rocks."

Instead of wiping my face, and sinking the offensive shoulders, I am afraid there was a slight increase of petulance on my part.

"Well," said Dan, in a tone of quiet philosophy, "if you will keep on pouting, who cares? I can go and break up the ground-bird's nest, that's one comfort."

"Oh, Dan, Dan, come back; I wasn't pouting! I don't mind being whipped a little, in the least, but don't rob the poor birds," I exclaimed, starting up terrified by his threat, for the thoughts of my little favorites moaning and desolate, quite overcame me.

Dan came back very deliberately, as if it were quite a matter of indifference to him, whether he robbed the nest, or went to "old Nick's chair."

"Well, come along, now that you begin to act like folks," he said, tearing off a portion of the tender bark from the shattered birch sprout. "Come;" and giving me a portion of bark with the air of a grand Turk, he led the way toward old Nick's chair, quietly crouching his store of bark, as if nothing had happened to disturb us for a twelvemonth.

A ledge of rocks shot half way across the falls, and except at the periodical floods, lay a solid causeway of granite, broken and glittering bright and dry in the sunshine. The stream swept idly around this rocky barrier to its ordinary channel, when it plunged in a roaring mass over the lowest shelf of the ledge, and spread itself a sheet of foam along the shore of the whole rocky wall below. "Old Nick's chair" was a natural excavation sunk into the face of the precipice. At high floods, the body of water shot from the precipice, and curved over the seat like an arch of glittering amber. At low water, Gahah of Gath might have taken a comfortable nap in it, if he did not object to a slight, and, in warm weather, rather refreshing spray that arose continually from the fall—that is, if the giant could make it perfectly convenient to descend to his seat over the back, which was scooped in the rock some twenty feet down from the top of the ledge, and was perpendicular enough to terrify any one except the reputed owner or my little husband.

I had haunted that ledge many a summer day, and delighted to watch the fish float idly in the shallow water, where it slept scarcely disturbed by a ripple along the upper skirt of the rock. I had plucked crimson wild flowers from the cliffs where they grew, and was familiar with each shadowy angle or rocky shelf on the causeway, but to look over the ledge, to clamber down the back of "old Nick's chair," the idea never entered my head, 'till it was introduced by that little husband.

Putnam, with all his genius for descending steep places, was no match for Dan; he could climb like a squirrel, and play in the water like a sea fowl. When he swung himself over the precipice, and glided down the back of old Nick's chair, calling on me to follow, I crouched on the brink, terrified by the flood that foamed and flashed beneath me, and burying my face in my hands, expected each moment to hear my little husband

plunge headlong into the deep. I had made myself certain that this melancholy catastrophe must have taken place, when lo, the tassel of his variegated cap rose slowly above the edge of the rock. He leaped to my side, and the next instant I was desperately clinging to the jagged back of "old Nick's chair," and descending, I scarce knew how, after my bold companion.

It was a splendid view. The water foamed and boiled and leaped at our feet, throwing up a shower of spray into the bright sunshine, 'till the air seemed woven with rainbows. The drops fell cool and bright around our feet, and by bending slightly to the left, we could almost look under a glittering arch formed by the river, where it took its downward plunge. The old bridge, the chestnut and our cottage, might be seen reposing quietly in the distance, softened into new beauty by the mist through which we gazed. It was almost impossible to be timid, when surrounded with objects so full of the lovely and sublime, and there was excitement in the roar and brightness, and beauty in every thing. It were impossible to say how long we remained in this perilous situation, but it was near sunset when Dan called upon me to ascend the chair again. I looked fearfully up. There was some twenty feet of rock, rough and perpendicular, which I was called upon to climb, and above that I could see nothing but the clear blue sky. While I stood giddy and trembling at the attempt, my little husband clambered up like a cat, and flinging himself on the rock, looked exultingly down upon me and my fears. It was in vain that I entreated him to come down and help me—that I protested and explained how impossible it was that I should climb so high, he only laughed, and telling me not to make a girl of myself, but to come up like a man, took out his knife, and began whittling a piece of drift wood, as if he had no objection to my remaining in old Nick's chair all night, if I preferred the premises to a station by his side.

What a paralyzing cowardly word is that impossible. Since the day when I closed my eyes with a kind of shuddering desperation, and crept like a wild animal up the back of old Nick's chair, I have never admitted its necessity in our language. It is no trifling achievement, that of learning to climb without help; and if my little husband taught me a dangerous lesson, it was a useful one.

"I say," said Dan, laying his hand on my shoulder, as I was passing through the door yard gate that evening, "I say; if you tell about that whipping, I'll just wait at the end of the bridge 'till your father comes home, and let him know that his little girl has been climbing down into "old Nick's chair," and that if it hadn't been for me, the fishes at the foot of the fall might have been nibbling at her by this time." I was very careful not to mention the whipping.

I was aroused the next morning by a tumult upon the old bridge. Poor Mrs. Hays was there, wringing her hands in the most frantic grief, and bewailing the loss of her son and my little husband. The whole neighborhood had been aroused. Men and women were

running down the sand bank road, and from Fall's Hill, all in a state of terror and excitement. Two or three old men were eagerly consulting under the chestnut on the possibility of dragging the river so near the falls. A cluster of women ran to and fro on the bridge, beseeching the bereaved mother to be comforted, and asserting it as impossible that the seventh son of a seventh son could be drowned. One of the old gentlemen under the tree also expressed his doubts, and muttered over an old proverb, the burthen of which went to prove that my little husband was likely to leave the world after a more exalted fashion than drowning. For myself, I do not say it in a boasting or pharisaical spirit, but I felt it my duty to be comforted under the affecting dispensation.

All at once a piercing shriek arose from the group of women on the bridge. Mrs. Hays rushed to the railing and clinging there, bent her pale face intently upon the river, some dark object was circling with the water as it curled round one of the heavy supporters of the bridge it was taken by the current, and floated slowly downward. It was my little husband's cap. When the poor mother became certain of this, she uttered no sound, but her white face fell forward on the railing, and but for a slight convulsion that now and then passed through her form, she might have been without feeling. The friends gathered round her, silent and in tears, but with their pale faces bent upon the river, where all expected to see the lost boy arising to the surface. On hearing the cry of agony wrung from the mother at the sight of her son's cap, the old men left the chestnut and rushed down the bank 'till they stood underneath the bridge. They looked anxiously up and down the stream, bent forward and peered among the posts of dark and sodden timber around which the waters curled and rippled with unceasing monotony. One bent almost to the water's edge and gazed upwards amid the dusky massive beams that bound and girded the old bridge together. He spoke a few words and pointed with his finger; the others bent down and gazed upwards as he had done. Now they all stood upright, flung up their hats and shouted that the boy was found. Again that agonizing cry broke from the unhappy mother—she thought it was the corpse of her boy the men had seen.

"Found—found! and alive!" shouted the men once more. There was no sound then—the mother sunk with a choking sob upon the rough planking of the bridge, and lay there trembling and helpless, but weeping like a child. Two or three friends gathered around her and the rest hurried down to where the old men were standing.

There was my little husband, perched upon a cross-beam of the bridge, half way between the planking and the water, fishing with extraordinary perseverance and tranquillity. In crossing the bridge, a loose plank had tilted and but for the cross-beam which received the person of my little husband, he had been precipitated into the river where it was from ten to twenty feet in depth. But even in this peril Dan forgot nothing of that dignity and presence of mind befitting the seventh son of a seventh son. Instead of whimpering over his

ill-fortune as less experienced gentlemen of eight years might have done, he took a pin from the lappelle of his roundabout, bent it into a fish-hook and attaching it to a piece of twine which was in one of his numerous pockets, he dropped it into the water, muttering rather discontentedly about the want of bait; but all things considered making himself at home and quite comfortable. The shouts and noise upon the bridge, as might be expected, slightly discomposed the young angler, and when the unlucky plank was removed and a crowd of eager faces looked down upon him, he lifted his face for one moment and called out rather impatiently:

"Do keep still there, here's a shiner just beginning to nibble."

They took my little husband from his perilous seat, though he protested against being removed 'till his pin hook had achieved a fish of some kind. When they led him to his mother, he struggled manfully against her embraces. Said he hated to be kissed by the women, and insisted upon knowing what she was crying about, and why she sat there with her cap untied, and her face looking white as a sheet. After the crowd had dispersed Dan came to me where I was sitting quite dejected and forlorn. He informed me confidentially that all the old men and women in the world were making fools of themselves, and that he intended to fall through the bridge into the water and sink three times some day just to spite them all. My heart beat more cheerfully as this announcement was made, and I ventured to insinuate in the most affectionate manner that a determination so magnanimous ought not to be delayed beyond the first convenient opportunity.

My little husband forgot his resolution, and, alas, length he forgot me also. A little girl on School Hill was my successor; a pretty creature, with black eyes and cheeks that dimpled whenever she was spoken to. Dan deserted me in the cherry season; our trees did not bear that summer, but Mrs. Kinney, my rival's mother, had seven trees all in full fruit.

It is many a long year since I have seen my little husband, but I have a presentiment that we shall meet again. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and I have made an engagement to walk over the city prison, to visit the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and it is possible that our party may explore as far as Sing Sing.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

It was one of the last days of March. The earth had already, for the most part, bared its bosom to the revivifying influences of the breezes of the vernal season, while the brilliancy of the few remaining spots of snow, as they reflected the rays of the sun, now descending from his meridian, bespoke that they too must soon yield to the power of warmth. Not a cloud interrupted the mild beauties of the sky, while every tree, though as yet destitute of the least signs of vegetation, seemed to smile with gladness, as it reflected the Creator's glories.

On such a day I was making one of my vacation rambles through the broad and beautiful valley of O—— U——. To the student who has long been confined within the gloomy walls of College—who has been accustomed to its dusky halls—to its rigid discipline—its stereotyped routine of duties—who has been poring for months over the musty, time-worn pages of ancient lore—to him, I say, nature has a sweetness—a delicious charm which it has to few. Like an uncaged bird his spirit soars away on gladsome pinions, revelling in those felicities peculiar to its being. What though the verdant green of May, with its host of flowers be wanting? He finds in his soul a chord which yields to the feeblest touch—a sympathy with the slightest external influence. He has a satisfaction in the joyful presages of such a day which others might not experience amid all the glories of summer—the earth in its robe of green—the forest in its rich foliage, enlivened by the music of the feathered choir.

To me, the scenes before me had peculiar interest. This was my native valley. Those hills were the first objects of my remembrance. Just below was the spot I once called home.

Pensive and solitary, I wandered on. I had visited, during the day, some of my early companions; but although I had been absent for some time, I excused myself from long calls: for notwithstanding that I am naturally fond of society, I felt a peculiar preference, that day, to being alone. There was no want of objects with which to occupy my thoughts. Every spot, every shrub was consecrated by some endearing recollection. There was the school-house, to which I had often repaired for the delightful engagements of school; where I so often greeted the smiling countenance of my teacher—a man of a very different order of mind from that possessed by too many whose professed business it is “to teach the young idea how to shoot.” He had an eye to perceive, a soul to appreciate the delicate workings of the young mind—he cherished with fondest care its infant aspirations, directing them to the noblest objects. There was the play ground, where I had disported myself, during hours of respite, with my young mates.

I could even fancy that I heard the jolly shouts of the thoughtless group, as they, with elastic spirits, with hearts free from care, bounded over the turf—while the thought occurred to me, where are they now?—and I need not say that the big tear frequently gushed from my eye.

With such feelings, I at length found myself at the grave-yard, where the early settlers of the country, of whom were my parents, had been accustomed to “bury their dead out of their sight.” This place—the abode of the departed—though it has so often been celebrated in the lay of the poet, will ever afford new subjects of interest to the meditative imagination. But now I did not pause to reflect that in this spot might be laid

“Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;”

that in this yard, sequestered to be sure, where mouldered the dust of those who had occupied the ordinary walks of life, might lay buried some one who, by due cultivation, and the favors of fortune, might have filled the chief offices of the nation, and moved in the highest walks of society—none of the ten thousand ordinary reflections did I indulge—there was one feeling which pervaded my whole soul—under whose influence I repelled every other impression. There, beneath that green sward, now nearly levelled with the adjacent ground—shaded by a broad marble slab, on which were two inscriptions, lay mingling with earth the remains of my only sisters!

My sisters! I start at the sound of the faint whisper which escapes my lips. Were there ever those beings on earth of whom I could say—they are my sisters? Oh, it must be a deceitful vision with which I am beguiled! It *cannot* be that ever the day was when I was thus happy.

I approached the head stone and read the inscriptions—their names, the times of their death, and their ages—a flood of subduing recollections came over my soul! I was but three years old when Anna, my elder sister, was buried, yet fresh in my memory were the circumstances connected with the melancholy ceremony. There was the coffin slowly lowering into the grave—there the newly heaped up mound under which Cornelia had lain for three short weeks—there the sorrow-stricken parents, whom not the strong consolations of Christian hope could restrain from a flood of grief:—yonder stood in a row ten or twelve—I cannot now say whether lads or young men; but their situation I could point out exactly, and their very dress I could describe. The neighbors, young and old, were looking on with weeping eyes—for Anna, they say, was a lovely girl—she was beloved of all who knew her.

Cornelia was an infant of a few months when the icy hand of death was laid upon her: Anna was eleven years old. Having long been an only daughter, she

was the peculiar regard of her fond parents, and her older brothers—the pride of their hearts. For, whether from partiality I know not, Anna was thought to give high intellectual promise. Certainly she was of a lovely disposition. She loved her brothers ardently—she showed her love by every little means in her power: they, in turn, never would cross her will—they would yield to her slightest wishes; in short, her affection was by no means unrequited. Oh, what must be that brother's heart, who can trifle with the feelings of a loving sister, pleased with the society of any other young lady rather than hers! Truly, I have thought of such, you are unworthy of the felicity in your power. Had I the envious possession—but who knows the deceitfulness of the heart! Perhaps, though now grieving the deprivation, I might have abused the enjoyment of the blessing.

But to return—keen must have been the dart which pierced those brothers' hearts who had sustained such a loss. The wound it caused would refuse to be healed. They have no other sister to fill the place of her of whom they have been deprived. Oft have I heard them in after years speak of their sister till tears would roll profusely down their cheeks. She was a most dutiful child, yielding implicitly to her parents, and participating in turn largely both in a father's and in a mother's love. For three years, likewise, she had been the subject of frequent and violent illness. A distress in her head had sometime previous to her death deprived her of sight. The solicitude occasioned by such afflictions naturally draws closer the ties which bind a child to the parent's heart. But in her were blasted darling hopes. Parents are inclined to look to a daughter as destined to be the solace of their old age. The son may—amid the exciting scenes of business—of the political world, be forgetful of his filial duties; but in the daughter such conduct is so unfrequent, and withal so incongruous, that we are apt to regard her who exhibits it as a *monster* rather than a human being. But now the bud of promise had been plucked by the ruthless hand of the destroyer, just as it began to open and develop its hidden beauties. My father was a man peculiarly "made for the stern hour of strife;" but this one grief he ever indulged—it could not be soothed. And oh how often have I heard my mother relate, with swelling bosom, narratives of her child; delighting to show the little products of her labor; to repeat the sentiments which she uttered—far above her age, the passages of poetry of which she was fond.

Think you, reader, that I did not participate in this common grief? Oh do not thus wrong my young feelings. I loved my sister; I was loved by her. You have doubtless noticed the affection of a sister for her younger brothers. I was her only younger brother, and enjoyed her love undivided. I had seemingly no other companion. I was ever with her—after she was de-

prived of sight I led her about the neighborhood,—yes, I had sorrow. Too young, to be sure, for that sentimentalism in the indulgence of which sorrow often vanishes into mere empty affection; mine was the pure—the ingenuous sorrow of the heart.

Some years after my mother gave me the following narrative. The little girls of the neighborhood used to visit my sister often, and construct small play-houses for her diversion. A few days before her death quite a company were assembled—the circumstance I remember well, but not the time—and had constructed several. The day succeeding her burial, after having lain some time pensive and silent, on a bed, with my eyes turned toward the door opening into the yard where they were standing, I at length rose and said, "Mother, now sister is dead, I shall not want any thing more of the play-houses. I have a mind to take them down if you are willing, mother." Having obtained her assent, I went about it and piled up all the materials of which they were composed, with much care.

But still of my sisters I can have only an imperfect recollection. A single incident in the life of the younger, a dozen or more in that of the elder, the funeral ceremonies of each, is all I remember. Nor do I recollect the occurrence of a single incident for more than a year after their death. The intensity of my infant feelings is, perhaps, the only reason why memory clings, with so tenacious a grasp, to the circumstances connected with them. I gradually awoke into life, and these seem as the disordered visions of some frightful dream. Now I am surrounded by reality. I am in a grave-yard, where the dead *have* been buried,—where lie many with whom I once associated. Here reposes the dust of my sisters. For twenty summers the wild flower has bloomed upon their peaceful graves; and I have become transformed from the vacant, thoughtless child, into the sober, reflecting man—I am surrounded, I say, with reality. Mine is a *real* sorrow. Stoicism might despise and forbid the indulgence of grief for the loss of friends, from whom we never should have derived benefit had their lives been spared to us; but me it will admit to have sustained a *real loss*. And oh, if the mingling of any selfish with other feelings be ever tolerable, it will be pardoned in me at present on this occasion! Were the stroke which deprived me at once, as it were, of my only sisters, a fatality I could not be reconciled. But it is from the hand of Providence, "Who sueth not as man sueth;" "Who does all things well;" and I should "be still and know that he is God."

Yet surely never was boy more blessed than I should have been if my sisters had remained alive. I can fancy to myself a beautiful picture of childhood and youth; Anna, eight years older than myself, would have joined a sister's love to something like maternal care. Her eye would have been ever over me; and for the supervi-

sion of my conduct which she would have ever exercised, her qualities would have rendered her invaluable. Cornelia, near three years younger, would have been my companion. With her I should have disported among the early flowers of spring, the fuller beauties of summer, and the mature glories of autumn.

But I turn from a picture fraught only with the idlest fancies! Such felicities were never mine, I never enjoyed a sister's care—I never knew a sister's love since I was old enough to appreciate them. That kindly—that frank—that unceremonious intercourse, associated with sincere mutual regard, which I have witnessed between brother and sister—I have only looked upon to envy. But here I stand by the graves of *my* sisters—I remember well when they were consigned beneath this turf, and I hastily glance over the cheerless desert through which I have since passed—I am no misanthrope—I am not out of love with life, I see something lonely in it when considered in view of our future state—of our relations to the Deity, and to our species. If a tinge of melancholy affects my character it is but from sympathy with my circumstances. Yet these are causes of sorrow in this accursed world—baffled projects, disappointed hopes, bereavements, thoughts of which sicken the heart. Here was one destined to give a coloring to all my after life. Much, very much influence I feel it to have had on my character, on my happiness hitherto; much yet it is to have. Yes, to a young man destitute of the meliorating enchantment of a sister's love, many of the purest founts of virtuous feeling remain sealed. Every man of sensibility must appreciate the society of the gentler sex—he will “seek the sympathy of the female heart.” Woman is made “the ornament of his happier hours,” his solace in adversity. Her placid loveliness smooths and softens the asperities of his nature. But with whom can the young man associate as with his sister? Who so watches over his character and conduct? On whom can he depend as being so faithful to tell him his faults? And whose admonitions can he so regard as prompted by pure affection and sincere good will? There is an openness of heart, and a familiarity between brother and sister, which propriety forbids in the intercourse of others. There is a confidence not elsewhere to be found. There can be no suspicion of heartlessness, or art and duplicity in their intercourse; and while the brother feels that the heart of her with whom he is conversing is free from hypocrisy, his own is made better, and is filled with the holiest delight, as he experiences the overflowings of female love, and witnesses the ingenuous developments of female virtues.

If there is a feeling on earth allied to that of beings above, it is the fervent, devoted love of a sister for her brother—so pure, so uncontaminated with any selfish or unworthy motive. If he is sick, who bends with faithful sympathy over his pillow? If absent, who looks with

sion and anxious solicitude for his return? If calumniated, who first appears in vindication of his character? If vexed with the cares and the disquietudes of life, who pours into his agitated bosom the genial oil of consolation? Who observes with such solicitous regard, and seeks to correct any impropriety in his conduct? Next to a mother's unquenchable love that of a sister is pre-eminent.

To me, at this time, such love would have been peculiarly desirable—for a *father's* care and a *mother's* love I could no more enjoy! A little more than two years before I had seen my mother consigned to the grave, I could not wish her back.

“Afflictions sore long time she'd bore.”

I felt that, removed to a better land from a world in which for years she had experienced little but pain, she was now resting in the happy embrace of her Saviour. A few months before my father had gone to join her; and the wound was still fresh and bleeding in my bosom. I was by his bed side when the lamp of life went out.

“In saw in death his eyelids close
Calinly as to a night's repose.”

From them I was now separated. No longer could I enjoy their sympathy and prayers—and must I too be destitute of a sister's? Oh, when I hear my school-mates tell of going to their homes, while there is no spot on earth which I can, with propriety, call by that hallowed name—when they exhibit the tokens of affection furnished by a sister's hand, an arrow pierces my heart, “the poison of which drinketh up my spirits.” And when among strangers, encountering the rude buffets of the world, realizing “how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves,”—I say when in such circumstances, I hear a sister express her deep solicitude for an absent brother, her concern lest sickness should befall him where he must be attended by stranger hands, and her own could not administer to his comfort—lest misfortunes should come upon, and her sympathy could not soothe his heart, and feel that there are no such regards—such solicitudes for me, a withering influence chills my soul. Truly, I think, detached from all the sympathies of existence, that, like some abandoned bark, I am driven about on the tempestuous ocean of life. Before me were now the sad mementoes of my blighted joys; and my spirit instinctively panted for that blessed region into which sorrow and disappointment do not enter, where I might rejoice those I had loved on earth.

The sun was fast sinking behind the western hills, and as I had an engagement to spend the night with my early teacher, mentioned above, who lived in the immediate vicinity, I left the grave-yard where were the memorials of my blasted hopes—again “to mingle among the jostling crowd,”—to experience clearer evidence the depth of my misfortune in that early bereavement, the loss of my sisters.

"NIGHT AND MORNING," OR THE INCOG.

BY MISS M. B. SNOW.

"I WONDER if I can find a Fanny!" suddenly exclaimed an enraptured young man as he threw down a novel he had been literally devouring with his eager and anxious eyes, and paced the room in a state of very alarming agitation mingled with tremulous hope. "A Fanny! To be loved for one's self alone, oh, would it not be charming! To be loved by that sweet little creature who neglected all her studies until she felt such a tender passion for me, as to open her eyes to the wonderful difference between my great accomplishments and her great want of them. And then to have her go by herself, and surprise me afterwards by coming out a genius! Oh how would Mr. and Mrs. Remarkable Smith (his mother out of the maternal fondness of her heart early discovered signs of that which he should become—therefore his name,) look down upon such common-places as Miss Lucy Gray and Miss Letitia Grove!" And as Mr. Remarkable Smith suited the action to the word, casting his eyes upon the floor contemptuously as if they were already at his feet, he awoke to the consciousness that he was at present pacing a room not quite large enough for the dreams in which he had been wandering, and as yet he had not found a Fanny.

"I will go incog," he resumed, but in a more humble tone, "I will go incog, and who knows but I may bring home a wife to set this common-place little village in a hubbub until next Thanksgiving, when all the old maids of the place will stop their talking about the delightfully romantic event; and think of nothing but the six varieties of pies. I will start now, and as my poor mother would almost rise from the grave if I should dishonourably lay aside the romantic name she gave me, (good soul, I wish she hadn't thought me so bright!) I will go a Fanny-seeking under the striking title of Mr. Remarkable Beaufort, being as this latter gentleman was once so fortunate. John!" he cried to a little urchin of all work whose business it happily was to wait particularly on Mr. Remarkable's call, "John, I wish to make some particular arrangements about a little tour I intend making to the Lakes. Mind John, the Lakes, if any one should inquire which way your master goes." "Yes sir," replied the boy, and in one hour after the exciting soliloquy of Mr. Remarkable Smith, the "common-places" spoken of by him so haughtily, had a deep plan of revenge marked out to humble him. The boy he called had come quickly, for his attention had been attracted by the loud voice of his master, and all that he had gained was revealed again.

Upon the door of the Circulating Library of

E.—a little community of good home-bred souls, just far enough from the New England Athens not to be disturbed by rumours of evil, but pleased with the sight of wonderful things, brought therefrom by such as Mr. Remarkable Smith,—there might be seen at the time of my story, a notice in staring capitals, of "A new work by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart., just received—Night and Morning." Towards that notice the same day which brought the desire of a Fanny to the susceptible heart of so promising a young man, a young lady advanced, and passing it proceeded at once to the internal repository of such precious things. After an earnest inquiry for the new work, she received it smilingly, and tripped off.

In curl-papers, and in otherwise careless negligé might the same young lady be seen the next morning, her haste being very apparent to get to the finale of the exciting book. And yet when she closed it suddenly, she made no comment on its beauties, but exclaimed with seeming delight, "Letitia! Lucy! Will it not be grand! And I know I shall succeed! This afternoon I will go to my aunt's!"

And that afternoon too, though somewhat later than the hour fixed upon by the fair reader in the morning, Mr. R. Beaufort, after having arranged his business for an absence of some weeks, left the village of E. accompanied by the boy, who had already proved himself so old in the sin of betraying.

And now a word about the standing, and importance, and wealth of the disguised tourist.

He was the greatest match in the village of E.! To say this would seem to be saying all that I could, to convey a right idea of Mr. Remarkable Smith, and yet I must enter into particulars respecting the effect of this fact upon himself and others.

There were many maidens who were conscious, and gave signs of their consciousness, of his superior attractions, both in wealth and person, to the many nice young men of E.; and this it was that made him vain, and so fastidious in his choice.

He was superior both in person and manners, because he visited the—to them—seat of fashion often, and came back with some new-born grace, or "just out" style of dress, and made them envious and admiring. He was a romantic young man too; read all the latest novels from the city, and talked much about being courted for one's wealth, and how his heart longed for a sympathizing spirit which should be won by the knowledge and love of his merits alone.

In all the village, he could not find one that

would answer to his high-wrought desire, for he thought, "did they not know him to be the richest storckeeper there, and an excellent match?"

There was one young lady in E., a visitor and relative of Letitia Grove, whom he had never seen. When expecting her arrival, her friends had spoken to him of her in the warmest praise. He, ever on the jealous look-out for any attack upon himself in the way of matrimony, thought this a snare, and was heard to say that "the Groves would neither get him for themselves, nor for that paragon of perfection they called Miss Alice Merry!" And this having been repeated to the family itself—surprising though it may seem there were gossips even in E.—the consequence was that Mr. Remarkable Smith was made aware of the displeasure it had given to one of the most respectable families in the place, to which family his thoughts ever afterwards turned in a stream of bitterness made evident in the opening of our tale.

And Miss Alice Merry! She was all that her friends had painted her. So petite, with a sweet and childlike face yet beaming with all joyousness and evidence of mind. She was indeed merry, full of unbounded gayety and wild mirth!

She had seen, but had not been seen by the great man of the village, and as she looked upon his fashionable figure, his handsome face, and the genteel *tout ensemble* of his appearance, she thought how great a pity it was, that he should be so spoiled by vanity and romance. And it *was* a pity too, for there were many redeeming traits in his ambitious nature, which under a wise maternal culture would have made him a more respected and happier man. His mother died in his youth, but not until there were many promises of a full harvest from the seeds of vanity and pride which she had sown.

When the object of Remarkable's tour was made known to the three young friends, Alice was appointed the agent of cure to his "distempered brain." Through her the revenge of Lucy and Letitia was to be brought about. What was the revenge?

About ten miles from the village of E. there stood, upon the outskirts of another and smaller one, a pretty cottage with a well cultivated garden, small but tastefully laid out, owned by a widow lady who now resided there. Mr. Remarkable Beaufort, as he passed at evening, inquired of the boy if he knew the owner of so pretty a place. He did. "It was a widow lady with no companion but a niece,"—but here he sighed visibly.

"A niece, and is she pretty, Charles?"

"The sweetest creature that I ever saw," replied the boy with an animated look, "but"—and here he sighed again.

"What is the meaning of that 'but,' and what is her name?" spoke Remarkable as his curiosity became evidently excited by the mystery of those repeated sighs.

"Alas! sir, alas! Fanny is wanting, sir, wanting here," said Charles, mournfully touching his forehead, but turning his head suddenly away, as

his eye met the expression of joy and triumphant delight on his master's face.

"Her name Fanny! a clouded intellect, and beautiful!" exclaimed Remarkable, forgetting the presence of his young, and it seems, quick-eared companion, "she shall be mine! I have found at last the one who shall love me for myself alone, one whose heart will not be bought with gold, young, beautiful, and inexperienced!"

And with an eagerness of purpose not to be wondered at in one so full of romantic expectation as our Remarkable, he directed the boy to drive hastily to the nearest inn, as he wished that evening to make the acquaintance of the lone widow and her pretty niece.

"Perhaps Mr. Smith—Beaufort I mean," said his humble companion in the embarrassed voice of one who gives unasked-for counsel to a superior, "perhaps it would be better to wait until morning, for it is already late for Fanny to be about, and maybe Mrs. Farley would be surprised to see you at this hour."

"You are right, you are right! Be up betimes, and after an early breakfast you shall show me the way to the widow's cottage." So speaking, they drove up to the village's best inn. And Mr. Remarkable Beaufort, after painting dreams of love and beauty in the speedily sought solitude of his own chamber, threw himself upon its humble bed, to continue there the fancies of his waking hours.

Upon that couch had rested those whose hearts were moved with thoughts of gain, of hope, of sorrow, but never had it bent under such a weight of mingled attributes in one human heart—romance, vanity, but latent goodness of spirit—as it did now!

It was a bright and balmy morn. Remarkable and the boy had attended to the unromantic, but still no less imperious call of nature for the refreshing cup of smoking coffee and the buttered roll after their night's repose, and now might be seen wending their way towards Mrs. Farley's retired home.

When very near its flowery enclosure, Remarkable espied a girlish form reclining on a bank sloping from the white portico, and at the same time the boy exclaimed "that is poor Fanny."

"Poor Fanny!" murmured the visionary youth in an under tone, "poor Fanny, the very title! And see a book has fallen upon the grass at her feet while she is arranging those freshly gathered flowers for a bouquet."

By this time the garden gate had been opened by his guide, and they stood by Fanny's side. She looked up and smiled as the boy Charles—who had once served Mrs. Farley in the same capacity as now Mr. Remarkable—told her that a stranger had come to see Fanny and her aunt. Then turning to the stranger she spoke to him of her flowers, so beautiful, which she had been permitted to gather only by learning a lesson in the now neglected book. She had a sweet and happy voice, which gave no evidence of surprise or embarrassment at the unwonted sight of the early visitors.

And Remarkable's heart was gone! There was a laughing brightness about the eye, a look of soul about that sweet lovely face, which confirmed his romantic expectations of winning the "innocent" from the lethargic chains which bound her spirit down, and at the same time made those expectations more fraught with the happiness of his life.

That first visit was an era in our hero's history! He forgot romance, pride, vanity, all the evil traits which had governed him before, he forgot his high renown in the village of his birth, he forgot all things but that one new, rapturous feeling which the sight of Fanny's simplicity and grace had, with a sudden, but governing power, rooted in his breast!

Day after day he sought her side, and day after day he thought to see some evidence of love in the pure creature who had now become the whole world to him.

Love made no greater transformation in the case of the true Beaufort's Fanny, than in the second Beaufort—Remarkable himself. It brought him from the high pinnacle of self-appreciation and pride of wealth to the feet of Fanny May, and he watched to know if the master key of love would unlock the secret places of her intellect and bring its jewels forth. His romance was now that which every human heart beats longingly with, until it beats no more. A desire to be fervently beloved, to be the only "precious one" of life, to fill the heart of the beloved one so that there shall be no room for the thought of another! Love made him gentle and refined, brought out the good sense, as well as true poetry of his nature, and made him worthy now of being beloved as he had long wished—for himself alone.

And Fanny too! By times a flash of wit, a thought brighter than was looked for in "poor Fanny," would burst forth from her merry heart, to her own surprise it seemed as well as to Beaufort's, for she would relapse into a silent mood, as if it were something new and strange. And then her ignorant simplicity would be the more apparent after the show of sense had faded all away.

Remarkable, with all his love, could not help wishing that his Fanny's genius would develop itself more speedily than it did, for although he would marry her with the little appearance of intellect which she now possessed, yet having learned to know and feel its value more, when the leading passions of his mind were destroyed by a new power, he wished to take his beautiful Fanny back to E. as intelligent in mind as her bright face warranted.

A month of sunshine in the heaven of love had passed, and our disguised Remarkable was to be married to poor Fanny May.

She still talked of birds and flowers in her simple way, still loved better to wander with him to a pleasant spot not far from her home, letting her wild spirits have full play, than read or work, but yet Remarkable had suddenly come upon her at times when she seemed a different being!

He had seen her once when she thought no one near, reading as it seemed a letter, and as she read her face was bright with smiles, not childlike, but springing from some intelligent and reasoning perception. And the smiles were painted with a rosy blush as she went on, murmuring "love him! Ah yes I do! and is he not worthy now,"—here the sound of footsteps made her pause, and as Remarkable with his arm around her waist drew her gently to him with a lover's kiss upon her lips, she was almost a child again, and sullenly refused to show him the mystic document.

And a month had made no little change in Fanny. Her aunt declared that she had wonderfully brightened since Mr. Beaufort had been so much in love, and she did not doubt but time would bring forth wonderful things. And the aunt said rightly.

Remarkable now felt himself beloved, even as he loved, and unadorned as he was with the trappings of wealth. And when in Fanny's avowal the tide of deep affection seemed struggling to break away the barriers of her intellect, he cared not for the "genius," which his first romantic impulse was to win, but clasped "poor Fanny" to his heart, with blessings on the conception of his wild enterprise.

From the village of E. his trusty Charles had brought credentials of his respectability—for his master had warned him to bring no more—and Fanny was his without a suspicion of the truth! The romantic passion to be thus beloved, had become much weakened, and yet it was a pleasant consciousness.

The sun rose bright upon the wedding day; and Fanny never looked so beautiful! No ornament save the flowers which she loved, was seen upon her simple dress, or in her hair. There was a light in her blue eye, dancing with a meaning mirth, as if there were some wild work going on in the heart which beat so quickly beneath the bridal robe.

The bridegroom came; and with him many friends whom he had brought to witness the finale of the now exposed and romantic tale. Two of the fair conspirators were also there. Where was the third?

All were assembled. The holy man stood ready to perform his pleasant duty of joining two willing hearts—why did they wait?

In a room above, forming the centre of a young group, stood the bride and groom. Now it was time to explain to Fanny how she had been deceived. With a comprehending smile she listened to the tale, but fainted not, looked no surprise, showed no emotion of delight or pride. The bridegroom wondered, for he spoke of that which dazzles common minds—he spoke of wealth.

At last she turned upon him such a face,—so bright, so laughing with the frolic and glee of her wild heart. "You have deceived me wofully, Remarkable Smith," she exclaimed, "but it may be that you have been yourself deceived! I am no longer poor Fanny May, but the Alice Merry

whom you once condemned unseen. The good boy Charles told us of all your romantic plan, and has since been our faithful friend and spy. I, to punish you for your wicked pride in thinking I came to woo, resolved to gain your heart—which I then thought could only love lightly—and then leave you to seek another Fanny, not so bright as I. But I did not think to lose my own," she added, smiling and blushing, "yet here I am waiting your most gracious decision as to my becoming Mrs. Remarkable Smith, or remaining as I am, simply Alice Merry?"

"I have long suspected," exclaimed the happy

bridegroom as he snatched her to his heart, "I have long suspected that 'poor Fanny' was not so very humbly gifted as she appeared to be, and now that the double plot has come to such a joyful denouement, let us hasten to the parlour lest your friend Miss Grey, and cousin Letitia, through disappointment of their 'revenge,' might invent some new one to prevent my longed-for happiness!"

And never did a more loving and devoted couple listen to the solemn close of the marriage rite, than did Mr. Remarkable Smith, now no longer "the Incog," and Miss Alice Merry, whose alias was Fanny May.

Original.

PICTURES FROM A PAINTER'S LIFE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It was a balmy morning in the month of June. The school-bell in the little village of F——, Maine, was ringing its last warning peal, and a troop of rustic children were gathered at the porch. As the tall, gaunt master stalked through the throng, that divided hurriedly to make way for him, the frown deepened on a brow habitually stern; for he missed the fair face of one, who was too often a truant from his power. And where is he? The river-beach, about a mile distant from the school, is smiling in the light of the morning sun, and there, basking in its beams, on the warm and sparkling sand, sits a beautiful boy of seven years old. A profusion of golden hair waves back from the fair, transparent temples, and reveals a face glowing with health and joy. His red lips are slightly parted, his blue eyes raised, and gazing with more than childish ecstasy on the changes of the light clouds, as they float in the blue air above him. In his dimpled hand he holds a slip of elderberry, with which he has been tracing figures in the sand. A ship—a hut—a tree—rudely sketched indeed, but still with a fidelity to nature, wonderful in one so young. And now he resumes his occupation with an earnestness, that proves his whole heart is in his play. We will not interrupt him; we will not tell him that the innocent and lovely little hand, which now yields him, with its skill, so pure a pleasure, is destined, to-morrow, to the torture of a ferule. We will leave him to his present enjoyment, and perhaps we may meet him again.

A large, grated apartment in the common jail at Charleston, South Carolina, is filled with prisoners. One of them is a fair, slight boy of ten years, in the graceful garb of a sailor. His cheek is pale by privation and early suffering; but in his eye, the fire and energy and truth of a high and dauntless spirit, are still unquenched. He is mounted on a barrel, and has sketched, with a bit of charcoal, the image of a spread eagle, beneath which he is now scrawling—"Liberty and Independence for ever!" At the sight of this motto—strange enough on a prison-wall—a shout arises from the spectators, and the youth turns his head and smiles. It is he!—the truant of the village school. But the scene changes. He is standing at the prison door. A lovely child, the jailor's daughter, is beside him. Her dark eyes filled with tears, are raised imploringly to his. She holds towards him the keys of the jail, while she intreats him to escape ere her father's return. With a smile of mingled pride and gratitude, he replies—"No, Mary, I should involve you in disgrace, if I did, and I would rather brave again the tyranny of the cruel captain, than so repay your kindness; but fear not, dear, I shall again escape from that hated ship, and will be more cautious than before, you may be sure."

On the summit of the Caraccas mountains, stands, with bare and bleeding feet, a youthful pilgrim. There

is a faint flush on his cheek, which is yet soft and fair with the innocence of childhood, and his wild, sad eyes kindle with involuntary rapture as he gazes at the scene below him. Slung over his shoulder, on a staff, is a little knapsack, containing all his worldly possessions. It is the runaway sailor boy. He has seen but little more than ten years of actual life, but his heart, in that time, has lived *an age* of misfortune and grief and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world—poor—wretched—friendless. Does he weep? No! He has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far off grave of his parents, and his keen blue eyes are tearless, but dark with unspeakable woe. He has walked, barefoot, nearly an hundred miles, in the course of eight days—sometimes sleeping on the ground, and once or twice, sheltered in the hut of some hospitable Indian or Spaniard, whose heart his tender youth—his patient, suffering, angel-smile have melted to compassion. He is now faint with hunger and fatigue. Does his young spirit fail him? No! There is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young! He lifts his resolute brow to heaven with a trust that no danger or grief can subdue, and goes calmly on his way. A traveller meets him, and touched by his beauty and desolate appearance, offers him money. The boy's heart swells within him;—with a proud smile he thanks him, and refuses. No! with all his woes, he is still independent, thank God! He has still half a real—six cents—in his pocket, and shall he, who, since the age of eight years, has earned his own livelihood—shall he receive the bounty of a stranger? He passes on with a firmer step, forgetting his weariness in his pride. He hopes to find at La Guyra, an American ship, in which he can be allowed to work his passage home—to his mother's grave! and he strains his eyes to discover, through the mist, the starry flag of his native land. But suddenly his steps are arrested—he forgets all—his grief, his hope, his pride, his poverty—in the wondrous beauty of the scene beneath him. I will describe it in his own words, written, years afterwards, to a friend.

"A storm had been gradually brewing over the ruins of Caraccas, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The huge dense clouds gathered and rolled along the valley, 'till the place where I stood seemed but an island in mid-ocean. The birds flew wildly about. The creeping things hastened to their holes in the earth—the moan of the winds was hushed, and an awful silence spread over the rocky eminence. But the mist beneath, with its continual and ever-lovely changes in color and in shape, who would have dreamed, that the fierce tempest was brooding in the bosom of so much beauty? Yet so it was. Even the sun-born rainbows, smiling with their soft bloom through the shifting and darkening vapors—even they—evanescent and exquisitely beautiful as they were, seemed but bridges raised for the demon spirits of the storm to pass from cloud to cloud, directing as they went, the dread thunderbolt on its errand of destruction. The lurid fire shone even in the sunlight, and striking a little below the pinnacle, on

which I stood, hurled from its bed a massive rock, which, in descending the steep and rugged side, forced every thing before it, while hill to hill re-echoed the fearful sound long after it had reached the valley below. A more sublimely beautiful, yet terrific scene, could hardly be imagined ; my soul swelled within me, and I was half frantic with delight, as I stood above the clouds and the storm, in the sunshine, and alone ! It was a strange balm to my wounded and desolate heart, to feel that what to others of my fellow beings wore a gloomy and threatening aspect, to *me*, assumed a glory brilliant and gorgeous beyond description. But alas ! the vision faded ! the clouds were borne away upon the western wind, and I resumed my journey down the side of the mountain."

Gentle reader, let the author's wand—namely, his pen—transport you for a moment to a scene in London. One of the royal family is receiving, in his gorgeous saloon, the élite of English society. The Ducal palace is brilliantly illuminated. At the moment we raise the veil, the noble host courteously addresses a guest, in whom he seems particularly interested. It is a young, self-taught, American artist, whose pencil, employed for some of the noblest and loveliest in the land, has gained him a celebrity, which his genius and his inexhaustible energy richly deserve. A slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale, intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of an ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well-formed head, slightly, and rather proudly thrown back—a calm and graceful address. Can this be the poor and wretched sailor-boy, who stood, twelve years ago, with his little knapsack, alone, on the heights of Caraccas ? Look at the white throat, the curved lip, with its sweet, yet half-disdainful smile ; it is the same ! He is happy now. Sought and caressed by the noble, the fair and the wise ; loving and beloved by one, to whom his smile is dearer than the light of heaven. Is he quite happy ? No. His restless ambition is still unsatisfied. He is nothing if he be not first ; and he must still toil for pre-eminence.

Reader ! do you care to know his present whereabouts ? More than twenty years have rolled by, since he was a happy truant from the village-school. But they have not chilled his heart, or weakened his spirit, or subdued his enthusiastic love of his profession. He has returned to his native land, prosperity and fame attending his steps, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lovely and gifted, of one of the principal cities in the union.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, "how ugly that little one is; is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife:

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting, with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation, "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye.—She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning. The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why, but her father still continued angry, and her mother still continued weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile the parties.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her

own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it into her father's as it lay near her heart.—Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which, during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, white bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place; for here was an enchanting symphony, a beautiful song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was deeply touched by the melody. He listened to the rich voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Lights were brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupified—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time,

and found her less ugly; and Rose was indeed less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well, her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

RUSSIAN REVENGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

A TRAGICAL occurrence, which, from its singular and romantic circumstances, would lead one to believe that the men of northern Russia are as susceptible of the tender passion, and as revengeful when disappointed, as those of more southern climes, recently caused a great sensation at Novogorod.

Instead of giving a cold recital of facts, we will place before the reader the depositions of those concerned; thus making him acquainted with the details of the crime, and also with the judicial forms of that country in criminal cases. There, all is decided from the depositions without pleading. These we are about to lay before you are remarkable for their simplicity and precision, having been taken by a man of uncommon ability, Mr. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District, Oustiaje. He is an old officer of dragoons, but having lost a limb in the battle of Smolensk, he entered into the civil service, and has since acquired a handsome fortune.

Report addressed to M. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik, of the District of Oustiaje, by Mikita Muranow, Mayor of the village of Trehmiria.

"On the 20th of April, 1839, Nadiejda Yakovlevna, daughter of Yakov Osipovitch, fisherman of Trehmiria, came to my house in tears: she was in such great distress that I could only learn from her, that an assassination had been committed at the village. I went with her to her father's, and there I found extended upon a bed, a man, pale and livid, nearly cold, but still breathing. Yakov and his wife were endeavoring to staunch the blood which flowed from his wounds. On the floor beside the bed were his garments soaked with water. The young girl could not attend to my questions, so great was her emotions; but Yakov told me that his daughter had gone out before daylight to withdraw the sweep-nets which at this season are placed along the isles and shores of the Volga. The fisherman himself was engaged in spreading nets by the light of a lantern, when he heard cries, and recognized the voice of his daughter. He ran along the shore, and thought he saw in the dim twilight, a large boat passing down the river with all the rapidity of the current. A moment afterwards his daughter's boat approached the shore, and in it was a man, whom she had taken from the water in a state of insensibility. After having carried him to his cabin, he recognized in him,

Ivan Semenov, cornet in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk, who, two years before, had been quartered in this village.—This is what I have learned from the fisherman.

"Ivan Semenov's wounds are so numerous and deep, that I can scarcely dare to hope he will be alive when you reach this place.—Please to bring a physician with you."

Report of Nicolas Peterowitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District of Oustiaje, to the chancery of the Governor of Novogorod.

"I arrived on the night of the 20th of April, at the village of Trehmiria, with the physician of the district, M. Frants Frantsovitch, Mayor; we found in the cabin of the fisherman, Yakov Osipovitch, M. Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, lately a cornet in the regiment of Archanguelk. He had received fifteen wounds, but the physician assured me they were not mortal, and that he would certainly recover. The wounded man told me that his assassins were Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja, quartermaster, and Pierre Alexicievitch Tsaryna, soldier in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk. At the time he was wounded, the Cornet Semenov was on his way to Rybinsk, in a boat which belonged to his father, and which was loaded with linen.

"I left the physician with the wounded man, and without losing a moment, hastened to Rybinsk. There, aided by the police, I sought out the assassins, one of whom, the quartermaster, Hortinja, was known to me. At the wharf I learned that a boat, laden with linen, and having two men on board, arrived that morning, the 21st of April; and that the cargo was shortly afterwards sold to an Armenian merchant of Astracan. I then proceeded to the residence of the buyer, Jerome Smilabeg, who confessed that he had bought the linen, which was worth 20,000 roubles, for 10,000—that he had this day paid 4,000 and was to pay the other 6,000 on the 1st of May at Astracan. I did not place much confidence in what he told me, for I knew this race of merchants were liars, and that they encouraged and protected crime when they expected to profit by it. Besides, I observed considerable embarrassment on his countenance. I then asked him where the linen was? He said he had despatched it to Astracan.

"'Impossible!' observed I. 'You bought it this morning, and the steamboat does not go until to-morrow.'

"He said he had sent it on in the same boat, having bought it with the cargo.

"'And what rowers did you employ?' asked I.

"He turned pale, and stammered, 'I employed the same who brought it here.'

"At this reply, I seized him by the collar, threatening to conduct him to the police office, when, suddenly, the door of the room in which we were, opened, and a man rushed upon me, poignard in hand. I recognized Hortinja, and drew my sword to parry his blows. I also placed myself between him and the door, crying a 'murderer! an assassin!' Fortunately for me, the Armenian, instead of trying to aid Hortinja, hid himself under the bed. The men of the house soon came to my assistance, but it was some time before we could disarm and bind the assassin. In the struggle he wounded three men besides myself. I bear three marks of his steel upon my breast.

"After securing Hortinja, we drew the Armenian from under the bed, and he then confessed that the other accomplice was half a league from Rybinsk with the boat, waiting for his comrade. I immediately sent for some of the police, and Tsaryna was arrested without offering any resistance."

INQUIRY.

"In consequence of an order from the Imperial Attorney, I, Nicolas Petrovitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District Oustiaje, went on the 26th of the month to the village of Trehmiria, where I proceeded to the inquiry in the following order:

"The first person I examined was Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, who declared himself to be 23 years of age, son of Prokop Karlovitch Semenov, a merchant of Kostroma, who possessed a factory in that neighborhood, where he manufactured much linen, which formed the principal part of his commerce.

"Semenov entered the military service in 1830, in the regiment of the Lancers of Archanguelk. He was appointed cornet of the said regiment in 1836. He commanded the second division of the third squadron, in which Hortinja was quarter-master, and Tsaryna a common soldier. In 1836, the division of Cornet Semenov was cantoned in the village of Trehmiria. In 1837, he handed in his resignation that he might return home to his father. On the 12th of November, 1838, Hortinja and Tsaryna came to Kostroma, to the house of Prokop Semenov. The former said he had left the army, the latter that he had obtained a six months' leave of absence. The Cornet Semenov welcomed them as old comrades. He engaged Hortinja in the service of his father, and gave Tsaryna a handsome present to enable him to pass the six months amongst his relations. Hortinja behaved so well that he gained the confidence of old Semenov, who sent him twice in the spring to Rybinsk with linen. After having sold the cargo and the boat, he brought back the money

with the greatest exactness. On the 15th of April, another cargo of linen was ready to go to Rybinsk, and this time young Semenov was to go with him to that city, and from there make a voyage to Astracan. On the evening before their departure Tsaryna arrived, and as he had been a sailor before he entered the army, he begged the Cornet Semenov to employ him instead of engaging another sailor, telling him that it was time he was on his way to rejoin his regiment, which he said was cantoned at Novogorod-la-Grande. Semenov consented, and set out next day in the boat with Hortinja, Tsaryna, a peasant sailor, and a servant. On the second day the sailor and servant were both taken so violently ill with the cholic, that they were obliged to leave the boat and remain behind at the village of Bahorka.

On the 19th, Semenov remarked that Hortinja and Tsaryna had secret conferences, and seemed to be concerting something. At night, after having in vain tried to sleep, he left the cabin and took a seat on the prow of the vessel. He had scarcely done so when he saw a light at some distance, and said to his companions, "My friends, we are near Trehmiria, and I bet that is old Yakov spreading his nets." The two men did not reply, and Semenov continued "By God, if the old fisherman's nets attracted fishes as well as the eyes of Nadiejda did the lancers of Archanguelk, he would be rich in a short time." Hardly had he spoken these words when he was struck in the back with a knife. He tried to turn round, but was knocked down by his assassins. He still struggled, but was wounded repeatedly. He called for assistance, and thought he heard a voice which replied. He was then thrown into the river. This was all he remembered, he could not tell how he got into the bark of Nadiejda. After the wounded man had given the above deposition, I put to him the following questions:

Q. "Have you inflicted military punishment on Hortinja and Tsaryna?"

R. "You know captain, it is impossible to get along in the army without making use of the baton; during the year of my command, Hortinja was beaten nine or ten times, and Tsaryna from forty to fifty, but I never ordered more than a hundred blows of the baton at once; so that the officers of the regiment laughed at my moderation, and called me scholar, and French officer."

Q. "Have you not excited the jealousy of some comrade?"

R. "Not that I am aware of."

Q. "Were you not acquainted with this Nadiejda who saved your life?"

R. "I knew her to be the most beautiful girl of Trehmiria, and of irreproachable virtue; my lancers told me this, Hortinja one of the first. I could not hope to have her for a mistress—and for a wife."

Q. "That is sufficient. Knew you not that Hortinja paid his court to her?"

R. "I did not; all the lancers found her beautiful and attractive;"

Q. "Do you suffer much from your wounds?"

R. "No, captain, I feel much better, and hope I

shall soon be well; the guilty man's hand struck feebly, therefore I hope he will not be punished severely."

Thus closed the examination of Semenov. I then proceeded to that of the quarter-master Hortinja.

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja was born in 1787 in the city of Smolensk—entered the army in 1806 in which he remained thirty-two years and a half—was quartermaster 15 years and four months. He has made eighteen campaigns, been engaged in forty-nine battles, and a hundred and thirty-seven combats—has received the cross of Saint George, and five medals. He left the service in the month of October 1833. His discharge and certificates give him a very high character.

Q. "What cause had you for disliking Cornet Semenov?"

R. "Not any. I always found him good and kind as a father. I have said so to my soldiers. We had no better officer."

Q. "And what then caused you to commit so abominable a crime?"

R. "O father! (a common expression of the Russian soldier) my crime is abominable, but harken, I will tell you every thing. I, an old man—having attained my fiftieth year, I loved for the first time—a child—this Nadiejda; I loved her as our fathers loved the glorious empress Catharine (here he made the sign of the cross.) I was quarter-master, and had saved something—she was a poor peasant slave, I wished to marry her, and offered to buy her of her master Count Strogonof—I was to pay him 500 roubles. Her father consented to it, but she refused me disdainfully, without my being able to comprehend why. In the mean time Tsaryna came to see me, and said, thou art sorrowful comrade, but thou should'st not be so. Nadiejda is the mistress of the cornet; she is almost always at the house where he lodges; this is well known—thou only appearest to doubt it. My heart died within me at these words—my head turned round, but I said nothing, for the Cornet Semenov was my officer. I began to watch Nadiejda closely, and I saw that she did often go to the house where he lodged. I thought not then of revenge. It was at this time that the cornet gave in his resignation, and returned to Kostroma. I then saw the tears of Nadiejda. I saw that grief undermined her health and tarnished the lustre of her cheek, but I loved her still. A year passed thus—I repeated my offer of marriage, she refused me again, and this time she told me she loved young Semenov, and swore she would never marry any one.

At this time Tsaryna became my friend and confidant; he represented the cornet as the seducer of this young girl, and I resolved to avenge her. I obtained my discharge—he, his leave of absence, and we went to Kostroma.

The kind reception the cornet gave us, joined to his confidence and frankness, disarmed me, and I determined to abandon my criminal project. Things were in this state, when young Semenov resolved to go to Astracan. Tsaryna requested that he might fill the place of the second sailor, and his request

was complied with. The evening before our departure he spoke to me of our old project—I was angry—he praised the beauty of Nadiejda—spoke to me of her misfortune—of my shame; I said nothing, but God only knows what infernal tortures my poor heart sustained; (here he paused a moment in great emotion) we set out; on the second day of our navigation, the first sailor and the servant were taken sick, but as truly as I pray God to save my soul and pardon my crime, I am ignorant of the cause of their malady. I advised the cornet to employ another sailor, but he thought it unnecessary, for the navigation was easy and the current rapid.

Tsaryna was constantly speaking to me of Nadiejda; when we came in sight of the village of Trehmiria I was moved, troubled, and when the cornet spoke of her I was no longer master of myself, I drew my knife and struck him."

Q. "Did you strike him once, or several times?"

R. "I do not know, I had lost my reason."

Q. "Did Tsaryna aid you to commit the crime?"

R. "I cannot tell, I only remember that he cried out. Some one is coming! a bark, a bark!"

Q. "And what did you do then?"

R. "I was furious, desperate, distracted. When the day dawned, I saw the shores, the river, but I saw neither the cornet, nor the village of Trehmiria. I wished to throw myself into the water, but had not sufficient energy, and suffered myself to be persuaded to live, and seek my safety in flight."

Q. "When you arrived at Rybinsk, how did you manage to sell your cargo so quickly?"

R. "I knew Jerome Smilabej, and to him I confided my crime. He consented to save us, provided we abandoned the cargo to him, and he promised to arrange every thing for us, and conduct us to a place of safety."

Q. "Why didst thou attack me?"

R. "I had promised the Armenian in case of unforeseen danger to defend his life as my own. The moment of danger had come, and I fulfilled my promise."

Q. "Thou sayest that Tsaryna urged thee to commit crime, and aided thee to execute it—that the Armenian protected criminals, and appropriated to himself wealth which did not belong to him?"

R. "I neither denounce nor accuse any one. I have spoken the truth. I seek not to deny my crime nor to cast the consequences upon others. I am a great criminal!"

EXAMINATION OF PIERRE ALEXIECIVITCH TSARYNA, SON OF A CITIZEN OF KOSTROMA.

He is thirty-two years of age; entered the military service in 1829 as a recruit in the lancers of Archangel. He denies any participation in the crime.

Q. "Yet you were the first to tell the quarter-master Hortinja that a great intimacy existed between the Cornet Semenov and the girl Nadiejda."

R. "I was joking when I said Semenov and Nadiejda were too intimate. The quarter-master was wicked as the devil; he pounded our very bones with the baton. I revenged myself by con-

tradicting his ridiculous passion for a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter."

Q. "Why did you rejoin Hortinja at Kostroma?"

R. "I met him there by chance."

Q. "And why did you choose to return at the time that Semenov was going to Rybinsk?"

R. "In order to save my money."

Q. "Why did you give to the servant of Semenov, and to the first sailor, a poison, which produced cholera and vomiting?"

R. "They were very fond of brandy—they were like a cask without bottom; to play them a trick I put snuff into the liquor: is it my fault they have such delicate stomachs?"

Q. "Why did you provoke Hortinja to assassinate the cornet?"

R. "I did not. The quarter-master is subject to visions, he dreams so many other things, that he may have dreamed that also."

Q. "Why, then, did you not defend him?"

R. "The cornet was in citizen's dress, the quarter-master in uniform, and I am a soldier."

Q. "What do you mean by that?"

R. "That the soldier must respect the uniform more than the citizen's dress."

Q. "Why did you throw the cornet into the water?"

R. "To save him from the fury of the quarter-master. I also saw a boat coming towards us."

Q. "Why did you apprise Hortinja of its coming?"

R. "From joy that I could save the cornet."

Q. "And why did you not denounce the crime of Hortinja when you arrived at Rybinsk?"

R. "Because I am a soldier, and he is a quarter-master."

All my questions, all my expedients, the bastinado included, drew no other confession from him. Confronted with Hortinja, he replied to his indignation by sneers; in the presence of soldiers who had heard his provocations he denied them: only at the sight of Nadiejda did he turn pale, grind his teeth, and reply nothing, absolutely nothing!

DEPOSITION OF NADIEJDA YAKOVLEVNA.

Nadiejda Yakovlevna is twenty-one years of age. She confessed frankly that she had loved, and still loved passionately the cornet Semenov, but assured me that no intimacy had existed between them, and that the cornet was even ignorant of the passion he had inspired. She said the soldier Tsaryna had paid his court to her, and not being able to obtain her love had sworn to her that he would revenge himself upon the one who had obtained it. At first his suspicions rested on Hortinja, and he said he would soon get rid of the old rascal. Some time after he came to her and said, "Hearken, Nadiejda! be mine, or I swear by St. Nicholas thou shalt witness the death of Semenov." She cared little for his threats, knowing him to be a coward. About this time the cornet left Trehmiria. Tsaryna renewed his declarations, but still without success. Before setting out for Kostroma, he said, "The old one will do what I have threatened; before I return I will be revenged, I

swear it by St. Nicholas." She had never heard Hortinja threaten the life of the cornet; he was sad and melancholy—he even wept, but he was a man incapable of committing a crime unless provoked to it.

This is her account of the night in which she saved the cornet:

"I had a presentiment which oppressed my heart; before I lay down I found a cat upon my bed. A bad sign! As soon as I fell asleep I had horrible dreams. I awoke and cried out, 'Wo to me!' My father then ordered me to go upon the Volga and draw away the nets; there I heard cries, and thought I recognised the voice of Semenov. It was more than a year since I had seen him, and I knew him in spite of the obscurity. I rowed towards his boat, and as I neared it, I heard the splash of a body thrown into the water. Fortunately, I was close by and succeeded in drawing him out of the river. It was Semenov."

The inquiry was completed by a few other declarations of less consequence.

The Armenian merchant tried to excuse himself, and said that he endeavored to save the two men in order that they might have time for repentance. In other things he confirmed what Hortinja had said.

The fisherman Yakov gave an account of the manner in which Tsaryna had threatened him, because he would not give him his daughter.

The inquiry terminated on the thirteenth of May, and the depositions were on the same day laid before the criminal tribunal of Novogorod by the captain Isprawnik.

On the twenty-ninth of May the tribunal pronounced the decree which condemns:

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja to perpetual banishment in Siberia, and ten years labor in the mines.

Jerome Smilabej, Armenian merchant, to one year and six days imprisonment, a fine of one thousand rubles, and the costs.

Pierre A. Tsaryna, being a soldier, was sent before the military tribunal.

On the fourth of June, the military tribunal of the first corps of the army, assembled at Novogorod, condemned Pierre A. Tsaryna to pass three times through the rods of a squadron, and afterwards to be transported to Siberia, where he must labor in the mines for the rest of his life.

These decrees have been submitted to the emperor, and confirmed by him with this change: Hortinja is perpetually banished, but will not be obliged to labor in the mines.

On the third of June, the decree was executed on Pierre A. Tsaryna, who was so severely beaten that there is little hope of his recovery; he has been taken to the hospital of Novogorod.

L'Abeille du Nord, a Russian journal of St. Petersburg, reached us at the same time with the letter of our correspondent. It gives an account of this affair, and also adds that the emperor has deigned to decorate the girl Nadiejda with a medal of gold on the ribbon of Saint Waldimir.

The Cornet Semenov married Nadiejda Yakovlevna as soon as the trial was concluded.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE WISEST CHOICE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Well, I suppose," cried a lovely creature, whose bloom of beauty was lightly shadowed by something like sorrow, "I suppose all the lovely girls present intend to put on Hymen's chain at some future day. Now, as I am empowered to question, I call on every one of you to tell me, out of what trade or profession she intends to choose a husband. Miss Mary, how is your liege lord to earn his daily bread?"

"I shall never marry a man who is obliged to follow any avocation for his bread, Mrs. Emmons," the beautiful girl replied, scornfully.

"You are a proud beauty, Mary," rejoined the other, "and can undoubtedly marry a fortune if you are so resolved; but mark me, do not give 'too much for your whistle.' Will you marry money too, Julia?"

"I intend to marry a man," laughingly answered the bright eyed creature interrogated; "I shall not look for money, wisdom, or fame."

"Ah, Julia, permit me to say that a wife and mother finds many things necessary to her comfort beside a mere man. You should at least require in him a good disposition, integrity and industry."

"No, no; I shall ask only the man of my choice," cried Julia; "'all for love,' is my motto."

"Shall I give you my opinion of love, Julia?"

"O, certainly; whatever you may say will doubtless be edifying to young mad caps like me."

"Well, love is far from being the delicate angel of a young girl's fancy. In woman it is a compound of sympathy and devotion. There is no selfishness in woman's love. There may be selfish women, but such cannot love. I am speaking of woman in her true character, not of those anomalies and caricatures that sometimes disgrace the sex, just as mildewed and cankered roses appear upon the richest tree. A woman may admire an indifferent man, but never until he addresses her in language of affection, can she be said to love. If his passion awaken her sympathy, it will probably keep pace with his ardour, wrapping him in a beautiful tissue of fancy work, brodered with every device of tenderness and bliss, while self scarcely flings a shadow on the back-ground.

"But love in man's nature is a compound of self, will, and pride. He meets with a woman whose beauty, celebrity, or perchance feminine tenderness, engages his attention. He resolves to possess himself of her at all hazards. Ask him why he is so ardent in

pursuit of her, he will invariably reply, 'I cannot be happy without her.' Here lies the secret, his own happiness. Perchance there is some opposition; his will is aroused; his omnipotent will. He will have her; aye, although her mother's heart break for the ingratitude of her child, and the outraged spirit of her father pour out its bitterness in a withering curse upon his disobedient daughter; although he knows that he is taking her from happiness, to plunge her in misery and want, he cannot be happy without her; he will have her. If there be rival suitors, his pride is aroused. Shall another be preferred before him? Shall any man living bear off the prize on which he has fixed his choice? He obtains her—and so long as she ministers to his happiness, submits to his will, and continues a creature of whom he can be proud—all is well. I will not reverse the picture.

"Woman's love, in its most felicitous state, is a taking up of a heavy cross, in a martyr-like devotedness. Consider what either of you must forego when she leaves her girlhood's home; and fancy, for you cannot realize, what you must endure as mother, nurse, and house-keeper."

"Mercy on us, Mrs. Emmons, you surely do wrong to destroy all the beautiful fancy colorings of hope and love, by letting us thus into the homely realities of domestic life."

"I know that it is very unfashionable to speak truth, or to let young ladies know that life has aught beside roses. Yet trust me, it is better to enter life with a rational knowledge of our duties, and in expectation of the trials that await us, than to marry in anticipation of perfect happiness, and be obliged to learn that our lot is submission, endurance, and confinement, with all the excruciating varieties of pain and care. Be assured that woman was not created to be admired and worshipped. She was made man's reasonable companion; a help, not a toy, for him; and however he may in the spirit of gallantry affect a deference, and humble submission, still the fiat of God rests on her, 'Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and *he shall rule over thee.*' See you not how mercy tempers justice even here. While the Eternal dooms woman to servitude, he endows her with a love so deep, so holy, so disinterested, that it fills her bosom with an indwelling light and happiness, which utterly exclude the blackness and bitterness of subjection, if he to whom she has given the lordship over her be worthy of the sacred trust. Suffer me, ladies, to offer one word of advice here. Never marry a man who can in any instance depart from TRUTH, or violate his word. You cannot reverence a man whom you cannot honor, and how can you honor a liar, and a deceiver?"

I value sincerity above every other virtue. What will you choose, Clara?"

"I will endeavor to win a substantial farmer; and make myself a little paradise of sweet flowers and green trees around my neat cottage. I will then eat my own fowls, cheese, and butter; and preserve the fruits that I have reared and gathered; and have melons and strawberries from my own garden for dessert. I will be queen of my own domain, and teach my children to be honest and industrious."

"Well done, Clara! I heard young Bartlett declare that you was born for an empress, but I did not divine that his fine farm was your future empire. What say you, Lucy?"

"If any gentleman condescend to solicit my partnership, I shall insist that he prove his integrity, and disinterested affection for me. Further, it is to me immaterial whether he be a millionaire or a merchant, or an artisan of some quiet and cleanly trade."

"The humble shall be exalted, Lucy. I prognosticate much happiness in store for you. Now, Janette, it is your turn."

"I shall look for a lawyer, Mrs. Emmons. All our great men have grown out of that profession. Our judges, our senators, our presidents, were all lawyers in their youth."

"Not quite all, Janette. You are ambitious, and will be liable to many disappointments. Where one lawyer arrives at distinction, many sink under discouragement, become profligate and intemperate; and many who were bred to the bar have turned from it disgusted, and taken to honest labor. What is your future lord to be, Sarah?"

"An honest man, I hope. One with whom I can live in peace at home, and whose name will ever be honorable abroad. I would prefer a man of letters, who would be much at home, and whose conversation would both amuse and instruct."

"Do you know, Sarah, that men of letters are generally very parsimonious of their words? Authors of both sexes are said to be uninteresting home companions. Their minds are necessarily abstracted, and constantly employed. It is only in company that they relax, and become companionable. I have always thought that the reason why literary ladies are said to live unhappily with their husbands, might be traced to the abstraction of mental occupation, added to preponderance of intellect in their natures. Their more sensual minded companion, not understanding them, begins to fancy himself not the pole star of their affection, and from this suspicion arises innumerable ills, injuries, and sufferings. I certainly would not have a literary husband. I should be a real vexation to such an one. I could not be always reading; and how could I sit silent at my

work through the long winter evenings, while my husband sat beside me at the same table, poring over his blotted manuscript, with contracted brow and irritable mind! Yet it would be unreasonable to expect a person so occupied to feel an interest in every little domestic incident, such as would naturally furnish me with themes of conversation. What mental or fortuitous treasure shall back the suit of him who aspires to the hand of our sedate little Jane?"

"You may smile, Mrs. Emmons, but I will never wed other than an humble Christian. I consider a fervent piety the only sure guarantee of domestic happiness."

"You are certainly right, Jane; but beware of the tinsel of hypocrisy, which, like all other tinsel, outshines the pure solid gold. I would sooner wed an infidel than a hypocrite. An infidel may be converted, but a hypocrite wraps his cloak over his heart, and is impervious. Then he will require such a rigorous and formal observance of all outward ceremonies as will be hateful to you, and you will acquire a distaste of all that looks like religion. Yet religion is no more like hypocrisy than a rose is like a poppy."

"Which of us has made the wisest choice?" cried the beautiful Mary M.

"Indeed it would be hard for me to determine. Twenty years will bring proof positive, and I suppose we must wait the decision of time."

"But, pardon me, Mrs. Emmons, your matrimonial connexion must have been an unhappy speculation, or your opinion of wedded life would not be so very indifferent."

"You are mistaken, Mary. Mr. Emmons was one of the best of men. But I married, as most young girls marry, in utter ignorance of life, its trials, and its duties. I believed, as all works of fiction invariably teach, that the wedding day is the climax of hope, the seal of felicity, and the final end of all suffering and trial; when, as all experience teaches, it is only the commencement of life in its waking reality of care and pain, and watching. Well, I was happy until I found that my husband expected me to be guided by his opinions; to resign my own particular likings and habits for his, and to remain at home while he was absent on business; and, above all, that he appeared to deem himself aggrieved by what I considered reasonable complaints. I became dissatisfied and sad. Next came ill health and suffering, for which I thought he ought to feel the liveliest sympathy. He laughed at my complaints, saying, 'you must, as a married woman, expect all this, and more.' Then I grew angry, and aggravated my sufferings by brooding over my unhappiness, and wilfully increasing every disagreeable circumstance. My husband en-

cured patiently, deeming that my ill humor would pass away with my present ill state of health. But I gave way to peevishness until it became a second nature, and my poor babe increased the cares and confinements of which I was already weary. And yet I truly loved my husband; and my child was my dearest treasure. Yet the realities of life were so different from my flowery anticipations, that I deemed myself eminently miserable, and really oppressed. My husband grew weary of my complainings and reproaches, and kept as much as possible out of my society. I know not where this would have ended; but a fever, by bereaving me of husband and child in one little week, tore the veil from my heart, and showed me the deep, deep fountains of love, over which the rank weeds of error had been clustering, and which henceforth must flow with sorrow's waters, embittered by their baleful tincture. If I had read my Bible as attentively as I studied French, music, and the fashions, I should have learned woman's duty, and her destiny; and that her richest charm, and dearest treasure, is a love like a deep still lake, reflecting light and darkness, summer and winter, beauty and deformity, yet remaining evermore the same; endurance, which, like the sweet garden violet, bends meekly to the careless footstep, and looks up with a fragrant smile to him who has trodden it down; and submission, which lies upon her spirit, like dew upon a rose, bending it down, yet adding to its treasures of incense and beauty; that she is man's dependant, by the appointment of God, and the usages of all society. If she would dispute her husband's authority, to whom shall she appeal? Man frames and expounds the laws, and it is man who judges. While you are free retain your freedom, until you find a man whom you can delight to honor. Then give your hand into his, and suffer him to lead you wheresoever he will; and you will find sweet flowers and fruits along your path, and musical birds will make vocal every dark shade; and when the path is rough, heaven will bend over you with radiant smiles. You have not edified the company by naming the profession of your future master, my dear Matilda."

"O, I fancy that none of you will condemn my choice. I must be wooed and won by a military coat and epaulette. Patriotism and bravery are the charms that can reach my heart. What say ye to my choice?"

"Only that it is not mine. Our Lord has said, 'Blessed are the peace makers,' but he has no where commended or blest a hero. I'll tell you what, I think bravery is most frequently a vain display of mere brute courage, and modern patriotism a bubble that floats on the dirty waters of pride or self-interest. If you marry an officer, you will

most probably find yourself a subaltern, enlisted for life in a hard service."

"Well, Mrs. Emmons, I suppose we shall not see you again for some time; but if we ever meet again, I trust you will acknowledge my choice is the wisest." * * *

We will now turn nine pages, each written with the incidents of a year, and change the scene from an aristocratic little village, to a large and busy city, and we shall find Mrs. Emmons, still a lovely woman, presiding over a magnificent mansion, and the no less rich and well furnished heart of its wealthy master. She had, a few weeks previous, returned from a distant part of the continent, whither she went to reside with a rich relative, and where she had been won to accept Mr. Hildreth, a most excellent man, as her second husband. It was a winter evening, but the breath of the ice-throned god penetrated not into the parlor, in the windows of which bloomed, in summer pride, the rich rose and magnificent geranium, and in which were seated Mrs. Hildreth and two lady visitors, whom we recognise as the Lucy and Jane of our former acquaintance. As we played the tattle on a former occasion, we shall probably experience no great difficulty in repeating the offence.

"I have met with an incident, to-day," remarked Mrs. Hildreth, "which has distressed me exceedingly."

"Do you deem us worthy your confidence?" asked Mrs. Jane Benson.

"Certainly. You have a right to know, and your sympathy will undoubtedly be as deep as mine. I was returning with Mr. Hildreth from a little excursion, when we were surprised by the voice of bitter weeping, issuing from a lone dwelling by the wayside. My husband checked the horses, and inquired if we should enter. I will not attempt a description of the miserably forlorn looking place into which we found our way; or the wretched, starving appearance of three small children, who were clinging round an emaciated woman, whose sobs and lamentations mingled loudly with their cries.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter?" I cried, in alarm.

"With a wild cry she sprang toward me, exclaiming,

"Mrs. Emmons! What good angel sent you here? See! we are starving! absolutely starving!"

"Whom do you think the poor creature was? It was Janette Bruce, who you may remember declared, once upon a time when we were all glad young creatures in our native village, that she would marry a lawyer."

"I fancy that none who were then present have forgotten that conversation, or the sage remarks of Mrs. Emmons," replied Mrs.

Benson. "But did you learn how our once lovely and accomplished Janette became so wretched?"

"It seems scarcely possible," remarked Mrs. Lucy White, "that the only daughter of the wealthy Judge Andrus, should be reduced to such abject want. What misfortunes have befallen her?"

"Why, she married her lawyer, a young man of great personal beauty, and mental ability; possessing a dazzling genius, great sensibility, and a high and chivalrous sense of honor. You will perceive at once that he was not fitted to do battle with the world. Yet these were qualities to win the heart of a young and sentimental female, and Janette, you know, was a high-souled, high-bred, delicate, and sentimental girl. She loved Meredith as such women love. He was confident of immediate and signal success in his profession; and when a friend once ventured to warn him of disappointment in his too sanguine hopes, he was bitterly grieved and offended, construing the caution into an underrating of his abilities; and he never forgave that friend, who merely sought to save him much future pain and mortification. He went out into the world. He met with several harsh rebuffs; perhaps there was injustice in them. Men who sit as judges upon the genius that is struggling to gain a footing on the difficult pathway to fame, are apt to forget how important a little word of theirs' is to the panting heart; how decisive their opinion is in the wavering balance of public opinion. Many a noble mind has been stricken down forever by a harsh criticism, penned or delivered in a peevish mood, or thrown off carelessly, while the better feelings of the critic slumbered.

"Meredith felt himself an injured man; he became bitter and sarcastic, thus arming with enmity those who might have recognised his worth. He struggled on for a season; he was too proud to labor, or to seek employment, or accept of a clerkship which was offered to him. Janette's father assisted him once and again; and finally procured him a situation as teller in a bank. Janette, in the meantime, had forgotten her fastidious notions of female helplessness and dependence, and had learned to do her own house-work, sewing, &c.; and now that Meredith received a salary sufficient to maintain her and her little ones in comparative comfort, she was happy, and looked forward to better days. She trusted also that her beloved husband had come to his right mind, for he became cheerful and companionable, and seemed to see the right side of the picture of life. But the bank directors discovered a peculation to a large amount, and suspicion rested on Meredith, *because he was poor*. He was arrested—

could procure no bail—and was thrown into prison. His wages had just sufficed to support his family, and to renew their exhausted wardrobe. He had nothing laid by. His landlord ejected his helpless family, and they found an indifferent shelter in the poor place where I found them. Meredith was tried, and of course acquitted. But his spirit was utterly crushed. He came to the miserable home of his loved ones; he laid him on his bed, and wept and groaned all night. Janette's attempts to soothe him, seemed only to increase his distress, and with the early light he arose, kissed his sleeping children, clasped his sobbing wife in a long embrace, and with a shuddering sigh turned from her and went out. This was four days ago, and he has not been heard of since, and she is in agony lest he has given way to the tempter, and destroyed himself. I never witnessed distress equal to her's. I gave her what little comfort I could, with my purse, and a promise that I would soon see her again."

"We will assist you to make her easy," cried both the tearful listeners.

"She will only remain here," replied Mrs. Hildreth, "until something decisive is known respecting Meredith. If he does not return, she will go to her father, whose circumstances are much reduced by the failure of several banks and commercial houses, which have made him a poor man."

"There have been many changes in our old home since we were scattered from its dear familiar scenes. Are you acquainted with the present circumstances of all our young companions?" inquired Mrs. Lucy White.

"I am not. I only know that Clara married her farmer, and is a busy bustling housewife, with six children, and a whole happy heart. And that Matilda left all the world behind, to follow the fortunes of Captain Barry, who was deemed by the wise ones any thing rather than an affectionate, honorable hearted man."

"Then you know nothing of her subsequent history?"

"Not a word. Poor Matilda! Could any one in the purity of a young heart have predicted her fate? Her husband taught her infidelity—subverted the purity of her principles—treated her with great brutality, and finally deserted her. I dare not tell what I lately heard concerning her; it is too dreadful to think of. Her destroyer, he who pledged to her the nuptial vow, joined the so called *patriots*, who added fuel to the fire of the Canadian troubles. So much for his honor and patriotism. Julia, who would marry for love, after rejecting several worthy men, suffered herself to become enamoured of a singing, dancing, smiling, nobody knew

who, who had learned by heart all the complimentary phrases of the heroes of the latest novels, could talk sentiment by the hour, and who, being of an ardent passionate temperament, made love with all his might. Her mother remonstrated, her friends shook their heads, and her father threatened to cast her off; but this was all so romantic, and so sentimental, so like the destiny of the ever persecuted model of purity, the heroine of romance, that she followed the path prescribed in such instances, confided to him all her friends' objections to him, and finished by consenting to, and consummating a clandestine union, and fled from home and happiness forever. He forbade her holding any correspondence with the friends who had traduced him, and sought to influence her against him. In the midst of abject poverty and degradation, he embittered all her sufferings by the most flagrant vices, and cruel neglect. At length he became a beastly inebriate; she died of sorrow and starvation, and her two poor babes were taken by their miserable father to an almshouse. They have been taken by their agonized grand-parents to the house which their mother deserted in the pride of her foolish heart. How she must have agonized when she found herself placed on a level with the dregs of a great city. If girls would consider how surely a husband's honor or shame is their own, I think there would be fewer virtuous and high bred women forced to shrink from the piercing epithets of 'drunkard's wife!' 'that poor, mean ——'s wife.'

"And where is Mary? She was amongst us queen of beauty, and her aim was wealth and splendor."

"She married wealth, to her heart's content. Her cousin George loved her from his boyhood, and so deceived himself that he fancied all his affectionate worship reciprocated. She knew how deeply she was beloved, and suffered him to love on. Perhaps she intended to take him in default of a more lucrative offer. He was a noble creature, unexceptionable in his character, and far removed from poverty. Mary had no heart, or she must have loved him. I often wondered how he could be blind to her selfishness and insensibility. But men when once captivated by beauty obstinately refuse to see any imperfection of character, until wedlock opens their eyes. George was never enlightened. In the full bloom of his hopes, she went to New York, on a visit to her aunt Lacy. There she became acquainted with a widower of sixty-three, immensely rich, and the father of three daughters, all unmarried, and all over thirty, of course much older than Mary. Mr. Hughes was in his dotage, and became attached to the young beauty. She returned home his affianced bride. George heard of

her return, and flew to welcome her. In his presence she detailed her brilliant prospects. Her parents were delighted; but George plead with them and her to cancel so unhalloved an alliance. But he was requited with sneers at his jealousy, and taunts of selfishness. He went out, pierced through with sorrow. She married, and lives in glittering misery, between the jealousy, querulousness, and ill humors of her decrepid lord; and the envy and malicious taunts, and insinuations of her old maiden step-daughters, who regard her as an usurper of their rights, and her two little boys as interlopers between them and a part of their father's fortune. Continual vexation has cankered her heart, soured her temper, mildewed her health; and worst of all, the jealousies and groundless suspicions of her family have fixed an unmerited stain upon her reputation. Yet no one pities her. She laid her heart on the altar of Mammon, and now she must endure the burning and smoke of the sacrifice."

"All your sage remarks on the evening of our last village communing have been proven just, except as regards my choice," now remarked Mrs. Sarah Benson. "I also obtained the object of my preference. My husband is a man of letters, a successful wooer of the muses. Yet I verily believe there is not a happier wife from Maine to Mississippi than your humble friend. Your error as regards the domestic character of literary persons is, I believe, a very common one. 'Tis true my husband is much occupied; and fondly devoted to his pen. You may say he is wedded to his Muse, yet I am the mistress of his heart, to whose society he flies to spend every moment of relaxation. His spirits, compressed as it were by the atmosphere of his study, expand at such seasons, and luxuriate in joyous affection. And then his sensibilities, so tender and intense, his soul so refined and noble, his love so pure and confiding; I am sure that I possess more pure happiness, and feel more real bliss during one of the little intervals that he devotes to domestic intercourse, than the wife of an ordinary minded man finds in a lifetime. Then I read his productions with the purest delight, and the encomiums bestowed upon them with a pride which no applause lavished on myself could possibly awaken. I am conscious that the mental wealth which flows from its source in soul-subduing poesy, sheds a dew and fragrance over the spirit, which softens, refines, and beautifies the whole character. The person who has secured the affections of such a heart, must be superlatively blessed, if they have a soul to understand and appreciate the treasure they possess. I often fear that I am too happy."

"And yet, Sarah," said Mrs. Lucy White

“there is one of our early associates who I do believe is yet happier than you. Our humble hearted Jane, who was united to a young clergyman, who possessed her heart from her school days. He is a beautiful specimen of meek christianity, and she lives with him in the picturesque little village in which he is settled, unannoyed by the bustle of fashion, and fashionable society. All about her is plain and neat; the interior of her dwelling corresponds with its snow white walls, half hidden in white roses and jessamine. No cloud ever obscures the calm felicity of their lives. All the villagers revere and love them, and such is her piety and confidence in God, that I verily believe she would answer ‘Amen’ to the fiat that laid her heart’s dear Herbert low in death before her. She last summer lost the sweetest babe that mortal mother ever called her own, and when I saw her, a week after, she welcomed me with her usual calm smile; and when I referred to her loss, she replied, ‘Yes, her Father has taken her early from the pains and sorrows of mortality; yet a little while and we shall all meet in glory.’ And I am sure that she felt all that she expressed. Ah, my dear friends, I am certain that of all our number, she made the wisest choice.”